POEMS OF JOHN GAY

VOL. I.

The frontispiece to this volume is reproduced from a portrait of Gay by William Aikman, Sir Godfrey Kneller's follower. The original painting is the property of Lord Scarsdale, and was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1887-88, and at the New Gallery ('Guelph Exhibition') in 1891. It represents a life-size bust, in blue gown and cap, and was engraved by 'F. Milvius' (*i.e.* Kyte). Another portrait, also exhibited at the Guelph Exhibition, belongs to the Earl of Loudoun. It shows the poet seated, and has a dog in the foreground. Gay was painted also by Dahl, Zincke, and Hogarth (by the last-named in profile); and in the National Portrait Gallery is an unfinished sketch in oils by Sir Godfrey Kneller, generally supposed to represent him. There is finally the portrait by Richardson (dated 12th August 1732) which was exhibited by the Viscountess Clifden at South Kensington in 1867. That which is here reproduced is said to have been praised by Gay's contemporaries for its fidelity.

The Muses' Library

POEMS
OF
JOHN GAY

EDITED BY

JOHN UNDERHILL

VOL. I

LONGER POEMS, EPISTLES
AND EPISTOLARY VERSE,
ECLOGUES

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PREFACE

Two matters in connection with this edition of Gay's Poems call for brief comment on the part of the Editor.

It should be explained in the first instance that every effort has been made to put forward a complete and trustworthy text. In the case of those pieces which were included by Gay in the quarto edition of his poems in 1720, the revised versions then given have been followed; variations from an earlier form being indicated where they occur. The other poems have for the most part been reprinted from first edition copies. The spelling and the punctuation have in all cases been made to conform to the usage of the present day.

The Introductory Memoir, it may further be explained, contains a summary of the chief facts now ascertainable concerning the life and literary career of John Gay. The writer has

attempted to discover the exact date of publication of every one of Gay's poems; and the attempt, it will be observed, has been to a considerable extent successful. Several minor biographical rectifications have been made, and some new facts have been placed on record.

It would be an unpardonable oversight on the part of any writer on Gay not to acknowledge the obligations under which he has been placed by the pioneer work of Mr. Austin Dobson. That gentleman's article on Gay in the *Dictionary of National Biography* is indispensable to the student. Messrs. Elwin and Courthope's edition of the *Works of Alexander Pope* is also of very great value.

JOHN UNDERHILL.

WIMBLEDON, *March* 1893.

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INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR

TIME has dealt tenderly with the literary fame of John Gay. A hundred and sixty years have passed since he was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey; yet he still possesses a name, he still stands out, a distinct and interesting figure in the fascinating circle to which he belonged. Judged from the popular point of view he is, indeed, one of the best known of our early eighteenth century poets. The first half of that century witnessed the publication of two books, and of two books only, that can be said to rival his *Fables* in popularity. Those books were *Gulliver's Travels* and *Robinson Crusoe*. For a greater triumph than the *Beggar's Opera*, we search the theatrical annals of the period in vain.

And during his life (though he himself would have been the last to admit it) Gay was not less fortunate. His gifts were moderate, and his education far from good, yet he succeeded in attracting universal attention as a poet, and this, be it remembered, in an age which hailed the supreme art of Alexander Pope. He gained the affectionate regard of Swift, of Pope, and of Arbuthnot; and he enjoyed the friendship and esteem of many ladies famous for their birth, their beauty, or their wit.

It is unfortunate that, to a certain extent, the story of Gay's life should be little more than a record of

ill-founded and unreasonable hopes of political preferment, and of a dependence as inconsistent with his genius as it was unworthy of his character as a man. As a set-off we must remember that, taken at his best, he is our foremost fabulist, the author of the first great popular success known to the English stage, and the warm personal friend of many of the ablest and wisest men of the age in which he lived.

I

Of the earlier half of Gay's life little is known. He was born in 1685; his first published poem appeared in 1708. Between these two dates lies a period of twenty-three years—a period which must have had a powerful determining influence upon the poet's subsequent career, but concerning which very few facts can now be ascertained. We know that he was born and educated at Barnstaple; that he subsequently became apprenticed to a silk-mercer in London; and that he ultimately left the shop for literature. But that, in brief, is about all we do know.

John Gay was baptized at Barnstaple Old Church on September 16, 1685.[1] He was the youngest son of William Gay, who lived at a house situated at the south end of Joy Street, and known as the 'Red Cross.'[2] His family was of respectable antiquity, his

[1] 'John, the son of William Gay, was bapt. the 16th of September, 1685.'—*Extract from Register.*

[2] The site is now occupied by the shop and residence of an ironmonger.

ancestors having been for many generations associated with the manor of Goldsworthy in Parkham, and with the parish of Frithelstock. His parents seem to have been in fairly comfortable circumstances,[1] though they were far from rich. His mother died in 1694, and his father did not survive her for more than a year. He was therefore left an orphan at the early age of ten. At this time he had a sister nineteen years of age, a brother who was fifteen, and another sister only four years older than himself. The first-born of the family, a girl, died about a month after the poet's birth. Of paternal uncles the orphans had four: John and Richard, both of whom lived at Frithelstock; James, who was rector of Meeth, and Thomas, who lived at Barnstaple. The children probably fell to the care of their uncle Thomas. There were two boys to educate and to start in life, and, as was customary in the eighteenth century, the elder was trained for a profession, while the younger was brought up to a trade. But Jonathan, the elder brother, was not anxious to become a clergyman, as his friends desired; and 'severe studies not well suiting his natural genius, he betook himself to military pursuits.'[2] He gained some honour in the field; was in the end made captain; and died in

[1] The house in which they lived, and which was presumably their own, paid £10, 13s. 5½d. church rate in 1709—the highest rate charged in the street, and one of the highest charged in the town. (See a paper read by Mr. W. P. Heirn at the Gay Bi-centenary Celebration, at Barnstaple, September 16, 1885.)

[2] Baller's *Memoir of Gay*. *Gay's Chair*, p. 13.

1709, at the age of thirty-one. Gay's elder sister, Catherine, married Anthony Baller; while the younger, Joanna, became the wife of John Fortescue. They were both widows when the poet died in 1732, and they shared between them the £6000 which his estate ultimately realised.

Gay was educated at the free grammar-school of his native town. One of his contemporaries, William Fortescue, who afterwards became Master of the Rolls, was for many years a warm personal friend of Pope's. Another school-fellow was Aaron Hill, a writer of plays, now chiefly remembered as party to a quarrel with Pope. It has been stated that Gay's first poetical effort was made in consequence of one of his playmates shooting a swallow in Barnstaple churchyard.[1] A somewhat similar story is told of Congreve, one of whose earliest pieces of verse is said to have been occasioned by the death of his master's magpie. Such tales of poetical precocity are best received with caution. The name of the schoolmaster who first taught Gay was Rayner. Rayner subsequently removed to Tiverton, and was succeeded at the Barnstaple grammar-school by Robert Luck. Luck appears to have been a man of some learning, and of pretensions to poetry. He wrote verses in English and in Latin; he also made numerous metrical transcripts from the Greek. His verses did not appear in book form during Gay's lifetime; but, according to his own confession, he was 'occasionally a humble servant of the Muses for almost half a

[1] Baller's *Memoir of Gay*. *Gay's Chair*, p. 14.

century.'[1] If we may credit his statement, it was he who first implanted in Gay's breast the desire to excel in poetry—it was he who taught his pupil to sing.[2] But, whatever Gay's obligations to his preceptor may have been, they were never openly acknowledged. Nor, on the other hand, did there exist any anxiety on the part of Luck to glory in the success of one who was beyond question his most distinguished pupil. There is a general reference in the preface to his poems to 'those gentlemen' whom he had 'the honour to educate,' and especially to 'one of that number now a great and (what is more valuable) a very good man,' whose translation of Horace's fifteenth Epode Luck printed. But the 'very good man' referred to was not Gay, but his school-fellow, Fortescue.

There was, in truth, a coldness between Gay and the rhyming pedagogue who taught him. And the reason for this coldness is not far to seek. Luck was a staunch churchman, a surrogate of the Archdeaconry Court of Barnstaple, and an intolerant foe to dissent in every shape and form.[3] Gay's grandfather, Jonathan Hanmer, was, on the other hand, the founder of the

[1] *A Miscellany of New Poems on Several Occasions.* By R. Luck, A.M., Master of Barnstaple School (Cave 1736) p. iii.

[2] 'O Queensberry, could happy Gay
This offering to thee bring:
'Tis his, my lord (he 'd smiling say),
Who taught your Gay to sing.'

So Luck writes in the English introduction to a Latin version of Prior's *Female Phaeton*. But, significantly enough, this is the only reference to Gay in the book.

[3] Gribble's *Memorials of Barnstaple*, p. 523.

Independent Dissenting body in that town.[1] His son—Gay's uncle—succeeded him in the pastorate, and was, moreover, the relative, with whom the poet stayed during the visit to Barnstaple which preceded his first incursion into the field of literature. These facts, we venture to think, adequately enough explain and account for the estrangement, which, one regrets to feel, existed between Robert Luck and the most distinguished of his pupils, John Gay.

There is nothing in the poet's subsequent career to lead us to suppose that he showed any particular aptitude or diligence while at school. He was taught to read certain Latin authors—Ovid, Virgil, and Horace were his favourites in after life—and he, no doubt, picked up a little Greek. But his acquaintance with classical literature was by no means so extensive or so familiar as that of his friend Pope, who was practically self-taught. His equipment, at best, was the power to read a limited number of Latin and Greek authors in the original; a useful, if not very correct, knowledge of the French tongue (subsequently improved by travel), and a problematical acquaintance with Italian.

His school-days over, Gay was apprenticed to a silk mercer in London. 'An apprentice is a sort of a slave,' said Misson, writing in 1698; 'he wears neither hat nor cap in his master's presence: he can't marry, nor have any dealings on his own account. All he earns is his master's.'[2] How long

[1] Gribble's *Memorials of Barnstaple*, p. 506.

[2] *Memoires et Observations faites par un Voyageur en Angleterre*, p. 8.

Gay remained behind the counter it is impossible to say. Equally impossible is it to discover with any certainty the reason why he left the shop and returned to his native town. According to a rumour current in Dr. Johnson's day, 'he was soon weary of either the restraint or servility of his occupation, and easily persuaded his master to discharge him.'[1] His nephew, with a pardonable desire to put the matter in as favourable a light as possible, attributes the change to 'a remarkable depression of spirits and consequent decline of health.'[2] Johnson's story is probably nearer the truth.

Gay could scarcely hope to receive a very warm welcome at the house of his uncle Thomas, and one is not surprised, therefore, to learn that upon his return to Barnstaple, he stayed at the house of another uncle—'his mother's brother, the Rev. John Hanmer, the Nonconformist minister of that town.'[3] He dwelt with Hanmer for some time. As we shall presently see, Gay was never greatly averse to living at other people's expense. From the very beginning, indeed, he showed a great readiness to sacrifice his independence to his ease. It was probably during this somewhat extended visit to Barnstaple—which, by the way, appears to have been the last he ever made—that he wrote the greater portion of the verses discovered more than a century later in the drawer of his favourite chair. Some are of purely local interest, and most of them are feeble and amateurish

1 *Lives of the Poets*. Ed. Cunningham, ii. 283.
2 *Gay's Chair*, 'Memoir' by Baller, p. 16.
3 *Ibid.* p. 17.

in a marked degree. The lines 'To Miss Jane Scot,' and 'Absence,' point to a youthful love affair—the only affair of the kind that we meet with throughout the whole of Gay's life.[1]

'After continuing some months in Barnstaple, his health became reinstated, upon which he returned to London, where he lived for some time as a private gentleman.' So runs his nephew's story;[2] but, as Mr. Dobson very pertinently points out, the statement is 'scarcely reconcilable with the opening in life his friends had found for him.'[3] Gay was strangely silent in after years concerning this period of his life. Some lines in *Rural Sports* (1713), however, give us a hint of what he was doing :—

> . . . . I who ne'er was blessed by Fortune's hand
> Nor brighten'd ploughshares in paternal land,
> Long in the noisy town have been immured,
> Respired its smoke, and all its cares endured,
> Have courted bus'ness with successless pain,
> And in attendance wasted years in vain.

And a little further on he adds :—

> Thus have I, 'midst the bawls of factious strife,
> Long undergone the drudgery of life;

[1] Towards the close of the poet's career, Swift suggested that he should marry a Mrs. Drelincourt; but, happily for the lady, nothing came of the suggestion. 'You are the silliest lover in Christendom,' said the Dean; 'if you like Mrs. Drelincourt, why do you not command her to take you? If she does not, she is not worth pursuing. You do her too much honour; she has neither sense nor taste if she dares to refuse you, though she had ten thousand pounds' (Elwin's *Works of Pope*, vii. 231).

[2] *Gay's Chair*, p. 17. [3] *Dict. Nat. Biog.* xxi. 84.

On Courtiers' promises I founded schemes,
Which still deluded me like golden dreams;
Expectance wore the tedious hours away,
And glimm'ring hope roll'd on each lazy day.[1]

Besides 'courting business,' wasting years in 'attendance,' and undergoing the 'drudgery of life,' Gay no doubt dabbled in literature, and sought the company of literary men. Admission to circles frequented by the most distinguished poets and pamphleteers was in those days easy. The numerous taverns and coffee-houses which swarmed in London in the early eighteenth century afforded an access to literary notabilities which is now scarcely conceivable. Any man who could pay, and would behave decently, found easy entrance to these resorts. 'I was about seventeen when I first came up to town,' remarked Dean Lockier to an eighteenth century gossip[2]—'an odd-looking boy with short rough hair and that sort of awkwardness which one always brings up at first out of the country with one. However, in spite of my bashfulness and appearance, I used now and then to thrust myself into Will's to have the pleasure of seeing the most celebrated wits of that time who then resorted thither.' In this way Lockier

[1] Eight of these lines are omitted from the quarto reprint of the poem (1720), and have consequently escaped the notice of Gay's biographers. It is clear from the omission that the poet was in after life ashamed of the fact that he began his career in the humble character of a silk-mercer's apprentice. A reprint of the first edition of the poem will be found in an Appendix to this volume.

[2] Spence's *Anecdotes*. Ed. Underhill, p. 44. (This edition, as being the most accessible, is cited throughout.)

made the acquaintance of Dryden; and it was no doubt in this way that Gay picked up many of the literary friends with whom he was at the commencement of his career associated.

Chief among these friends was Aaron Hill. It has, indeed, been asserted that Gay acted for a time as Hill's amanuensis,[1] but there is no good reason to suppose that this was really the case. The two men were, however, thrown much together. Hill was of the same age as Gay, and both were educated at the Barnstaple grammar-school. It was to Hill that Savage applied when he desired in 1736 (four years after Gay's death) to obtain some information concerning the earlier years of the poet's life. Hill referred Savage to Eustace Budgell, another of Gay's early literary friends. Hill's career as an author did not fully begin until 1709, when he published a *Full Account of the Ottoman Empire*; but he and Gay both appeared in the advertisement of Gay's first poem in 1708: Hill as joint translator with Tate, the poet laureate, of a portion of the thirteenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; Gay as the author of *Wine*.

> Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
> Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.[2]

Thus runs the motto chosen by Gay for his first published poem; and it is significant in connection

[1] 'He became amanuensis to Aaron Hill, Esq., when that gentleman set on foot the project of answering questions in a weekly paper called the *British Apollo*.' (*A Complete Key to the Three hours after Marriage*, p. 7.)

[2] Horace, 1 *Epist.* xix.

with both his temperament and his career. He professes in this poem to 'draw Miltonic air;' but his performance, at best, is but a poor imitation of the *Splendid Shilling* of John Philips, and of that poet's *Cider*, by which, no doubt, the subject, *Wine*, was suggested. There is a direct reference to Philips, 'the Oxonian bard,' in the poem, and to his 'muse,' which is said to be 'immerged in acid juice,'—that is to say, in cider. 'The merit of such performances,' remarks Dr. Johnson, in his criticism of the *Splendid Shilling*,[1] 'begins and ends with the first author. He that should again adapt Milton's phrase to the gross incidents of common life, and even adapt it with more art, which would not be difficult, must yet expect but a small part of the praise which Philips has obtained; he can only hope to be considered as the repeater of a jest.' The justice of this criticism and its applicability to *Wine* are beyond question. The piece was bought by William Keble of the Black-spread-eagle in Westminster Hall; and, in the May of 1708, Gay duly made his first appearance before the world as a poet.

II

One prose pamphlet, one play, and one considerable poem mark the period in Gay's life which we have next to consider. To judge from the contents of *The Present State of Wit*,[2] the poet had in 1711 gained

1 *Lives of Poets.* Ed. Cunningham, ii. 25.

2 *The Present State of Wit, in a Letter to a friend in the Country.* London. Printed in the year MDCCXI. Price 3d.

considerable knowledge of the literary world in which he moved. In this little pamphlet (which is signed 'J. G.,' and dated 'Westminster, May 3, 1711'), he essays to give 'the histories and characters of all our periodical papers, whether monthly, weekly, or diurnal.' He disclaims politics, never caring, he says, 'one farthing either for Whig or Tory.' He touches briefly upon the characteristics of the *Review*, the *Observator*, Swift's *Examiner* ('a paper which all men who speak without prejudice allow to be well writ'), the *Whig Examiner*, the *Medley*, the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, the *British Apollo*, and other less important journals of the age of Anne. It would seem, from the intimate knowledge of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* which Gay possessed, that he had, in 1711, become acquainted with Steele, whom he praises in language of great warmth. About this time, or perhaps a little later, Tonson delivered, 'by Mr. Steele's order,' a complete set of the *Tatlers* in four volumes on royal paper, to 'Mr. Gay.'[1] Swift was clearly ignorant of the authorship of the pamphlet. 'He [the writer] seems to be a Whig,' he wrote to Stella (May 14, 1711), 'yet he speaks very highly of a paper called the *Examiner*, and says the supposed author of it is Dr. Swift. But above all things he praises the *Tatlers* and *Spectators*; and I believe Steele and Addison were privy to the printing of it.' We may add that the piece is brightly written, and of considerable value to any one who wishes to study the beginnings of English journalism.

[1] See Tonson's Account, quoted in Aitken's *Life of Steele*, i. 330.

It is clear that at this time Gay knew Steele. He was soon to be on terms of intimate friendship with a still more important literary figure. 'Pray give my service to all my few friends, and to Mr. Gay in particular,' writes Pope to his friend Henry Cromwell on July 15, 1711.[1] The acquaintance between the two poets had at this time apparently begun. 'I was told by Mr. Gay (who has writ a pretty poem to Lintot, and who gives you his service),' remarks Cromwell three months later, 'that you was gone from home.'[2] The 'pretty poem to Lintot' was, at Pope's request, forwarded to him in manuscript, and was naturally read with great pleasure.

> 'His various numbers charm our ravish'd ears,
> His steady judgment far outshoots his years,
> And early in the youth the god appears.'

What could be more flattering to the vanity of the young poet than praise of this kind? 'I would willingly return Mr. Gay my thanks for the favour of his poem, and in particular for his kind mention of me,'[3] he informs Cromwell on December 21, 1711. The lines were printed in the following May in a *Miscellany* published by Lintot. The first sketch of Pope's 'Rape of the Lock' appeared in the same volume, to which Gay contributed a second piece in the shape of a translation of the story of Arachne, from the sixth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

About this time the peaceful inhabitants of London and Westminster were greatly perturbed by

1 Pope's *Works*, Ed. Elwin, vi. 123.
2 *Ibid.*, vi. 126.
3 *Ibid.*, vi. 130.

the exploits of certain high-spirited and humorous young gentlemen, whose midnight frolics gained for them the name of 'Mohocks.' Compared with the Mohock, the Nicker, who had for some years previously amused himself by breaking people's windows with half-pence, was a tame and ineffectual being. The Mohocks—if we may credit contemporary accounts, in most of which there is a very evident note of exaggeration—ranged the streets in bodies late at night; assaulting peaceable citizens, and slitting the noses, or in some other way wounding all whom they found alone and unprotected. Women were either treated with unspeakable barbarities, or were placed in hogsheads and rolled down Snow Hill. Swift appears to have believed that Thomas Burnet, the Bishop of Salisbury's son, was one of the gang. Eventually, on March 17, 1712, a Royal Proclamation was issued against these disturbers of the public peace.

Gay, whose works gained applause as often by reason of their timeliness as on account of their merit, was not slow to make use of the opportunity which the popular scare afforded. He wrote 'An Argument proving from History, Reason, and Scripture that the present Mohocks and Hawkubites are the Gog and Magog mentioned in the Revelations, and therefore that this vain and transitory world will shortly be brought to its final Dissolution;' and he also put together a play upon the same subject. The latter appeared on the 15th April 1712.[1] There is no reason to suppose that it was ever intended for representation upon the stage; the statement in the

[1] *Post Boy* and *Daily Courant*: 'This day is publish'd,' etc.

advertisement, described by Mr. Dobson as 'ambiguous' being purposely so designed. 'Her Majesty's servants' are merely the members of the watch who figure in the play, which had no object beyond burlesquing the popular scare of the hour. It is inscribed to 'Mr. D——'—*i.e.* Dennis—who is told that the subject of it is 'horrid and tremendous,' that the whole piece is written 'according to the exactest rules of dramatic poetry,' and that the plot of it is formed upon *Appius and Virginia.* The trifle, very likely, fulfilled the objects which the author had in immediate view, namely, the amusement of the reading public, and the procuring of a few guineas from the bookseller. It has no permanent merit.

Towards the close of the year 1712—the exact date cannot now be ascertained—Gay became 'secretary' or 'domestic steward' to the Duchess of Monmouth. This lady was the widow, first of the unhappy son of Charles II., who was beheaded in the year of Gay's birth, and, next, of the third Lord Cornwallis, and was 'remarkable,' according to Dr. Johnson, 'for inflexible perseverance in her demand to be treated as a princess.'[1] Like Gay's later patroness, the Duchess of Queensberry, the Duchess of Monmouth was very eccentric in her manners, and, to quote Johnson once more, while 'by quitting the shop for such service, Gay might gain leisure,' he 'certainly advanced little in the boast of independence.'[2] A malevolent critic has suggested that Gay was a mere 'serving man' to the Duchess, and that he 'never

1 *Lives of the Poets.* Ed. Cunningham, ii. 283.
2 *Ibid.*, ii. 284.

hoped for any higher preferment than holding a plate at a sideboard till Pope took him into his protection.'[1]

It was while Gay was in the employment of the Duchess of Monmouth that he published the first poem which gave him prominence among the writers of his age. This was *Rural Sports*, a Georgic, which he had the good sense to inscribe to Pope. The inscription, following, as it did, close upon the flattering reference to Pope in the *Epistle to Bernard Lintot*, sealed once for all the friendship between the two poets. Thereafter, it continued warm and unbroken down to the day of Gay's death in 1732.

Rural Sports appeared on the 13th of January 1713. 'I cannot as yet give you any account of the success of the poem,' Gay wrote to Maurice Johnson, the antiquarian, on that day, 'this being the first day of its being published. Her Grace and Lady Isabella seem not displeased with my offering.'[2] It appears to have been moderately successful; and, considerably altered and improved, it found a place in the collected edition of his poems, published by Gay in 1720. The original motto upon the title-page was *Agrestem tenui Musam meditabor Avenâ*.[3] But, in

[1] *A Complete Key to the new farce, called 'Three Hours after Marriage'* (1717), p. 7.

[2] Nichols' *Literary Anecdotes*, vi. 84. The poem is advertised in No. 2759 of the *Post Boy* (January 13, to January 15, 1712-3) as, 'This day is publish'd,' etc.

[3] This motto is apparently made up of two lines from Virgil's *Bucolics*: the *Silvestrem tenui Musam meditaris Avenâ* of the first Eclogue, and the *Agrestem tenui meditabor arundine Musam* of the sixth.

1720, the poet did not wish people to think that he intended any longer to 'meditate the rural muse upon a slender reed,' and the motto was consequently changed to the *Securi prælia ruris pandimus* of Nemesian. As to the poem itself, it is readable; but that is about all the praise that can be conscientiously bestowed upon it. 'Never contemptible, nor ever excellent,' says Dr. Johnson; 'toujours bien, jamais mieux,' echoes Mr. Austin Dobson. It exhibits such acquaintance with country life, its pleasures and its sports, as a man born and bred amid rural surroundings might be expected to show. It contains little of that 'unconventional knowledge' which Mr. Dobson sees in it. Much that Gay described might in the early eighteenth century have been observed within the limits of what we know as the 'four-mile radius.' Truth to tell, he had really no practical knowledge of these things. 'Have the farmers found out that you cannot distinguish rye from barley, or an oak from a crab tree?' Swift playfully asks him in 1732.[1] 'You are sensible,' the Dean goes on to say, 'that I know the full extent of your country skill is in fishing for roaches, or gudgeons at the highest.' It is as Gay's first important poem that *Rural Sports* chiefly claims our consideration, and being such, the student, at any rate, cannot afford to pass it by.

III

GAY'S next important literary venture was a poem in three books, entitled *The Fan*. It was published

[1] Swift's *Works*. Ed. 1824, xvii. 504.

on December 8, 1713,[1] and it appears to have met with success. The principal idea of the piece—the painting of the newly-invented fan with illustrations of mythological lore—was very likely suggested by the story of Arachne, which Gay had already translated from Ovid for Lintot's *Miscellany*. Its 'stupid mythology,' as the Rev. Whitwell Elwin phrases it, is for the most part taken straight from Ovid; the *Metamorphoses*, the *Heroïdes*, and the *Fasti* all being laid under contribution. Pope evinced a warm interest in the progress of the poem. 'I am very much recreated and refreshed with the news of the advancement of *The Fan*,' he wrote on August 23, 1713, 'which I doubt not will delight the eye and sense of the fair, as long as that agreeable machine shall play in the hands of posterity.'[2] The 'agreeable machine' in question still plays in the hands of the fair; but Gay's poem has long ceased to delight either their 'eye' or their 'sense.' We will not go so far as Mr. Dobson and say that it is 'now unreadable.' It will be sufficient to note the fact that it is now unread. Gay himself was far from satisfied with the piece, and, acting no doubt upon the suggestion of Pope, did his best to improve it before including it in the collected edition of his poems in 1720.

In December 1713 Gay contributed four pieces to a *Poetical Miscellany* published by Steele. Their

[1] Not in 1714, as Gay's biographers have hitherto asserted. See an advertisement in the *Daily Courant* for December 9, 1713, commencing 'Yesterday was published,' etc.

[2] Elwin's *Pope*, vii. 412.

titles are 'Panthea,' 'Araminta,' 'A Thought on Eternity,' and 'A Contemplation on Night.' He also wrote two papers for the *Guardian*,[1] one on reproof and flattery and one on dress. Their wit, observation, and style cause one to regret that he did not write more prose and less verse.

A play from Gay's pen, entitled *The Wife of Bath*, was produced at Drury Lane Theatre on the 12th May 1713.[2] Pinkethman, Wilks, Pack, Bullock, and Bullock, junior; Mrs. Bicknell, Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Porter, and Mrs. Mountford all took part in it. Its period is that of the fourteenth century; the plot and the characters are those of Restoration times. The scene in which Chaucer impersonates the magician, and shows Myrtilla his own reflection in the glass, is borrowed from *The Cheats*, a piece produced in 1662.[3] The play failed, and was acted for only three nights. It was brought out again on January 19, 1730, at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, with numerous alterations and revisions; but it was again unsuccessful.[4]

'Can any reasonable being imagine English rustics alternately piping to each other, after the manner of Sicilian shepherds, in celebration of the charms of their respective mistresses?' The question is asked by Mr. Courthope,[5] in discussing the pastoral performances of Ambrose Philips and of Pope; and it forces itself upon us the moment we begin to study

1 Nos. 11 and 149.
2 Genest's *Account of the English Stage*, ii. 514.
3 *Ibid.*, ii. 515.
4 *Ibid.*, iii. 268.
5 *Life of Pope*, p. 89

The Shepherd's Week. The form of these burlesque pastorals is accurately copied from the *Bucolics* of Virgil; the ideas expressed in them are no doubt to a great extent those of the rustics of the age in which Gay lived. As to the language, it is, by the author's own confession, 'not only such as in the present times is not uttered, but was never uttered in times past; and, if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future.'[1] No one is likely to regard *The Shepherd's Week* as a complete and entirely accurate picture of country life in the early eighteenth century; but it contains much curious and valuable information concerning rural customs, rural employments, rural songs, rural amusements, and rural superstitions. The rhymed 'Prologue' to the poem is very interesting from the biographical point of view; since it shows that early in 1714 Gay had made a large and influential circle of friends. Among these was Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, to whom *The Shepherd's Week* was dedicated.

These pastorals, it should be explained, were written at the instigation of Pope. The sixth volume of Tonson's *Miscellany* had concluded with Pope's Pastorals, and begun with those of Ambrose Philips. A few years after its publication a writer in the *Guardian* (probably Tickell) discussed the Pastoral in a series of papers, and gave the most extravagant praise to Philips. 'Theocritus,' he remarked, 'left his dominions to Virgil; Virgil left his to his son Spenser; and Spenser was succeeded by his eldest

[1] Proeme to *The Shepherd's Week.*

born, Philips.'[1] Pope was not mentioned; and he set himself to redress the injustice by a device of characteristic subtlety. He wrote a sixth paper, in which he continued to illustrate the true principles of pastoral poetry from Philips' practice, but in such a way as to show the judicious reader by the examples given either the absurdity of Philips, or the superior merit of Pope. The article was anonymously or pseudonymously forwarded to the *Guardian*, and was in due time published. Philips was furious, and providing himself with a birch rod, threatened to flog Pope. The latter, not content with his ingenious revenge, prevailed upon his friend Gay to continue the warfare and to burlesque Philips' performances in a series of realistic representations of country life. Hence *The Shepherd's Week*, which was published on April 15, 1714.[2]

Thanks to the well-directed influence of Swift (or of some other powerful friend) Gay was, on the 8th June 1714, appointed secretary to Lord Clarendon, who was about to make a visit as Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Hanover. Clarendon went partly on a mission of condolence—the Electress Sophia having recently died—and partly with a view to transmitting Bolingbroke's reply to a Memorial sent by the Elector to England in the previous month. Queen Anne died on the 1st August, before the Ambassador could even find time to present his credentials to King George, and the Envoy's task came to a sudden end. Lord Clarendon and his secretary returned to England;

1 *The Guardian*, No. 32. (April 17, 1713.)

2 See an advertisement in the *Post Boy* of that date.

and, the Tories being in opposition, any hopes of political preferment that Gay may have cherished were, for the time being, dashed to the ground.

For a time the 'poor man,' as Arbuthnot described him, appears to have been inconsolable, and indeed not without reason. He was practically penniless, and he had no employment. The Duchess of Monmouth had dismissed him from her service earlier in the year; and he had drawn a considerable portion—a hundred pounds in fact—of his salary as secretary in advance to buy clothes. Pope very generously invited him to Binfield. 'If happy, I am to share in your elevation,' he wrote; 'if unhappy, you have still a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at Binfield in the worst of times at your service.'[1] There can be no doubt that Pope lent his despondent *protégé* material assistance at this important crisis. Aaron Hill's testimony upon the point is conclusive. He categorically asserts that upon Gay's return from Hanover 'all his hopes became withered till Mr. Pope (who, you know, is an excellent planter) revived and invigorated his bays; and, indeed, very generously supported him in some more solid improvements.'[2]

The letter of Pope's from which we have just quoted, also contained 'a word of advice in the poetical way.' It was to the effect that Gay should 'write something on the king, or prince, or princess.' Arbuthnot gave the same counsel; and the result was 'A

[1] Pope to Gay, September 23, 1714. Elwin's *Pope*, vii. 415.
[2] Letter to Savage (June 23, 1736), Hill's *Works*, i. 338.

Letter to a Lady:[1] Occasioned by the arrival of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.' The Princess landed at Margate on the 13th October 1714, and the poem appeared on the 20th of November.[2] It calls for no detailed criticism. It was written with a distinct purpose in view, and it failed of its purpose. Its fulsome, high-sounding, and patently insincere flattery was powerless to move the Court.

> 'Places, I found, were daily giv'n away,
> And yet no friendly Gazette mention'd Gay.'

It was a good many years before the poet realised the bitter but wholesome truth that his hopes of political preferment were in vain, and that he must trust for a living to his pen, and to his pen alone.[3]

IV

FAR away the most important work produced by Gay in the year 1715 was *The What d'ye Call It*, an ingenious performance, described by the author as a 'tragi-comi-pastoral farce.' It was very probably suggested by Buckingham's *Rehearsal*, then still a popular piece; though its satire is in the main more general than particular. Yet there are plenty of passages in it which are obvious parodies of lines from *The Distress'd Mother* of Ambrose Philips, from Otway's *Venice Preserved*, from Rowe's *Jane Shore*

1 The 'lady' in question was probably Mrs. Howard.

2 See an advertisement in the *Daily Courant* of that date.

3 'The doctor [Arbuthnot] goes to Cards, Gay to Court; one loses his money, one loses his time.'—(Pope to Swift, September 1726.)

(which, by the way, was played in front of it on the first night), and from Addison's *Cato*.[1] *The What d'ye Call It* was produced at Drury Lane Theatre on February 23, 1715.[2] Squire Thomas was played by Johnson, Jonas Dock by Pinkethman, Peter Nettle by Norris, Sir Roger by Miller, the Steward by Quin, Sir Humphrey by Cross, Justice Statute by Shepherd, and the Ghost of a Child Unborn by Norris, junior. Among the ladies who took part in the performance were Mrs. Bicknell, who played Kitty, Mrs. Willis, senior, who played Dorcas, Miss Younger, who played

1 The following, in particular, may be noted: Kitty's

'Behold, how low you have reduced a maid,'

is an evident parody on Philip's line in *The Distress'd Mother*:

'Behold, how low you have reduced a queen.'

Again, the following couplet, spoken by Kitty in her madness:

'Bagpipes in butter, flocks in fleecy fountains,
Churns, sheephooks, seas of milk, and honey mountains,'

recalls the

'Murmuring streams, soft shades, and springing flowers,
Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber,'

assigned to the character of Belvidera in *Venice Preserved*.

Finally, the scene in which Peascod is given a *Pilgrim's Progress* to read before being shot as a deserter, was generally understood to be a burlesque of the first scene of the fifth Act of Addison's *Cato*. It is said that certain lines, beginning 'Bunyan, thou reason'st well,' originally formed part of *The What d'ye call It*, but were, on second thoughts, omitted by the author (or authors) of the piece. See, for further burlesqued passages, *A Complete Key to The What d'ye Call It*, [by Theobald and Griffin]. London, 1715.

2 This is the date given by Genest (ii. 551), who is in general a safe authority. Gay, writing to Caryll on March 3, says, 'It has already been played five nights:' this indicates a later date of production. The point is, however, of small importance.

Joyce, a parish child, and Mrs. Baker, who played the aunt. The interpretation of the piece was not entirely successful. Johnson was an unsatisfactory Squire Thomas (or Filbert); but Pinkethman, according to the author, 'did wonders;' Mrs. Bicknell 'performed miraculously, and there was much honour gained by Miss Younger, though she was but a parish child.'[1] The piece was, on the whole, a success. Being out of the way of the common taste of the town it caused no small bewilderment in the minds of the first night audience. 'Some,' according to Pope, 'looked upon it as a mere jest upon the tragic poets, others as a satire upon the late war.' A number of Templars and persons of the more vociferous kind came to hiss and to scoff, but they remained to laugh and to applaud. Pope's deaf friend, Henry Cromwell—'honest, hatless Cromwell, with red breeches,' as Gay subsequently described him—hearing none of the words, and seeing the action to be tragical, was much astonished to find the audience laugh;[2] and for a few nights other visitors to the theatre were in the same perplexity. The Prince and Princess of Wales came to see the piece; and, altogether, Gay made a hundred pounds by it. He also provoked the wrath of his old friend Steele, who, angry on account of the liberties that had been taken with *Cato*, declared, as the holder of a licence 'to keep a company of comedians,' that the farce should not have been acted if he had been in town. It may be interesting to add

[1] Letter to Caryll. Elwin's *Pope*, vi. 224.
[2] Elwin's *Pope*, vi. 223.

that *The What d'ye Call It* was revived no fewer than six times during the eighty-five years which lay between the date of its first production and the close of the eighteenth century,—always, of course, with another piece, and always upon the occasion of a benefit.[1] It was published less than a month after its production,[2] and had reached a third edition in 1716.

We must now turn for a moment from the play to the question of its authorship. It is certainly not entirely the unaided effort of John Gay. Cowper, in a letter to Unwin (August 4, 1783) has said that the justly admired ballad, commencing, ''Twas when the seas were roaring,' was the joint production of Pope, Gay, Swift, and Arbuthnot. This, of course, is mere assertion, and of little value as evidence. The writer of the *Complete Key* to the piece speaks throughout of 'the authors;' and Cibber told Spence, or one of Spence's friends, that 'Mr. Pope brought some of *The What d'ye Call It*, the part about the miscarriage in particular, but not much beside.' He added that 'when it was read to the players Mr. Pope read it, though Gay was by. Gay always used to read his own

[1] On April 2, 1730, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, for Mrs. Bullock's benefit; on April 14, 1738, at Drury Lane, for Harper's benefit; on April 28, 1775, at Covent Garden, for Dunstall's benefit; on May 6, 1782, at Covent Garden, for Wild's benefit; on August 10, 1784, at the Haymarket, for Wilson's benefit; and on April 19, 1797, at Covent Garden, for Quick's benefit.

[2] On March 19, 1715. Vide the *Evening Post* and *Daily Courant* for that date. Lintot's Account Book, under date the 14th February 1714-15, exhibits a payment to Gay of £16, 2s. 6d. for *The What d'ye Call It.*

plays.'[1] We may safely conclude, therefore, that Pope,—if not Arbuthnot,—had a hand in this original and amusing satire.

We need not be long detained by the journey into Devonshire which Gay took in the summer of the year 1715. He went thither at the suggestion and at the expense of Lord Burlington, with whom he had probably been staying at Burlington House, and he has left a pleasant account of the journey in the shape of a rhymed epistle to that nobleman. He seems to have made another visit to Devonshire in the following year, since Pope, writing to Parnell on the 29th July 1716, states in a postscript that 'Gay is in Devonshire, from thence he goes to Bath.'[2]

In the summer of 1715 Gay wrote 'Trivia: or, the Art of Walking the Streets of London,' and it was published on the 26th January 1716.[3] It has always been, and still remains, one of his most interesting productions. But its interest rather lies in its matter than in its manner. There is nothing remarkable about the verse, which aims at an accurate, not an artistic, presentment of the subject. Hence, of course, the unique value of the poem to the student of London outdoor life in the eighteenth century. Gay said he owed several hints of it to Dr. Swift, whose 'Morning' and 'City Shower' are written in a similar vein.

Gay's next venture was made in collaboration

1 Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 55.

2 Elwin's *Pope*, vii. 463.

3 'This day is published "Trivia: or, the Art of Walking the Streets of London." By Mr. Gay. Printed for Bernard Lintot between the Temple Gates.'—*Daily Courant*, January 26, 1716.

with his friends Pope and Arbuthnot; the outcome of their joint labours being the *Three Hours after Marriage*—perhaps one of the most contemptible 'comedies' ever put upon the English stage. It is impossible to assign with any certainty the respective shares which the three authors had in the play. Arbuthnot's biographers, like Pope's, have been anxious to minimise the connection of these two writers with the piece; and the fullest use has been made of Gay's magnanimous offer to take all the blame to himself. 'I will, if any shame there be, take it all to myself,' he wrote to Pope, when the utter failure of the piece had been placed beyond doubt. 'Pope,' says Mr. Courthope, 'at the height of his fame found himself credited, though he seems to have had little to do with it, with the part paternity of a condemned play.'[1] 'And,' says Dr. Arbuthnot's latest biographer, Mr. Aitken, 'we may not unreasonably conclude, and hope, that . . . Arbuthnot's share in the farce was confined to supplying learned and professional dialogue for the pedant Fossile.'[2] All this is beside the mark. The truth is, Pope and Arbuthnot chalked up their dirty and despicable libels and then ran away, leaving Gay to face the storm of obioquy which they had raised. There is nothing in the career of the author of 'Sober Advice from Horace' and of the parody of the first Psalm to lead us to suppose that indecency was distasteful to him; nor is there anything in the writings of Dr. Arbuthnot, the author of the ballad on Nelly

[1] *Life of Pope*, p. 126.
[2] *Life and Works of Arbuthnot*, p. 90.

Bennet (by some erroneously attributed to Gay) to incline us to the belief that he would blush at a *double entente*. It is, in fact, impossible to acquit Pope and Arbuthnot of an equal responsibility with Gay for this justly condemned piece.

It would be scarcely too much to assert that the *Three Hours after Marriage* contains all the indecency of a comedy by Wycherley or by Vanbrugh, without a sprinkling of its wit. Even the players were ashamed of portions of the dialogue, and omitted many of the lines that the authors had placed in their mouths.[1] There is no need to describe the plot: indeed, the main interest of the piece for the student lies in the characters. Dr. Fossile, who is held up to ridicule, was meant for Dr. Woodward, a professor at Gresham College, an eminent geologist, and a most estimable man. He was no doubt the creation of Dr. Arbuthnot. Sir Tremendous was intended for John Dennis, the critic; and Mrs. Townley was thought to be the wife of a well-known physician. Phœbe Clinket represented the Countess of Winchelsea, against whom Pope and Gay both had grudges. The Countess of Hippokekoana, —a lady incidentally mentioned in the piece,—was the Duchess of Monmouth. Finally, it was generally

1 'Now you must know that I have seen it acted twice' (writes Timothy Grub, the author of *A Letter to Mr. John Gay*, published soon after the production of the piece in 1718), 'and the last time with a printed book in my hand, and they [the players] left out a considerable load of obscenity and profaneness, which, though you were not ashamed to print, they had so much modesty as not to speak.'

believed at the time that the authors meant Plotwell to be more or less recognisable as Colley Cibber.

The *Three Hours after Marriage* was produced at Drury Lane Theatre on January 16th, 1717.[1] It failed—failed ignominiously and deservedly. It was received with hisses and with cat-calls, favourite methods of expressing contempt in the eighteenth century. It ran feebly for seven nights; and it was again played at Drury Lane some thirty years later (March 15, 1746), but with no greater success. It was published by Lintot on January 21, 1717; and although Gay's name alone appears upon the title-page, both Pope and Arbuthnot went to the bookseller's shop to find out how the sale was going on.[2] It may be assumed that the production and the publication of the piece brought in a considerable sum of money. But the story that the authors received four hundred guineas from some maids of honour who admired the dialogue of one of the scenes, must be dismissed as being too fanciful to be true.

It is very difficult to say how Gay managed to live during the years concerning which we now write. He had no regular means; and the publication of an occasional poem, and the production of an occasional play—the latter unsuccessful more often than not—were scarcely sufficient to provide an income

[1] Genest's *Account of the English Stage*, ii. 593.

[2] This is categorically asserted by the author of *The complete Key to the 'Three Hours after Marriage.'* The date given for the visit is 'Monday, the 21st day of January 1716-17' [the day of publication]; the time 'between the hours of eleven and twelve of the clock in the forenoon.'

adequate to his needs. He was extravagant in the matter of dress; he was fond of the good things of the table (and especially of wine); and, whenever he had the money in his pocket, he preferred the ease of a coach to the exertion inseparable from walking. It required a fairly large income to secure him the creature comforts for which he craved; and, hence, when he had no money, he appears to have availed himself freely of the hospitality and generosity of his friends. Pope was always ready to be his host, and Pope, after the publication of *Homer*, was in comparatively easy circumstances. Other friends took cognisance of his neediness. Parnell gave him the 'copy-money' received for his *Life of Zoilus* in 1717—a sum of £16, 2s. 6d.[1]—and, in 1725, he received £35, 17s. 6d. for the assistance he rendered Pope in connection with his edition of *Shakespeare*.[2] Lord Burlington welcomed the poet at his 'fair palace' in Piccadilly.

> 'There oft' I enter (but with cleaner shoes)
> For Burlington's beloved by ev'ry Muse,'

he reminds us in 'Trivia.' Another of Gay's patrons was William Pulteney, who took the poet with him to Aix-la-Chapelle in the summer of 1717; and yet another was Lord Harcourt, who invited him to Cockthorpe in Oxfordshire in the following year. While at Cockthorpe he occasionally visited Pope, who was working upon *Homer* at Stanton Harcourt, another of Harcourt's Oxfordshire seats. It was

[1] Elwin's *Pope*, vii. 464.
[2] *Gent. Mag.* lvii. 76.

upon the occasion of one of these visits that the romantic episode of two lovers being killed by lightning in a hayfield occurred. The description in a letter of the accident was thought by Thackeray to be Gay's; but Pope has a more valid claim to it. It must not be hastily assumed that Gay had all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of a life of dependence. On the contrary, if we may credit Arbuthnot, he actually suffered from hunger while staying at Burlington House.

Gay possessed, according to Pope, 'a strange desire to see foreign lands.' It was no doubt this 'strange desire' which led him, in 1719, to pay a second visit to the Continent. 'If it be absolutely necessary that I make an apology for not writing,' he says in a letter to Mrs. Howard, dated Dijon, September 8, 1719, 'I must give you an account of very bad physicians, and of a fever which I had at Spa that confined me for a month. . . . I am rambling from place to place. In about a month I hope to be at Paris, and in the next month to be in England, and the next minute to see you.'[1] Whether this visit was made at Gay's own expense, or at that of a patron, cannot now be ascertained.

The year 1720 was an important one in the life of John Gay.[2] It saw the publication of his collected

[1] *Suffolk Letters*, i. 32, and *B. M. Add. MSS.* 22, 626, f. 22. This visit to the Continent has hitherto escaped the notice of Gay's biographers.

[2] To this period belongs the following letter, which, since it has not hitherto been published, and no other specimen of Gay's epistolary style is given in this memoir, may be printed in full:—

SIR,—I received your Letter with the accounts of the Books

poems in two large quarto volumes. The list of subscribers prefixed to the collection is a large and representative one. Lord Burlington and the Duke of Chandos both took fifty copies of the book; Pulteney took twenty-five; Lord Bathurst, Lord Warwick, Pelham and Craggs, each had his name down for ten copies. Among those who agreed to take five or more books were the Earl of Essex, Lord Hervey, Simon Harcourt, Lord Lonsdale, Lady Messam, the Duke of Queensberry and the Earl of Stair. 'The Right Hon. Robert Walpole, Esq.' subscribed for two books; his son Horatio for one. Arbuthnot, Congreve, Bolingbroke, Prior, Pope, and Young appeared in the list; as also did Handel and Kneller, the two Miss Blounts ('the fair-haired Martha and Teresa brown'), and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

There was little in these two quarto volumes

you had delivered. I have not seen Mr. Lintot's account, but shall take the first opportunity to call upon him. I cannot think your Letter consists of the utmost civility, in five lines to press me twice to make up my account, just at a time when it is impracticable to sell out of the Stocks in which my fortune is engag'd. Between Mr. Lintot & you the greatest part of the money is received; and I imagine you have a sufficient number of Books in your hands for the security of the rest. To go to the strictness of the matter, I own my note engages me to make the whole payment in the beginning of September, had it been in my power, I had not given you occasion to send to me, for I can assure you I am as impatient & uneasy to pay the money I owe, as some men are to receive it, and tis no small mortification to refuse you so reasonable a request, which is, that I may no longer be obliged to you.—I am, sir, your most humble servant, J. Gay.

Friday morning. (*B. M. Add. MSS.* 28, 275, f. 8.)

that was new. The first contained *Rural Sports*, *The Fan*, *The Shepherd's Week*, *Trivia*, and *The What d'ye Call It*—all of which had been published before. In the second were four epistles (which had already been printed), five new tales, several miscellaneous pieces (some new, some old), and *Dione*, a new pastoral tragedy. The poems occupied about 546 pages in all.

The financial result of the venture was most gratifying. Gay made a thousand pounds or more, which, together with some South Sea stock that Craggs had given him, formed a very respectable competence. But it was not fated to remain long in the possession of the poet. Disregarding the advice of his friends—of whom Pope and Swift recommended the purchase of an annuity, Erasmus Lewis an investment in the funds, and Arbuthnot trust on providence—he converted every farthing of cash that he possessed into South Sea stock. For a time all went well—indeed he was during a brief period master of a fortune of £20,000. Then came the cruel and inevitable crash. Profit and principal were both lost, and Gay was reduced to beggary. Well, indeed, might Pope exclaim that his friend was 'negligent and a bad manager.'[1]

The years which immediately followed the publication of Gay's *Poems* in 1720 yielded little in the way of a literary harvest. Some of the poet's time was spent with the Queensberrys, at one or another of their town or country houses. 'He is always with

[1] Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 57.

the Duchess of Queensberry,' wrote Mrs. Bradshaw to Mrs. Howard from Bath, 19th September 1721;[1] and he himself admits that he went 'wheresoever they would carry him.' He travelled a good deal also with Lord and Lady Burlington. 'I live almost altogether with Lord Burlington, and pass my time very agreeably,' he tells Francis Colman on August 23, 1721; and again, writing to Swift on December 22, 1722, he says, 'I lodge at present in Burlington House.' He spent the summer of 1723 with the Burlingtons at Tunbridge Wells. In 1724 he was at Bath, whence he wrote to Mrs. Howard, informing her that he intended to return to town with 'Lord Scarborough, who hath not as yet fixed his time of leaving the Bath.'[2]

Meantime Gay had, in 1722, been appointed a lottery commissioner, at a salary of £150 a year. The appointment was made by Sir Robert Walpole, and it speaks not a little for that statesman's magnanimity that he permitted the poet to hold it long after the production of the *Beggar's Opera* and the publication of *Polly*. He held it, in point of fact, until 1731. The Earl of Lincoln also granted Gay lodgings in Whitehall, which he occupied until 1729, when they were judged (by those in authority) 'not convenient for him.'

Gay's next publication, after the issue of the *Poems* in 1720, was a tragedy—the only one he ever wrote—entitled *The Captives*. It was produced at Drury Lane Theatre on January 15, 1724, and was

[1] *Suffolk Letters*, i. 78. [2] *Ibid.*, i. 177.

acted with considerable success for seven nights. Wilks, Booth, Mrs. Porter, and Mrs. Oldfield took part in the performance. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present on the author's night (which was by royal command), and the tragedy when published was dedicated to her Royal Highness. It had previously been read to her at Leicester House. It does not call for serious criticism. The plot is conventional, the language commonplace. The 'catastrophe of the fable,' as Gay is pleased to phrase it, is 'the rewarding virtue and the relieving of the distressed.' Here, by way of specimen, are the last four lines of the tragedy :—

> 'Since 'tis not given to mortals to discern
> Their real good and ill; let men learn patience—
> Let us the toils of adverse fate sustain,
> For through that rugged road our hopes we gain.'[1]

V

'GAY is writing tales for Prince William,' Pope informed Swift late in the year 1725.[2] The 'tales'

[1] The production of the play was followed by the publication of *A Letter to Mr. John Gay on his Tragedy call'd the Captives.* This was written by Mrs. Elizabeth Harrison, and sold by her 'in Queen's-Head Court, in Windmill Street, Piccadilly.' It is a piece of indiscriminating panegyric and of no biographical interest or value. Annexed to the 'Letter' was 'A Copy of Verses to Her Royal Highness the Princess,' from which four lines may be quoted :

> 'Happy the genius blesses this our isle,
> Makes virtue grateful, and a nation smile;
> Improves our theatre with grace that awes,
> And makes even vice applaud a virtuous cause.'

[2] Pope to Swift, December 14, 1725. Elwin's *Pope*, vii. 67.

in question were the famous first series of *Fables*—the only writings of Gay that have shown themselves to be possessed of permanent popularity. They are as well known to-day as they were in the time of the young prince for whose edification they were written, and they are far more extensively read. Editions innumerable of them have appeared in this country, and they have been translated into most European, and into some Asiatic languages. It was while writing these fables that Gay proved the truth of the dictum that that which is the easiest to read is the most difficult to write. 'How comes friend Gay to be so tedious?' Swift asked Pope on November 27, 1726. 'Another man can publish fifty thousand lies sooner than he can publish fifty fables.'[1]

'Though this is a kind of writing that appears very easy,' Gay wrote just before his death, 'I find it is the most difficult of any that I undertook. After I have invented one fable and finished it, I despair of finding out another.'[2] When, at length, the fables were printed, there was a delay over the illustrations. 'I cannot get my plates finished,' he wrote on February 18, 1727, 'which hinders the publication.' One by one, however, the many difficulties were overcome, and the volume eventually appeared in the spring of 1727. Its success was great, immediate, and unqualified. It was evident to all that Gay's stories were in the majority of cases new, that they were related with admirable art in lucid and

[1] Elwin's *Pope*, vii. 92.

[2] *Ibid.*, vii. 268.

easy-flowing verse, and that the morals were nearly all of modern application. It is to these *Fables*, and to these *Fables* alone, that Gay owes the position among English writers which for the last century and a half he has held. Yet, as Mr. Dobson points out in the delightful essay which precedes his edition of these same *Fables*, 'an uncompromising criticism might perhaps be inclined to hint that these little pieces are by no means faultless, that they are occasionally deficient in narrative art, that they lack real variety of theme, and that they are often wearisome, almost unmanly, in their querulous insistence on the vices of servility and the hollowness of courts.' Gay's contemporaries appear to have noticed this criticism of courts, since, according to Swift,[1] 'even in his *Fables*, published within two years past, and dedicated to the Duke of Cumberland, for which he was promised a reward, he has been thought somewhat too bold upon courtiers.'

George I. died on June 11, 1727, and the Prince and Princess of Wales ascended the throne. Gay now, naturally enough, expected some good office at court. His first published epistle had been addressed to the princess; both their Royal Highnesses had patronised *The What d'ye Call It* and *The Captives*; and Gay had, by particular request, written fables for the young Duke of Cumberland. Moreover, the Queen had informed Mrs. Howard (alluding to one of Gay's fables) 'that she would take up the hare,' and bade her to put her in mind in settling the family to

[1] *Intelligencer*, No. iii. (*Works*, ed. 1824, ix. 95.)

find some employment for Mr. Gay.[1] The long-expected reward came at last; and, like many long-expected things, it caused grievous disappointment. Gay was asked to become gentleman-usher to the little Princess Louisa. His vanity was deeply wounded, and he declined the office without hesitation. 'The Queen's family is at last settled,' he wrote to Swift on October 22, 1727, 'and in the list I was appointed gentleman-usher to the Princess Louisa, the youngest princess, which upon account that I am so far advanced in life,[2] I have declined accepting, and have endeavoured in the best manner I could to make my excuses by a letter to her majesty. So now all my expectations are vanished, and I have no prospect but in depending wholly upon myself, and my own conduct. As I am used to disappointments, I can bear them; but as I can have no more hopes, I can no more be disappointed, so that I am in a blessed condition.'[3] Swift thoroughly approved of the step which Gay took, and was perfectly confident that he had a keen enemy in Sir Robert Walpole. It appears, according to Swift's story, that 'there came out a libel against Mr. Walpole, who was informed it was written by Gay; and although Mr. Walpole owned he was convinced that it was not written by Gay, yet he never would pardon him, but did him a hundred ill offices to the princess.'[4] Against this story, related by a strongly prejudiced witness, must be set the fact

1 Swift to Lady Betty Germaine, January 1733; *Suffolk Letters*, ii. 49.

2 He was forty-two.

3 Elwin's *Pope*, vii. 103.

4 *Suffolk Letters*, ii. 47.

that Walpole allowed Gay to hold the office of lottery commissioner for several years after the publication of the pointed and unmistakable satire of *The Beggar's Opera*, and of its sequel *Polly*. Nor do we think that Mrs. Howard should be judged harshly in the matter. Swift lays great blame upon her :—

> 'Fain would I think our female friend sincere
> Till Bob, the poet's foe, possess'd her ear.
> Did female virtue e'er so high ascend,
> To lose an inch of favour for a friend?'[1]

Gay and Mrs. Howard were great friends: Swift, indeed, in a phrase as unjust and contemptuous towards Gay as against the lady, asserts that he was one of her 'led-captains.'[2] He corresponded with her regularly, and he prepared the drafts of several of her letters when she was engaged in an affair of formal gallantry with the Earl of Peterborough. So far from Mrs. Howard (or the Duchess of Suffolk, as she became in 1731) ever promising to do anything handsome for Gay, she expresses regret again and again in her letters that she is unable to do more than the little she has already done. The power lay, not with the mistress, but with the Queen.

As to the appointment which Gay so indignantly refused, we are inclined to agree with Croker in believing that it was a sinecure—a post carrying with it a sufficient salary (the amount was £150 yearly) to enable the poet to live comfortably and to pursue literature leisurely and at his ease. It must be

[1] *An Epistle to Mr. Gay.* Swift's *Works*, ed. 1824, xv. 8i4. 2
[2] *Suffolk Letters*, ii. 47.

remembered, of course, that Gay's greatest work at the time the place was offered to him was his *Fables*, written for Prince William. There is, therefore, nothing very surprising in the fact that a poet who had written fables for one royal child should have been asked to accept a nominal office about another.

Of *The Beggar's Opera*—the work next in chronological sequence—it may with perfect truth be said that it is the first 'popular' success known to the history of the English stage. Its 'run' was unprecedented in length, its fame and its influence were of unparalleled proportions. It was produced at a time when the theatre-going public were growing tired of Italian opera; it proved a clever, original, and welcome diversion; it was seen and heard, and it conquered. 'It was acted in London sixty-three[1] days (says a note to the *Dunciad*) . . . and renew'd the next season with equal applauses. It spread into all the great towns of England, was play'd in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, at Bath and Bristol fifty, etc. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days together. It was lastly acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confin'd to the Author only: the ladies carry'd about with 'em the favourite songs of it in Fans,'[2] and houses were furnish'd with it in

1 The correct number of days is sixty-two.

2 *Apropos* of these songs, Mr. George A. Aitken remarks that 'Arbuthnot's daughter, Anne, is said to have furnished Gay with the airs for *The Beggar's Opera*, which are all Scotch.—(*Life of Dr. Arbuthnot*, p. 120.) 'This story' (he adds) 'rests upon the testimony of Mr. Robert Arbuthnot, Secretary

screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her Pictures were engraved and sold in great numbers; her Life written; books of Letters and Verses to her publish'd; and pamphlets made even of her Sayings and Jests.'[1]

The piece was suggested by Swift. 'A Newgate pastoral might make an odd, pretty sort of thing,'[2] he once remarked to Gay; and he repeated his suggestion in a letter to Pope.[3] Gay wrote the opera at Twickenham in the same house with Pope and Swift. Swift did not at first like the project of a play; nor was he at any time sanguine of its success. Pope was equally doubtful. Congreve said it would either take greatly or be damned confoundedly. A similar opinion was expressed by the Duke of Queensberry. 'This is a very odd thing, Gay,' he said, after reading it; 'I am satisfied that it is either a very good thing or a very bad thing.'[4] Cibber and his brother, patentees at Drury Lane, rejected it; and Rich's company had grave doubts as to its success. Quin, who was to have played Macheath, handed the part over to Walker, his reason, according to Boswell,

to the Board of Trustees, Edinburgh, who was intimately acquainted with Anne's brother, George.' It is manifestly absurd, since a great many of the airs in question are of English and Irish origin.

1 Pope's *Works* (1735), ii. 111-2.

2 Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 56.

3 'What think you of a Newgate pastoral among the whores and thieves there?'—Swift to Pope, August 30, 1716. Elwin's *Pope*, vii. 17.

4 Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, ed. Hill, ii. 368.

being that he had so bad an opinion of the piece.[1] Genest, on the other hand, asserts that it was from despair of acquitting himself with the dissolute gaiety and bold vigour of deportment necessary to the character.[2] Even Gay himself was greatly in doubt as to the reception which the opera would meet with, and prepared for the worst by affecting to regard it as a thing which he could lose no reputation by, as he laid none upon it.[3] Hence, of course, the motto from Martial: *Nos haec novimus esse nihil.*

The Beggar's Opera was produced at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre on Monday, January 29, 1728, before a large and distinguished audience.[4] For a while everybody concerned was in fear as to the ultimate fate of the play. Quin afterwards said that it was long in a very dubious state; that there was a disposition to damn it, and that it was saved by the song—

'Oh, ponder well! be not severe!'

the audience being much affected by the innocent

1 Boswell's *Johnson*, ed. Hill, ii. 368.

2 Genest, iii. 221.

3 Pope to Swift, January 1728. Elwin's *Pope*, vii. 3.

4 'On Monday was represented for the first Time, at the Theatre Royal in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Mr. Gay's new English Opera, written in a Manner wholly new, and very entertaining, there being introduced instead of Italian Airs, above 60 of the most celebrated Old English and Scotch Tunes. There was present then, as well as last Night, a prodigious Concourse of Nobility and Gentry, and no Theatrical Performance for these many years has met with so much Applause.'—*The Daily Journal*, Thursday, Feb. 1, 1728.

looks of Polly when she came to those two lines which exhibit at once a painful and ridiculous image—

> 'For on the rope that hangs my dear,
> Depends poor Polly's life.'[1]

Pope describes himself and Gay's other friends as being 'in great uncertainty of the event.'

They were at length encouraged by an exclamation of the Duke of Argyll—a playgoer of taste and experience—to the effect that 'it must do!'—he saw it in the eyes of the audience. 'He was quite right in this, as usual,' says Pope; 'the good-nature of the audience appeared stronger and stronger every act, and ended in a clamour of applause.'[2]

The performers, intoxicated very likely with their unexpected triumph, indulged in a day's rest, the second performance of *The Beggar's Opera* taking place on Wednesday, January 31st. It was as brilliantly successful as the first, and from that time there was a 'run' of sixty nights. This 'run' was not, as some have assumed, uninterrupted; but the breaks which occurred were occasioned by benefit performances only. Everybody connected with the theatre, from the principal performer down to the boxkeepers, got a benefit; and in accordance with the custom then general, stock pieces were mostly played on these occasions. No new piece was put upon the Lincoln's Inn stage during the unprecedented 'run' of *The Beggar's Opera*. The king, queen, and princesses were all present at the twenty-first representation. The total

[1] Boswell's *Johnson*, chap. xxv.
[2] Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 57.

sum realised by the initial set of performances was £5351, 15s. Of this Gay received for four author's nights—the third, sixth, ninth, and fifteenth—£693, 13s. 6d.[1] He sold the copyright of the opera[2] (together with that of the *Fables*) for ninety guineas, and consequently made in all nearly eight hundred pounds. Rich made £4000. The actress who played Polly Peachum soon gained a remarkable reputation. Her name was Lavinia Fenton, and she afterwards became Duchess of Bolton. Frail as the weakest of Eve's daughters, she was at the same time generous and kind-hearted; she had plenty of wit and good sense, and although not beautiful, was of agreeable appearance and of pleasant manners. She had been the Duke of Bolton's mistress some years when he married her. She had no children after the legalisation of their union.

Two matters in connection with *The Beggar's Opera* call for brief comment—its success and its influence. The former was mainly due to two causes; the opera was the first specimen of a new species of composition, and it was well stored with satire. The satire, moreover, was not merely general: it was personal and particular. No one could fail to see that Robin of Bagshot—*alias* Whiff Bob, *alias* Carbuncle, *alias* Bob Booty—was designed to represent Sir Robert Walpole's unrefined manners, convivial habits, and

1 The receipts on these nights were as follows:—on the third, £162, 12s. 6d; on the sixth, £189, 11s.; on the ninth, £165, 12s.; and on the fifteenth, £175, 18s. (See an extract from Rich's Note Book, quoted in *Notes and Queries*, 1st Series, i. 178).

2 It was printed on the 14th February 1728 (*Monthly Chronicle*).

alleged robbery of the public. Macheath was provided in the play with both a wife and a mistress,[1] to indicate to the public that Lady Walpole had a rival in Miss Skerrett. It has been asserted that Pope pointed the satire of some of the songs in the opera: this, however, he expressly disclaimed doing when interrogated by Spence. 'As he [Gay] carried it on he showed what he wrote to both of us [Pope himself and Swift], and we now and then gave a correction, or a word or two of advice; but it was wholly of his own writing.'[2]

There has been a good deal of controversy concerning the influence for evil, which, it is alleged, the piece has exercised. Dr. Herring (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), preached a sermon at court against it, which was answered by Swift in the third number of the *Intelligencer*; and, forty years after Gay's death, Sir John Fielding, the presiding magistrate at Bow Street, wrote to the managers of the Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres desiring them not to perform *The Beggar's Opera*, as it tended to increase the number of thieves. 'Mr. Colman's compliments to Sir John Fielding,' replied the ready-

[1] Macheath's 'How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away' is still a current commonplace. Hogarth painted several pictures of the 'twixt Polly-and-Lucy scene. The Duke of Leeds has one, Mr. Louis Huth another, and Mr. John Murray a third. In 1790 William Blake made a well-known engraving from one of them. Walker, who played Macheath, stands in the centre, while Lucy (Mrs. Egleton) pleads for him to the left, and Polly (Miss Fenton) to the right. Rich (the manager), the Duke of Bolton, and Gay are among the spectators.

[2] Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 56.

witted manager at Covent Garden, 'he does not think *his* the *only* house in Bow Street where thieves are hardened and encouraged, and will persist in offering the representation of that admirable satire, *The Beggar's Opera*.'[1] There really exists little evidence upon which we are entitled to form any definite judgment one way or the other. Meanwhile, we shall not go far wrong if we adopt Dr. Johnson's opinion, that 'it is not possible for any one to imagine that he may rob with safety because he sees Macheath reprieved upon the stage.'[2]

The remarkable success of *The Beggar's Opera* naturally suggested to Gay the advisability of writing another piece of the same kind. He accordingly transported all the principal characters of the opera to the West Indian plantations, where their adventures were continued. The satire which marked *The Beggar's Opera* was even more pointed and more severe in its sequel, *Polly*, and this fact did not escape the attention of the authorities. 'It was on Saturday morning, December 7, 1728, that I waited upon the lord chamberlain,' says Gay: 'I desired to have the honour of reading the opera to his grace, but he ordered me to leave it with him, which I did, upon expectation of having it returned on the Monday following; but I had it not until Thursday, December 12, when I received it from his grace with this answer: "that it was not allowed to be acted, but commanded to be suppress." This was told me in general, without any reasons assigned, or

[1] Genest, iii. 223.

[2] *Lives of the Poets* (ed. Cunningham), ii. 292.

any charge against me of my having given any particular offence.'[1] It is generally assumed, and probably with justice, that Sir Robert Walpole was at the bottom of the prohibition of *Polly*. 'He resolved,' says Lord Hervey, 'rather than suffer himself to be produced for thirty nights together upon the stage in the person of a highwayman, to make use of his friend the Duke of Grafton's authority, as Lord Chamberlain, to put a stop to the representation of it. Accordingly this *theatrical Craftsman* was prohibited at every playhouse.'[2]

From the financial point of view—the point of view generally uppermost in Gay's mind—this prohibition was an excellent thing. Everybody naturally wanted to read the opera which the Government would not allow to be acted. It was printed, and copies were sold at extravagant prices and in immensely large numbers. Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough (Congreve's eccentric friend), gave a hundred pounds for a single book. Dr. Arbuthnot, writing to Swift on March 19, 1729, declares that 'the inoffensive John Gay is now become one of the obstructions to the peace of Europe, the terror of the ministers, the chief author of the *Craftsman* and all the seditious pamphlets which have been published against the Government. He has got several turned out of their places; the greatest ornament of the court banished from it for his sake; another great lady in danger of being *chassée* likewise; about seven or eight duchesses pushing forward, like the ancient circumcelliones in the church, who shall suffer martyrdom upon his

[1] Preface to *Polly*. [2] Hervey's *Memoirs*, i. 120.

account first. He is the darling of the city. If he should travel about the country he would have hecatombs of roasted oxen sacrificed to him, since he became so conspicuous. . . . I hope he will get a good deal of money by printing his play; but I really believe he would get more by showing his person; and, I can assure you, this is the very identical John Gay whom you formerly knew and lodged with in Whitehall two years ago.'[1] The Duchess of Queensberry was requested to retire from the court on account of her having solicited subscriptions for *Polly* within the very precincts of St. James's Palace itself.[2] Her husband at once resigned his appointments as Lord of the Bedchamber and Vice-Admiral of Scotland—a thing he would have done in any case, in consequence of a

[1] Aitken's *Life and Works of Arbuthnot*, p. 125.

[2] She took her leave in what Mr. Dobson calls 'a very saucy and characteristic letter,' addressed to King George. A transcript of it follows: 'The Duchess of Queensberry is surprised and well pleased that the King has given her so agreeable a command as forbidding her the Court, where she never came for diversion, but to bestow a very great civility on the King and Queen. She hopes that by so unprecedented an order as this, the King will see as few as she wishes at his Court, particularly such as dare to think and speak truth. I dare not do otherwise, nor ought not; nor could I have imagined but that it would have been the highest compliment I could possibly pay the King and Queen, to endeavour to support truth and innocence in their house.—C. QUEENSBERRY.——*P.S.*—Particularly when the King and Queen told me they had not read Mr. Gay's play, I have certainly done right then to justify my own behaviour, rather than act like his Grace of Grafton, who has neither made use of truth, honour, or judgment in this whole affair, either for himself or his friends.'—Johnson's *Lives*, ed. Cunningham, ii. 293 note.

disagreement with the Ministers—and followed her. The subscriptions taken reached altogether something like twelve hundred pounds. Bowyer, the printer, struck off 10,500 copies of the opera in one year.

It may be interesting to note that *Polly* was first seen upon the stage at the Haymarket Theatre on June 19, 1777.[1] A few new songs were upon that occasion introduced, and portions of the dialogue were here and there omitted. But the alterations were not material. Polly Peachum was played by 'a gentlewoman (her first appearance).' Perhaps the most remarkable thing about this remarkable *première* was the fact that the Duchess of Queensberry, though extremely old—she died in the following month—attended it. *Polly* was played at the Haymarket again in 1782, and at Drury Lane in 1813.

Gay had a severe illness during the winter of 1728-29, and he would probably not have recovered but for the skill of Dr. Arbuthnot, and for the careful solicitude of the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry.[2] The closing

[1] Genest, v. 583.

[2] The Duchess of Queensberry was Lady Catherine Hyde, the second daughter of Henry Earl of Clarendon—the 'Kitty beautiful and young, and wild as colt untamed' of one of Prior's most successful occasional poems. Years after this poem was written—when she was seventy-two and still beautiful—Horace Walpole wrote some verses about her, in which he said that

> 'To many a Kitty Love his car
> Will for a day engage,
> But Prior's Kitty, ever fair
> Obtained it for an age.'

She married in 1720 Charles Douglas, Duke of Queensberry, and died in London on the 17th July 1777, from eating too many strawberries.

years of the poet's life were spent under their protection—either at their country house at Amesbury in Wiltshire, or at their town residence in Burlington Gardens. The Duchess looked after his personal comforts; while the Duke held in safe keeping the money which the poet had in the later years of his life been fortunate enough to make.

The story of the remainder of Gay's life—four years—will occupy very little space. His work as a literary man was at an end. He wrote joint letters with the Duchess of Queensberry to Swift inviting him to England, and to these letters Swift sent some very interesting replies. He 'vamped up' his old play *The Wife of Bath*, and witnessed its utter failure at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre—the scene of the triumph of *The Beggar's Opera*—on January 19, 1730.[1] Gay tells Swift on May 16, 1732,[2] that he is writing more fables. They 'have a prefatory discourse before each of them, by way of epistle, and the morals of most of them are of the political kind.' They appeared in a volume after Gay's death. In the same letter, he refers to a 'sort of scheme to raise his finances by doing something for the stage.' This 'scheme' does not, of course, refer to the serenata *Acis and Galatea* (for which Handel wrote the music), and which was produced at the Haymarket in May 1732—since both words and music were ready ten years previously—but to the opera *Achilles*. He came to town in November 1732 soon after his return from a visit to Orchard Wyndham, the seat of Sir William

[1] Genest, iii. 268. [2] Elwin's *Pope*, vii. 268.

Wyndham in Somerset, and before the Queensberry family, to 'follow his own inventions,' which, we may take it, included the arrangements for producing his opera. About a fortnight later, he was taken ill, and, in less than three days, he died. 'He died last night at nine o'clock,' wrote Pope to Swift on December 5, 1732,[1] 'not deprived of his senses entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He asked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast.' 'Poor Mr. Gay died of an inflammation, and I believe at last a mortification of the bowels,' added Dr. Arbuthnot in a brief postscript to the same letter. 'It was the most precipitate case I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two physicians besides myself. I believed the distemper mortal from the beginning.'

Gay passed away at the Duke of Queensberry's town house in Burlington Gardens, and thence his body was taken by the Company of Upholders to Exeter Change in the Strand, where it lay in state for a while. On the evening of the 23d[2] it was conveyed with all due ceremony to Westminster Abbey, where it was interred in the South Cross Aisle, over against the tomb of Chaucer. The pall-bearers were the Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Viscount Cornbury, the Hon. Mr. Berkeley, General Dormer, Mr. Gore, and Mr. Pope. The last offices were performed by the Right Reverend Dr. Wilcox, Bishop of Rochester,

[1] Elwin's *Pope*, vii. 291. [2] Baller, in *Gay's Chair*, p. 24.

the choir attending. Gay was, indeed, as Arbuthnot declared, 'interred as a peer of the realm.'

A handsome monument, occupying much wall space, was commissioned by the Duke of Queensberry, and executed by Rysbrack. Pope wrote an epitaph for it—too well known to need quoting here—an epitaph which has been criticised severely, but not unjustly, by Dr. Johnson. Upon it also appears the following flippant couplet, by the poet himself:—

> 'Life is a jest, and all things show it.
> I thought so once, and now I know it.'

This couplet was first used in a letter to Pope, and signified the poet's 'present sentiment in life' in 1729. Gay left behind him *Achilles*, an opera, which was first performed at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, February 10, 1733;[1] *The Distrest Wife*, printed in 1743; and *The Rehearsal at Goatham*, a farce, published in 1754. He made no will, and his fortune—some £6000—was divided equally between his surviving sisters, Katherine Baller and Joanna Fortescue, who subsequently had also the profits of a theatrical benefit.

VI

THE complete lack of independence which forms so distinguishing a feature of the character of John Gay must strike the most superficial reader of his life. He seems to have begun his career under the impression that it was somebody's duty to provide for him in the world; and this impression clung to him

[1] Genest, iii. 391. It was acted about twenty times.

through nearly the whole of a lifetime. Kind as were his numerous patrons, they failed hopelessly to fulfil his expectations. 'They wonder at each other for not providing for me,' he told Swift in 1722, 'and I wonder at them all.' He wondered still more at the court, which did not seem at all in a hurry to mark its special sense of the genius and merit of John Gay. He forgot that political preferment 'goes by favour,' and that it was very unlikely that the Hanoverian successors of Anne would single out for special honour a Tory, and a warm personal friend of Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke, and Swift. It is difficult to see, moreover, for what post he would have been fitted, since he does not appear to have possessed any particular aptitude for departmental or for diplomatic work. The truth is, he wanted a place which would secure him a handsome income, and which would have no duties worth naming attached to it. The Lottery Commissionership was not valuable enough: the post of Gentleman Usher to the little Princess Louisa (which might have suited him excellently) was not dignified enough. In the end, Gay persuaded himself that he was a much persecuted man—a view in which all his friends appear to have concurred. 'Gay dies unpensioned with a hundred friends!' exclaimed Pope in the *Dunciad*; and the poet himself, writing to Pope some three years before his death, bemoaned his fate in language of genuine pitiableness: 'Oh, that I had never known what a court was! Dear Pope, what a barren soil (to me so) have I been striving to get something out of. . . . It is my hard fate, I must get nothing, write for them, or against

them!' A more complete confession of wasted energy and of ultimate failure is seldom met with in the history of literature.

Gay's lack of independence naturally made him indolent. The man who is perpetually expecting a *deus ex machina* to descend and put his affairs straight for him, will not, under ordinary circumstances, greatly disturb himself concerning their condition. Gay ate, drank, and, when free from his 'colical complaint,' was merry. He ate to such good purpose, indeed, that Congreve playfully suggested that his motto should be *edi ergo est.*[1] He had an unconquerable objection to exercise of any kind, and hence he soon grew very corpulent.

> '. . . You knew fat bards might tire,
> And, mounted, sent me forth your trusty squire,'

he sings in the 'Epistle to Burlington,' written when he was just thirty years old. Five years later, when writing *Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece*, he referred again to his corpulency:—

> 'Gay fat, Maine fatter, Cheney huge of size.'

Work and exercise of every kind grew irksome to him—a circumstance upon which he was much rallied by his friends. 'Fenton died at Easthampstead of indolent inactivity,' Pope reminds him; 'let it not be your fate, but use exercise.' 'You need not be in pain about Mr. Gay's stock of health,' writes

1 'Gay was a great eater. "As the French philosopher used to prove his existence by *cogito ergo sum*, the greatest proof of Gay's existence is *edi ergo est.*"—[Congreve in a letter to Pope.]' Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 58.

Swift to the Duchess of Queensberry; 'I promise you he will spend it all upon laziness, and run deep in debt by a winter's repose in town; therefore I entreat your Grace will order him to move his chaps less and his legs more the six cold months, else he will spend all his money in physic and coach-hire.' It was, perhaps, this corpulency which made Gay so clumsy upon his feet.

> 'But hark! who's entering here? I'll run away;
> For by the clumsy tread it should be Gay.'

So Mrs. Oldfield is made to speak in *The Confederates*. Gay's general health was at no period of his career good, nor were his habits of living calculated in any way to improve it. He had numerous inflammatory fevers and attacks of the colic, which, in his later years, must have proved a source of never-ceasing anxiety to his friends. Scarcely a letter written by him, or about him, is without its reference to some ailment. Of Gay's fondness for fine clothes, little need be said beyond the fact that it involved him in an expenditure which he could ill afford. He himself refers to the foible in the Prologue to *The Shepherd's Week*:—

> 'I sold my sheep and lambkins too,
> For silver loops and garment blue:
> My boxen haut-boy sweet of sound,
> For lace that edged mine hat around;
> For Lightfoot and my scrip I got,
> A gorgeous sword and eke a knot.'

And the first and most characteristic thing that he did when appointed secretary to Lord Clarendon was to get a hundred pounds from the Lord Treasurer,

in order that he might buy a gorgeous outfit in which to astonish the little Hanoverian court.

The indecency which marks several of Gay's plays and poems, and which is the distinguishing characteristic of his *Tales*, tempts one to speak of the poet, as Pope spoke of Prior, and to say that he 'was not a right good man.' But Pope wrote verses as offensive as anything ever penned by Gay; and, what is more, lied when taxed with their authorship. Yet no one would to-day formulate a charge against the moral character of Pope. The question whether a poet may write immodest verses and yet lead a pure life is almost as old as literature itself.[1] There are, in the numerous pamphlets written against Gay, more than one hint of a *liaison*; but, in the absence of any direct evidence, it is only fair to assume that the poet lived as reputable a life as his fellows, and that the *Tales* were merely the concession to a literary fashion, or the outcome of a suggestion by Pope, or some other ingenious friend. It is worth noting, however, that the age which witnessed the publication of Gay's *Tales* in the handsome quarto reprint of his poems,

1 'Nam castum esse decet pium poetam
Ipsum: versiculos nihil necesse est,'

says Catullus; and Martial appears to have been of the same opinion:

'Lasciva est nobis pagina, vita proba est.'

Ovid writes in a similar strain:

'Crede mihi, distant mores a carmina nostri,
Vita verecunda est, musa jocosa mihi.'

On the other hand, it must be remembered that, as Muretus has observed, 'one who is a Catullus in verse is rarely a Cato in morals.'

also saw the issue, in the following year, of a superb memorial edition of Addison's works, from which the most fastidious critic can scarcely wish one line away.

Let us now look at Gay for a moment from the point of view of his personal friends. By them he was universally regarded as the most amiable and good-natured of men. He made friends with almost everybody he met, and his friendships were seldom, if ever, broken. 'If I know you right,' said Pope in his first letter to him, 'you are of a temper to cement friendships, and not to divide them.' Swift loved his clever, careless, and kind-hearted friend; Pope had a warm affection for him; Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke, Congreve, and others appreciated his good qualities and took a warm interest in his welfare. Great lords and ladies invited him to their houses, or allowed him to travel with them as an honoured companion. There was a time, indeed—the poet was then at the zenith of his fame—when his lady friends were so numerous and so powerful as to earn for them the title of 'the Female Faction.'[1] All this, of course, argues a peculiarly loveable disposition; and such a disposition Gay undoubtedly possessed. To his friends he is 'honest Gay; to his detractors—who were few—he is 'Jack' or 'Johnny.' It may be pointed out finally that only true affection founded upon genuine esteem could have inspired the many warm tributes that were paid to his memory after his death.

Gay's position as a poet is practically determined by his *Fables*. It is their popularity and their merit

[1] *The Female Faction: or, the Gay Subscribers*, is the title of a short occasional poem which appeared soon after the

that have secured for him the place in English literature which he now holds. *Trivia* and *The Shepherd's Week* are interesting mainly for the glimpses of town and country life in the eighteenth century which they afford us. Gay's lyrical gifts, which were of a high order, find full expression in 'Black Eyed Susan' and similar ballads, and in the songs which form part of his operas and plays. As to his other works, the reader of the following pages will be in a position to criticise them for himself. He will probably marvel at the reputation which Gay enjoyed in his lifetime, and still more at the high position in the hierarchy of English poets that is now accorded to him. And perhaps for the first time he will recognise the force of the statement with which this Memoir begins, and will agree with the writer that time has indeed laid a gentle hand upon the literary fame of John Gay.

publication of *Polly* in 1729. Gay is thus addressed by the anonymous bard:—

> 'Thrice happy poet! whose unrivall'd Lays
> Can Hosts of Ladies in thy Quarrel raise,
> For Thee, their Features do they cease to prize,
> And lose in Rage the Lustre of their eyes!
> On thy blest Lot, accept, without disdain,
> A Brother Bard's Congratulating Strain,
> Of thy fair Friends, the Noblest let me name,
> To Thine and to their own Immortal Fame.'

'Great Almeria'—Henrietta, the Duchess of Marlborough—is first mentioned, and then the Duchess of Queensberry—

> 'The gay Amanda let us now behold,
> In thy Defence, a lovely *banish'd* Scold.

'Chaste Calista' (the Duchess of Bedford), 'Crassus dull (he husband the Duke), and 'Florio' and 'Clara' (Lord and Lady Essex) are also referred to.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

1685 Gay baptized at Barnstaple Old Church (Sep. 16).

1708 *Wine* published (May).

1709 Gay's elder brother, Jonathan, dies.

1711 *Present State of Wit* published (May).
First acquaintance with Pope.

1712 *The Mohocks* published (April 15).
The 'Epistle to Lintot' and 'The Story of Arachne' appear in *Lintot's Miscellany* (May).
Gay becomes secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth.

1713 *Rural Sports* published (Jan. 13).
Paper in *The Guardian* (No. 11) on Reproof and Flattery (March 24).
The Wife of Bath produced at Drury Lane theatre (May 12).
Paper in *The Guardian* (No. 149) on Dress (Sept. 1).
The Fan published (Dec. 8).
'Panthea,' 'Araminta,' 'A thought on Eternity,' and 'A Contemplation on Night,' appear in Steele's *Poetical Miscellany* (Dec. 29).

1714 *The Shepherd's Week* published (April 15).
Gay is made secretary to Lord Clarendon (June 8), and accompanies him to Hanover.
Queen Anne dies (Aug. 1).
Gay returns to England (Sept.).
The Princess of Wales lands at Margate (Oct. 13).
A Letter to a Lady published (Nov. 20).

1715 *The What d'ye Call It* produced at Drury Lane theatre (Feb. 23).
The What d'ye Call It published (March 19).
Gay visits Devonshire in the summer.
A Journey to Exeter published.

1716 *Trivia* published (Jan. 26.)
Court Poems (including *The Toilet*) published (March 26).
Gay makes a second visit to Devonshire.

1717 *Three Hours after Marriage* produced at Drury Lane theatre (Jan. 16).
Three Hours after Marriage published (Jan. 21).
Garth's edition of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* published.
Gay visits the Continent with Pulteney.
Letter to W—— L——, Esq., published in the autumn.
Epistle to Pulteney published.

1718 Gay visits Cockthorpe and Stanton Harcourt, seats of Lord Harcourt in Oxfordshire.

1719 Second visit to the Continent.

1720 Publication of Gay's *Poems on several Occasions.*

Investment and loss of G.'s fortune in South Sea Stock.

Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece written.

1721 *Panegyrical Epistle to Mr. Thomas Snow* published (Feb. 8).

Visit to Bath.

1722 *Epistle to the Duchess of Marlborough* published (July 11).

Gay is appointed Lottery Commissioner.

Earl Lincoln grants him lodgings in Whitehall.

1723 Gay spends the summer with the Burlingtons at Tunbridge Wells.

1724 *The Captives* produced at Drury Lane theatre (Jan. 15).

1726 Swift pays a long visit to Pope at Twickenham.

1727 *The Fables* (vol. i.) published.

Issue of Pope and Swift's *Miscellanies* (vols. i. and ii.).

Death of George I. (June 12).

Gay refuses the post of Gentleman-usher to the Princess Louisa (October).

1728 *The Beggar's Opera* produced at the Lincoln's Inn Fields theatre (Jan. 29).

The Beggar's Opera published (Feb. 14).

Polly prohibited (Dec. 12).

1728-29 Gay has a severe attack of fever.

1729 He loses his lodgings in Whitehall.

1730	Unsuccessful revival of *The Wife of Bath* at the Lincoln's Inn Fields theatre (Jan. 19).
1731	Gay relinquishes the post of Lottery Commissioner.
1732	*Acis and Galatea* produced at the Haymarket theatre (May).
	Gay finishes a second volume of Fables.
	Visits Sir William Wyndham at Orchard Wyndham in Somerset.
	Death of Gay (Dec. 4).
	His funeral takes place in Westminster Abbey (Dec. 23).
1733	*Achilles*, produced at the Lincoln's Inn Fields theatre (Feb. 10).
1738	The second volume of *Fables* published.
1743	*The Distrest Wife* published.
1754	*The Rehearsal at Goatham* published.
1820	*Gay's Chair*: *Poems never before printed* published.

WINE

A POEM

Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus. HOR.

The following reference to *Wine* is contained in a letter written by Aaron Hill to Savage (June 23, 1736):—'That poem you speak of called *Wine* he [Gay] printed in the year 1710, as I remember: I am sure I have one among my pamphlets. . . . I will look for it and send it you, if 'twill be of any use or satisfaction to any gentleman of your acquaintance.' (Hill's *Works*, i. 338.) The poem was, in point of fact, printed two years earlier, as the following advertisement, published in the *Daily Courant* of May 22, 1708, and repeated on the 25th, clearly shows: 'Just published, Wine. A Poem. Printed for Wm. Keble at the Black-spread-eagle in Westminster Hall. Where also may be had the celebrated speeches of Ajax and Ulysses for the Armour of Achilles in the 13th Book of Ovid's Metamorphosis. Essay'd in English verse by Mr. Tate, Poet Laureat, and Aaron Hill, Gent.' It was pirated not long afterwards by the notorious Henry Hills of Blackfriars, whose dishonesty in this connection may have prompted Gay's subsequent reference to 'Pirate Hills' brown sheets and scurvy letter.' (See *On a Miscellany of Poems*, at p. 178 of this volume.) *Wine* did not find a place among Gay's collected poems of 1720, perhaps, as Mr. Austin Dobson suggests, because it was in blank verse. It was, however, included in the collection of his works published by John Bell in 1773, where it is said to be printed from a copy of the original edition. A pirated reprint by Hills (1709) may be seen at the Forster Library, South Kensington. It differs slightly from the version given in Bell's edition, and reproduced here; but the variations are, for the most part, unimportant.

WINE: A POEM

Of happiness terrestrial, and the source
Whence human pleasures flow, sing, Heavenly Muse;
Of sparkling juices, of th' enlivening grape,
Whose quick'ning taste adds vigour to the soul,
Whose sov'reign pow'r revives decaying Nature,
And thaws the frozen blood of hoary age,
A kindly warmth diffusing—youthful fires
Gild his dim eyes, and paint with ruddy hue
His wrinkled visage, ghastly wan before—
Cordial restorative to mortal man,
With copious hand by bounteous gods bestow'd!

Bacchus divine, aid my advent'rous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar:
Inspir'd, sublime, on Pegasean wing,
By thee upborne, I draw Miltonic air.

When fumy vapours clog our loaded brows,
With furrow'd frowns; when stupid, downcast eyes,
The external symptoms of remorse within,
Express our grief; or when in sullen dumps,
With head incumbent on expanded palm,
Moping we sit, in silent sorrow drown'd:
Whether inveigling Hymen has trepann'd

Th' unwary youth, and tied the Gordian knot
Of jangling wedlock not to be dissolved :
Worried all day by loud Xantippe's din,
Who fails not to exalt him to the stars,
And fix him there among the branched crew,
(Taurus, and Aries, and Capricorn,
The greatest monsters of the Zodiac) :
Or for the loss of anxious worldly pelf,
Or Cælia's scornful slights, and cold disdain,
Which check'd his amorous flame with coy repulse—
The worst events that mortals can befal—
By cares depress'd, in pensive hippish mood,
With slowest pace the tedious minutes roll.
Thy charming sight, but much more charming gust
New life incites, and warms our chilly blood.
Straight with pert looks, we raise our drooping fronts,
And pour in crystal pure, thy purer juice ;—
With cheerful countenance, and steady hand
Raise it lip-high, then fix the spacious rim
To the expecting mouth ;—with grateful taste,
The ebbing wine glides swiftly o'er the tongue ;
The circling blood with quicker motion flies :
Such is thy powerful influence, thou straight
Dispell'st those clouds, that lowering dark, eclipsed
The whilom glories of the gladsome face ;—
While dimpled cheeks, and sparkling, rolling eyes,
Thy cheering virtues, and thy worth proclaim.
So mists and exhalations that arise
From hills or steamy lake dusky or grey
Prevail, till Phœbus sheds Titanian rays,
And paints their fleecy skirts with shining gold ;
Unable to resist, the foggy damps,

That veil'd the surface of the verdant fields,
At the god's penetrating beams disperse ;
The earth again in former beauty smiles,
In gaudiest livery drest, all gay and clear.

When disappointed Strephon meets repulse,
Scoff'd at, despised, in melancholic mood,
Joyless he wastes in sighs the lazy hours,
Till reinforced by thy most potent aid,
He storms the breach and wins the beauteous fort.

To pay thee homage, and receive thy blessing,
The British seaman quits his native shore,
And ventures thro' the trackless, deep abyss,
Ploughing the ocean, while the upheaved oak,
With beaked prow, rides tilting o'er the waves ;
Shock'd by tempestuous jarring winds, she rolls
In dangers imminent, 'till she arrives
At those blest climes thou favour'st with thy presence.
Whether at Lusitania's sultry coast,
Or lofty Teneriff, Palma, Ferro,
Provence, or at the Celtiberian shores ;
With gazing pleasure and astonishment
At Paradise (seat of our ancient sire)
He thinks himself arrived ; the purple grapes,
In largest clusters pendent, grace the vines
Innumerous ; in fields grotesque and wild
They with implicit curls the oak entwine,
And load with fruit divine his spreading boughs ;
Sight most delicious ! not an irksome thought,
Or of left native isle, or absent friends,
Or dearest wife, or tender sucking babe,

His kindly-treacherous memory now presents ;
The jovial God has left no room for cares.

Celestial liquor ! thou that didst inspire
Maro and Flaccus, and the Grecian bard,
With lofty numbers, and heroic strains
Unparallel'd ; with eloquence profound,
And arguments convictive, didst enforce
Famed Tully, and Demosthenes renown'd :
Ennius, first famed in Latin song, in vain
Drew Heliconian streams, ungrateful whet
To jaded Muse, and oft, with vain attempt,
Heroic acts, in flagging numbers dull,
With pains essay'd ; but, abject still and low,
His unrecruited Muse could never reach
The mighty theme, till, from the purple fount
Of bright Lenæan fire, her barren drought
He quench'd, and with inspiring nect'rous juice,
Her drooping spirits cheer'd ;—aloft she towers
Borne on stiff pennons, and of war's alarms,
And trophies won, in loftiest numbers sings.
Tis thou the hero's breast to martial acts,
And resolution bold, and ardour brave,
Excit'st : thou check'st inglorious, lolling ease,
And sluggish minds with gen'rous fires inflam'st.
O thou, that first my quicken'd soul didst warm,
Still with thy aid assist me, that thy praise,
Thy universal sway o'er all the world,
In everlasting numbers, like the theme,
I may record, and sing thy matchless worth.

Had the Oxonian bard thy praise rehearsed
His muse had yet retain'd her wonted height ;

Such as of late o'er Blenheim's field she soar'd
Aërial : now in Ariconian bogs
She lies inglorious flound'ring, like her theme
Languid and faint, and on damp wing, immerged
In acid juice, in vain attempts to rise.

With what sublimest joy from noisy town,
At rural seat, Lucretelus retired :
Flaccus, untainted by perplexing cares,
Where the white poplar, and the lofty pine
Join neighb'ring boughs, sweet hospitable shade
Creating, from Phœbean rays secure,
A cool retreat, with few well-chosen friends
On flowery mead recumbent, spent the hours
In mirth innocuous, and alternate verse !
With roses interwoven, poplar wreaths
Their temples bind, dress of sylvestrian gods !
Choicest nectarean juice crown'd largest bowls,
And overlook'd the brim, alluring sight,
Of fragrant scent, attractive, taste divine !
Whether from Formian grape depress'd, Falern,
Or Setin, Massic, Gauran or Sabine,
Lesbian or Cæcuban, the cheering bowl
Moved briskly round, and spurr'd their heighten'd wit
To sing Mecænas' praise, their patron kind.

But we not as our pristine sires repair
T' umbrageous grot or vale ; but when the sun
Faintly from western skies his rays oblique
Darts sloping, and to Thetis' wat'ry lap
Hastens in prone career, with friends select
Swiftly we hie to Devil, young or old,

Jocund and boon, where at the entrance stands
A stripling, who with scrapes and humil cringe,
Greets us in winning speech and accent bland ;
With lightest bound and safe unerring step
He skips before, and nimbly climbs the stairs :
Melampus thus, panting with lolling tongue,
And wagging tail, gambols, and frisks before
His sequent lord, from pensive walk return'd,
Whether in shady wood, or pasture green,
And waits his coming at the well-known gate.
Nigh to the stairs' ascent, in regal port,
Sits a majestic dame, whose looks denounce
Command and sov'reignty, with haughty air,
And studied mien, in semi-circ'lar throne
Enclosed, she deals around her dread commands ;
Behind her (dazzling sight !) in order ranged,
Pile above pile, crystalline vessels shine ;
Attendant slaves with eager strides advance,
And, after homage paid, bawl out aloud
Words unintelligible, noise confused :
She knows the jargon sounds, and straight describes,
In characters mysterious, words obscure ;
More legible are algebraic signs,
Or mystic figures by magicians drawn,
When they invoke th' infernal spirits' aid.

Drive hence the rude and barbarous dissonance
Of savage Thracians, and Croatian boors ;
The loud Centaurian broils with Lapithæ
Sound harsh, and grating to Lenæan god ;
Chase brutal feuds of Belgian skippers hence
(Amid their cups, whose innate temper 's shown)

In clumsy fist wielding scymmetrian knife,
Who slash each other's eyes, and blubber'd face,
Profaning Bacchanalian, solemn rites:
Music's harmonious numbers better suit
His festivals, from instruments or voice,
Or Gasparini's hand the trembling string
Should touch; or from the dulcet Tuscan dames,
Or warbling Tofts' far more melodious tongue
Sweet symphonies should flow, the Delian god
For airy Bacchus is associate meet.

The stairs' ascent now gain'd, our guide unbars
The door of spacious room, and creaking chairs
(To ear offensive) round the table sets.
We sit, when thus his florid speech begins:
'Name, Sirs, the wine that most invites your taste,
Champagne, or Burgundy, or Florence pure,
Or Hock antique, or Lisbon new or old,
Bordeaux, or neat French wine, or Alicant:'
For Bordeaux we with voice unanimous
Declare (such sympathy 's in boon compeers).
He quits the room alert, but soon returns;
One hand capacious glistering vessels bears
Resplendent, t' other with a grasp secure,
A bottle (mighty charge!) upstaid, full fraught
With goodly wine. He, with extended hand
Raised high, pours forth the sanguine frothy juice,
O'erspread with bubbles, dissipated soon:
We straight to arms repair, experienced chiefs;
Now glasses clash with glasses (charming sound!)
And glorious Anna's health, the first, the best,
Crowns the full glass;—at her inspiring name

The sprightly wine exults, and seems to smile;
With hearty zeal, and wish unanimous,
Her health we drink, and in her health our own.

A pause ensues; and now with grateful chat
W' improve the interval, and joyous mirth
Engages our raised souls, pat repartee,
Or witty joke, our airy senses moves
To pleasant laughter; straight the echoing room
With universal peals and shouts resounds.

The royal Dane, blest consort of the queen,
Next crowns the ruby'd nectar, all whose bliss
In Anna's placed:—with sympathetic flame,
And mutual endearments, all her joys,
Like the kind turtle's pure untainted love,
Centre in him, who shares the grateful hearts
Of loyal subjects with his sovereign queen;
For by his prudent care united shores
Were saved from hostile fleets' invasion dire.

The hero Marlbro' next, whose vast exploits
Fame's clarion sounds, fresh laurels, triumphs new
We wish, like those he won at Höchstädt's field.

Next Devonshire illustrious, who from race
Of noblest patriots sprang, whose worthy soul
Is with each fair and virtuous gift adorn'd,
That shone in his most worthy ancestors,
For then distinct in separate breasts were seen
Virtues distinct, but all in him unite.

Prudent Godolphin of the *nation's* weal
Frugal, but free and gen'rous of *his own*,
Next crowns the bowl; with faithful Sunderland,
And Halifax, the Muse's darling son,
In whom conspicuous, with full lustre shine
The surest judgment and the brightest wit,
Himself Mecænas and a Flaccus too.
And all the worthies of the British realm
In order ranged, succeed; such healths as tinge
The dulcet wine with a more charming gust.

Now each his mistress toasts, by whose bright eye
He 's fired; Cosmelia fair, or Dulcibell,
Or Sylvia, comely black, with jetty eyes
Piercing; or airy Cælia, sprightly maid!—
Insensibly thus flow unnumber'd hours;
Glass succeeds glass, till the Dircean god
Shines in our eyes, and with his fulgent rays
Enlightens our glad looks with lovely dye;
All blithe and jolly, that like Arthur's knights,
Of rotund table, famed in old records,
Now most we seem'd—such is the power of WINE.

Thus we the winged hours in harmless mirth
And joys unsullied pass, till humid night
Has half her race perform'd; now all abroad
Is hush'd and silent, nor the rumbling noise
Of coach or cart, or smoky link-boy's call
Is heard—but universal Silence reigns:
When we in merry plight, airy and gay,
Surprised to find the hours so swiftly fly,
With hasty knock, or twang of pendent cord,

Alarm the drowsy youth from slumb'ring nod ;
Startled he flies, and stumbles o'er the stairs
Erroneous, and with busy knuckles plies
His yet clung eyelids, and with stagg'ring reel
Enters confused, and mutt'ring asks our wills ;
When we with liberal hand the score discharge,
And homeward each his course with steady step
Unerring steers, of cares and coin bereft.

RURAL SPORTS

A GEORGIC

INSCRIBED TO MR. POPE.

——Securi prælia ruris,
Pandimus. NEMESIAN.

THE *Rural Sports* which Gay put before the world in 1713 differs widely from the piece of that name which found a place in the quarto edition of his poems seven years later. We have thought it advisable, therefore, to give both versions and a reprint of the earlier edition will accordingly be found in an appendix to this volume. The poem, in its first form, appeared on the 13th of January 1713 (see a letter from Gay to Maurice Johnson—Nichols' *Literary Anecdotes*, vi. 84). A transcript of the title-page follows: 'Rural Sports. | A | Poem. | Inscribed | to Mr. *Pope*. | By Mr. *Gay*. | *Agrestem tenui Musam meditabor Avenâ*. Virg. | London: | Printed for *J. Tonson* at *Shakespear's Head* over against *Catherine Street* in the *Strand*. 1713.' It is, as altered, the first piece in the quarto edition of Gay's *Poems* (1720).

RURAL SPORTS

A GEORGIC

TO MR. POPE

You, who the sweets of rural life have known,
Despise th' ungrateful hurry of the town;
In Windsor groves your easy hours employ,
And, undisturb'd, yourself and Muse enjoy.
Thames listens to thy strains, and silent flows,
And no rude wind through rustling osiers blows,
While all his wond'ring Nymphs around thee throng,
To hear the Syrens warble in thy song.

But I, who ne'er was bless'd by Fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd plough-shares in paternal land,
Long in the noisy town have been immured,
Respired its smoke, and all its cares endured,
Where news and politics divide mankind,
And schemes of state involve th' uneasy mind;
Faction embroils the world; and ev'ry tongue
Is moved by flatt'ry, or with scandal hung:
Friendship, for sylvan shades, the palace flies,
Where all must yield to int'rest's dearer ties;
Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
And honesty forsakes them all by turns;

While calumny upon each party 's thrown,
Which both promote, and both alike disown.
Fatigued at last ; a calm retreat I chose,
And soothed my harass'd mind with sweet repose,
Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime,
Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
My muse shall rove through flow'ry meads and plains,
And deck with Rural Sports her native strains,
And the same road ambitiously pursue,
Frequented by the Mantuan swain, and you.

'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breathes delight ;
Here blooming health exerts her gentle reign,
And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.
Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care,
In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh spring in all her state is crown'd,
And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,
The lab'rer with the bending scythe is seen,
Shaving the surface of the waving green,
Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand :
While with the mounting sun the meadow glows,
The fading herbage round he loosely throws ;
But if some sign portend a lasting shower,
Th' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour,
His sun-burnt hands the scatt'ring fork forsake,
And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake,

In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
And spreads along the field in equal rows.

Now when the height of heav'n bright Phœbus gains,
And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
And in the middle pathway basks the snake ;
O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours,
Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bowers :
Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a mutual shade combines ;
Where flows the murm'ring brook, inviting dreams,
Where bord'ring hazel overhangs the streams
Whose rolling current winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the wood resound ;
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
And ev'n at noon the sweets of ev'ning taste.

Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgic strains,
And learn the labours of Italian swains ;
In ev'ry page I see new landscapes rise,
And all Hesperia opens to my eyes.
I wander o'er the various rural toil,
And know the nature of each different soil :
This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
That spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn :
Here I survey the purple vintage grow,
Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row :
Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,
And paw with restless hoof the smoking ground :
The dewlap'd bull now chases along the plain,
While burning love ferments in ev'ry vein ;

His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,
And by the dint of war his mistress claims :
The careful insect 'midst his works I view,
Now from the flowers exhaust the fragrant dew ;
With golden treasures load his little thighs,
And steer his distant journey through the skies ;
Some against hostile drones the hive defend ;
Others with sweets the waxen cells distend :
Each in the toil his destined office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.

Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,
And trudging homeward whistles on the way ;
When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,
Waiting the strokings of the damsel's hand ;
No warbling cheers the woods ; the feather'd choir
To court kind slumbers to their sprays retire ;
When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze ;
Engaged in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,
To take my farewell of the parting day ;
Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,
A streak of gold the sea and sky divides :
The purple clouds their amber linings show,
And edged with flame rolls ev'ry wave below :
Here pensive I behold the fading light,
And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.

Now night in silent state begins to rise,
And twinkling orbs bestrow th' uncloudy skies ;
Her borrow'd lustre growing Cynthia lends,
And on the main a glittering path extends ;

Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
Which round their suns their annual circles steer.
Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
While I survey the works of providence.
O could the muse in loftier strains rehearse
The glorious author of the universe,
Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds,
My soul should overflow in songs of praise,
And my Creator's name inspire my lays !

As in successive course the seasons roll,
So circling pleasures recreate the soul.
When genial spring a living warmth bestows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
But crystal currents glide within their bounds ;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake,
With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams.
Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
And arm himself with ev'ry wat'ry snare ;
His hooks, his lines peruse with careful eye,
Increase his tackle, and his rod re-tie.

When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,
Troubling the streams with swift-descending rain,
And waters, tumbling down the mountain's side,
Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide ;
Then, soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
And drive the liquid burthen thro' the skies,

The fisher to the neighbouring current speeds,
Whose rapid surface purls, unknown to weeds;
Upon a rising border of the brook
He sits him down, and ties the treach'rous hook;
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught,
Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
Where ev'ry guest applauds his skilful hand.

Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
Which down the murm'ring current gently flows;
When if or chance or hunger's powerful sway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way.
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:
Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line!
How thy rod bends! behold, the prize is thine!
Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,
And trickling blood his silver mail distains.

You must not ev'ry worm promiscuous use,
Judgment will tell thee proper bait to choose;
The worm that draws a long immod'rate size
The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies;
And if too small, the naked fraud 's in sight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,
Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains:
Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
Cherish the sullied reptile race with moss;
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native soil.

But when the sun displays his glorious beams,
And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
Bask in the sun, and look into the day.
You now a more delusive art must try,
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride,
Let nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the growing insect proper wings:
Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
And ev'ry fur promote the fisher's art.
So the gay lady, with expensive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air;
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing displays,
Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays.

Mark well the various seasons of the year,
How the succeeding insect race appear;
In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.
Oft have I seen a skilful angler try
The various colours of the treach'rous fly;
When he with fruitless pain hath skimm'd the brook,
And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,

He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw;
When if an insect fall (his certain guide)
He gently takes him from the whirling tide;
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns and size,
Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,
And on the back a speckled feather binds,
So just the colours shine thro' every part,
That nature seems to live again in art.
Let not thy wary step advance too near,
While all thy hope hangs on a single hair;
The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
The speckled trout the curious snare approves;
Upon the curling surface let it glide,
With nat'ral motion from thy hand supplied,
Against the stream now let it gently play,
Now in the rapid eddy roll away.
The scaly shoals float by, and seized with fear
Behold their fellows toss'd in thinner air;
But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.

When a brisk gale against the current blows,
And all the wat'ry plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
If an enormous salmon chance to spy
The wanton errors of the floating fly,
He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food;

Then downward plunges with the fraudful prey,
And bears with joy the little spoil away ;
Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake,
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears ;
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and wreathes his shining body round ;
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide ;
Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art ;
He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize ;
Each motion humours with his steady hands,
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands :
Till tired at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes ;
Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,
And lifts his nostrils in the sick'ning air :
Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping dies.

Would you preserve a num'rous finny race ?
Let your fierce dogs the rav'nous otter chase ;
Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
Darts through the waves, and ev'ry haunt explores :
Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.

I never wander where the bord'ring reeds
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds
Perplex the fisher; I, nor choose to bear
The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear;
Nor drain I ponds the golden carp to take,
Nor trawl for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake.
Around the steel no tortured worm shall twine,
No blood of living insect stain my line;
Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook,
With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
Silent along the mazy margin stray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.

CANTO II

Now, sporting Muse, draw in the flowing reins,
Leave the clear streams awhile for sunny plains.
Should you the various arms and toils rehearse,
And all the fisherman adorn thy verse;
Should you the wide encircling net display,
And in its spacious arch enclose the sea,
Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
And with the sole and turbot hide the sand;
It would extend the growing theme too long,
And tire the reader with the wat'ry song.

Let the keen hunter from the chase refrain,
Nor render all the ploughman's labour vain,
When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.

Now, now, ye reapers, to your task repair,
Haste, save the product of the bounteous year:
To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,
And rising sheaves extend through all the field.

Yet if for sylvan sport thy bosom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe.
With what delight the rapid course I view!
How does my eye the circling race pursue!
He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws,
The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws:
She flies, he stretches, now with nimble bound
Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground;
She turns, he winds, and soon regains the way,
Then tears with gory mouth the screaming prey.
What various sport does rural life afford!
What unbought dainties heap the wholesome board!

Nor less the spaniel, skilful to betray,
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
Soon as the lab'ring horse with swelling veins,
Hath safely housed the farmer's doubtful gains,
To sweet repast th' unwary partridge flies,
With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies;
Wand'ring in plenty, danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the slav'ry of entangling nets.
The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose
Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows,
Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the strong gale directs him to the prey;
Now the warm scent assures the covey near,
He treads with caution, and he points with fear;

Then (lest some sentry fowl the fraud descry,
And bids his fellows from the danger fly)
Close to the ground in expectation lies,
Till in the snare the flutt'ring covey rise.
Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,
And glancing Phœbus gilds the mountain's head,
His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes,
And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes:
Or when the sun casts a declining ray,
And drives his chariot down the western way,
Let your obsequious ranger search around,
Where yellow stubble withers on the ground:
Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,
But numerous coveys gratify thy pain.
When the meridian sun contracts the shade,
And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade,
Or when the country floats with sudden rains,
Or driving mists deface the moisten'd plains;
In vain his toils th' unskilful fowler tries,
While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.

Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear,
But what's the fowler's be the muse's care.
See how the well-taught pointer leads the way:
The scent grows warm; he stops; he springs the prey;
The flutt'ring coveys from the stubble rise,
And on swift wing divide the sounding skies;
The scatt'ring lead pursues the certain sight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
Cool breathes the morning air, and winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;

Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take,
Teach him to range the ditch and force the brake;
Not closest coverts can protect the game:
Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim;
The woodcock flutters; how he wav'ring flies!
The wood resounds: he wheels, he drops, he dies.

The towering hawk let future poets sing,
Who terror bears upon his soaring wing:
Let them on high the frighted hern survey,
And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.
Nor shall the mountain lark the muse detain,
That greets the morning with his early strain;
When, midst his song, the twinkling glass betrays;
While from each angle flash the glancing rays,
And in the sun the transient colours blaze,
Pride lures the little warbler from the skies:
The light-enamour'd bird deluded dies.

But still the chase, a pleasing task, remains;
The hound must open in these rural strains.
Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
The healthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn;
The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds;
They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for sounds;
Wide through the furzy field their route they take,
Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake;
The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,
No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace;

The distant mountains echo from afar,
And hanging woods resound the flying war:
The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears:
The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed;
Hills, dales and forests far behind remain,
While the warm scent draws on the deep mouth'd train.
Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find?
Hark! death advances in each gust of wind!
New stratagems and doubling wiles she tries,
Now circling turns, and now at large she flies;
Till spent at last, she pants and heaves for breath,
Then lays her down and waits devouring death.

But stay, advent'rous muse, hast thou the force
To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse?
To keep thy seat unmoved hast thou the skill
O'er the high gate, and down the headlong hill?
Can'st thou the stag's laborious chase direct,
Or the strong fox through all his arts detect?
The theme demands a more experienced lay:
Ye mighty hunters, spare this weak essay.

O happy plains, remote from war's alarms,
And all the ravages of hostile arms!
And happy shepherds, who, secure from fear,
On open downs preserve your fleecy care!
Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,
And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor:

No barb'rous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,
Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil;
No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,
Nor crackling fires devour the promised gain:
No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,
The dreadful signal of invasive war;
No trumpet's clangour wounds the mother's ear,
And calls the lover from his swooning fair.

What happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labour while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what heav'n has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content:
(Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame
Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame)
She never feels the spleen's imagined pains,
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs:
Her reputation, which is all her boast,
In a malicious visit ne'er was lost:
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,
An equal passion warms her happy swain;
No homebred jars her quiet state control,
Nor watchful jealousy torments her soul;
With secret joy she sees her little race
Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace;

The fleecy ball their little fingers cull,
Or from the spindle draw the length'ning wool :
Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
Till age the latest thread of life unwind.

Ye happy fields, unknown to noise and strife,
The kind rewarders of industrious life ;
Ye shady woods, where once I used to rove ;
Alike indulgent to the muse and love ;
Ye murm'ring streams that in meanders roll,
The sweet composers of the pensive soul,
Farewell—The city calls me from your bowers :
Farewell, amusing thoughts and peaceful hours.

THE FAN

A POEM

IN THREE BOOKS

. . . ἔνθα τέ οἱ θελκτήρια πάντα τέτυκτο·
Ἔνθ' ἔνι μὲν φιλότης, ἐν δ' ἵμερος, ἐν δ' ὀαριστὺς,
Πάρφασις, ἥ τ' ἔκλεψε νόον πύκα περ φρονεόντων.
Τόν ῥά οἱ ἔμβαλε χερσὶν. HOM. *Iliad.* xiv.

The Fan was first published on the 8th of December 1713. It filled thirty-two folio pages, and bore the following title:—'The | Fan. | A | Poem. | In Three Books. | By Mr. Gay. | (motto from the 14th Iliad) | London: | Printed for *J. Tonson* at *Shakespear's-Head* over- | against *Catherine Street* in the *Strand*. 1714.' It was reprinted, with numerous omissions and emendations, in the quarto edition of Gay's Poems (1720). The emended version of the poem is the one here given. First edition readings will be found at the foot of the page; while the passages that are omitted in the Quarto appear within brackets [ ]. The lines were not in the first instance numbered.

THE FAN: A POEM

BOOK I

I SING that graceful toy, whose waving play
With gentle gales relieves the sultry day.
Not the wide fan by Persian dames display'd,
Which o'er their beauty casts a grateful shade;
Nor that long known in China's artful land,
Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand:
Nor shall the muse in Asian[1] climates rove,
To seek in Indostan some spicy grove,
Where stretch'd at ease the panting lady lies,
To shun[2] the fervour of meridian skies,
While sweating slaves catch ev'ry breeze of air,
And with wide-spreading fans refresh the fair;
No busy gnats her pleasing dreams molest,
Inflame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breast,
But artificial zephyrs round her fly,
And mitigate the fever of the sky.

Nor shall Bermudas long the Muse detain,
Whose fragrant forests bloom in Waller's strain,
Where breathing sweets from ev'ry field ascend,
And the wild woods with golden apples bend;

[1] 'Indian.' [2] 'And shuns.'

Yet let me in some od'rous shade repose,
Whilst in my verse the fair palmetto grows:
Like the tall pine it shoots its stately head,
From the broad top depending branches spread;
No knotty limbs the taper body bears,
Hung on each bough a single leaf appears,
Which shrivell'd in its infancy remains,
Like a closed fan, nor stretches wide its veins,
But as the seasons in their circle run,
Opes its ribb'd surface to the nearer sun:
Beneath this shade the weary peasant lies,
Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes rise.

Stay, wand'ring Muse, nor rove in foreign climes,
To thy own native shore confine thy rhymes.
Assist, ye Nine, your loftiest notes employ,
Say what celestial skill contrived the toy;
Say how this instrument of love began,
And in immortal strains display the Fan.

Strephon had long confess'd his am'rous pain,
Which gay Corinna rallied with disdain:
Sometimes in broken words he sigh'd his care,
Look'd pale, and trembled when he view'd the fair;
With bolder freedoms now the youth advanced,
He dress'd, he laugh'd, he sung, he rhymed, he danced:
Now call'd more powerful presents to his aid,
And, to seduce the mistress, bribed the maid;
Smooth flatt'ry in her softer hours applied,
The surest charm to bind the force of pride:

But still unmoved remains the scornful dame,
Insults her captive, and derides his flame.
When Strephon saw his vows dispersed in air,
He sought in solitude to lose his care;
Relief in solitude he sought in vain,
It served, like music, but to feed his pain.
To Venus now the slighted boy complains,
And calls the goddess in these tender strains.

O potent queen, from Neptune's empire sprung,
Whose glorious birth admiring Nereids sung,
Who 'midst the fragrant plains of Cyprus rove,
Whose radiant presence gilds the Paphian grove,
Where to thy name a thousand altars rise,
And curling [1] clouds of incense hide the skies;
O beauteous goddess, teach me how to move,
Inspire my tongue with eloquence of love.
If lost Adonis e'er thy bosom warm'd,
If e'er his eyes, or godlike figure charm'd,
Think on those hours when first you felt the dart,
Think on the restless fever of thy heart;
Think how you pined in absence of the swain:
By those uneasy minutes know [2] my pain.
[Thy suppliant, O propitious goddess, aid,
Or quench my flame, or bend the stubborn maid.]
Ev'n while Cydippe to Diana bows,
And at her shrine renews [3] her virgin vows,
The lover, taught by thee, her pride o'ercame;
She reads his oaths, and feels an equal flame: [4]

1 'Frequent.' 2 'Guess.' 3 'Renew'd.'
4 'Her lover by thy present won the dame,
And in a lucky motto spoke his flame.'

Oh, may my flame, like thine, Acontius, prove,
May Venus dictate, and reward my love.
When crowds of suitors Atalanta tried,
She wealth, and beauty, wit and fame defied;
Each daring lover with advent'rous pace
Pursued his wishes in the dang'rous race;
Like the swift hind, the bounding damsel flies,
Strains to[1] the goal, the distanced lover dies.
Hippomenes, O Venus, was thy care,
You taught the swain to stay the flying fair,
Thy golden present caught the virgin's eyes,
She stoops; he rushes on, and gains the prize.[2]
Say, Cyprian Deity, what gift, what art,
Shall humble into love Corinna's heart?[3]
If only some bright toy can charm her sight,
Teach me what present may suspend[4] her flight.
Thus the desponding youth his flame declares.
The Goddess with a nod his passion hears.[5]

Far in Cythera stands a spacious grove,
Sacred to Venus and the God of love;
Here[6] the luxuriant myrtle rears her[7] head,
Like the tall oak the fragrant branches spread;
Here nature all her sweets profusely pours,
And paints th' enamell'd ground with various flowers;

1 'She gains.'
2 'And while she stoop'd, he won the beauteous Prize.'
3 'Say, Cyprian Goddess, by what gift or art,
I may subdue Corinna's faithless heart.'
4 'Will prevent.'
5 'And melts the Goddess with his falling tears.'
6 'Where.' 7 'Its.'

Deep in the gloomy glade[1] a grotto bends,
Wide through the craggy rock an[2] arch extends,
The rugged stone is clothed with mantling vines,
And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines.

Here busy Cupids, with pernicious art,
Form the stiff bow, and forge the fatal dart;
All share the toil; while some the bellows ply,
Others with feathers teach the[3] shafts to fly:
Some with joint force whirl round the stony wheel,
Where streams the sparkling fire from temper'd steel;[4]
Some point their arrows with the nicest skill,
And with the warlike store their quivers fill.

A different toil another forge employs;
Here the loud hammer fashions female toys,
Hence is the fair with ornaments supplied,
Hence sprung the glitt'ring implements of pride;
Each trinket that adorns the modern dame,
First to these little artists owed its frame.
Here an unfinish'd di'mond crosslet lay,
To which soft lovers adoration pay;
There was the polish'd crystal bottle seen,
That with quick scents revives the modish spleen:
Here the yet rude unjointed snuff-box lies,
Which serves the rallied fop for smart replies;
There piles of paper rose in gilded reams,
The future records of the lover's flames;

1 'In the remotest part.' 2 'Its.' 3 'Their.'
4 'Where sparkling fire streams from the temper'd steel.'

Here clouded canes 'midst heaps of toys are found,
And inlaid tweezer cases strow the ground.
There stands the Toilette, nursery of charms,
Completely furnish'd with bright beauty's arms;
The patch, the powder-box, pulville, perfumes,
Pins, paint, a flatt'ring glass, and black-lead combs.

The toilsome hours in diff'rent labour slide,
Some work[1] the file, and some the graver guide;
From[2] the loud anvil the quick blow rebounds,
And their raised arms descend in tuneful sounds.
Thus when Semiramis, in ancient days,
Bade Babylon her mighty bulwarks raise;
A swarm of lab'rers diff'rent tasks attend:
Here pullies make the pond'rous oak ascend;
With echoing strokes the cragged quarry groans,
While there the chisel forms the shapeless stones;
The weighty mallet deals resounding blows,
Till the proud battlements her towers enclose.[3]

Now Venus mounts her car, she shakes the reins,
And steers her turtles to Cythera's plains;
Straight to the grot with graceful step she goes,
Her loose ambrosial hair behind her flows:
The swelling bellows heave for breath no more;
All drop their silent hammers on the floor;
In deep suspense the mighty labour stands,
While thus the goddess spoke her mild commands:

1 'Wear.' 2 'Now.'
3 'Till the proud walls the lofty towers enclose.'

Industrious Loves, your present toils forbear,
A more important task demands your care;
Long has the scheme employ'd my thoughtful mind,
By judgment ripen'd, and by time refined.
That glorious bird have ye[1] not often seen
Who[2] draws the car of the celestial Queen?
Have ye[3] not oft survey'd his varying dyes,
His tail all gilded o'er with Argus' eyes?
Have ye[4] not seen him in the sunny day
Unfurl his plumes, and all his pride display,
Then suddenly contract his dazzling train,
And with long-trailing feathers sweep the plain?
Learn from this hint, let this instruct your art:
Thin taper sticks must from one centre part;
Let these into the quadrant's form divide,
The spreading ribs with[5] snowy paper hide;
Here shall the pencil bid its colours flow,
And make a miniature creation grow.
Let the machine in equal foldings close,
And now its plaited surface wide dispose.
So shall the fair her idle hand employ,
And grace each motion with the restless toy,
With various play[6] bid grateful Zephyrs rise,
While love in ev'ry grateful Zephyr flies.

The master Cupid traces out the lines,
And with judicious hand the draught designs;
Th' expecting Loves with joy the model view,
And the joint labour eagerly pursue.

1 'You.' 2 'Which.' 3 'You.'
4 'You.' 5 'Let.' 6 'Airs.'

Some slit their arrows with the nicest art,
And into sticks convert the shiver'd dart;
The breathing bellows wake the sleeping fire,
Blow off the cinders, and the sparks aspire;
Their arrow's point they soften in the flame,
And sounding hammers break its barbed frame:
Of this, the little pin they neatly mould,
From whence their arms the spreading sticks unfold;
In equal plaits they now the paper bend,
And at just distance the wide ribs extend;
Then on the frame they mount the limber screen,
And finish instantly the new machine.

The Goddess pleased, the curious work receives,
Remounts her chariot, and the grotto leaves;
With the light fan she moves the yielding air,
And gales, till then unknown, play round the fair.

Unhappy lovers, how will you withstand,
When these new arms shall grace your charmer's hand?
In ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,
When eyes were artless, and the look demure,
When the wide ruff the well-turn'd neck enclosed,
And heaving breasts within the stays reposed,[1]
When the close hood conceal'd the modest ear,
E'er black-lead combs disown'd the virgin's hair;[2]

1 'Nor the bare bosom heaving breasts exposed.
2 'Nor was the forehead crown'd with powder'd hair.

Then in the muff unactive[1] fingers lay,
Nor taught the fan in fickle[2] forms to play.

How are the Sex improved in am'rous arts,
What new-found snares they bait for human hearts!
[Each nymph is deeply versed in treach'rous wiles,
With tears she softens, and betrays with smiles;
Her dress, her hand, her air, her glances move,
And woman is encompass'd round with love.]

When kindling war the ravaged globe ran o'er,
And fatten'd thirsty plains with human gore,
At first, the brandish'd arm the jav'lin threw,
Or sent wing'd arrows from the twanging yew;
In the bright air the dreadful falchion shone,
Or whistling slings dismiss'd th' uncertain stone.
Now men those less destructive arms despise,
Wide-wasteful death[3] from thund'ring cannon flies,
One hour with more battalions strows the plain,
Than were of yore[4] in weekly battles slain.
So love with fatal airs the nymph supplies,
Her dress disposes, and directs her eyes.
The bosom now its panting beauties[5] shows,
Th' experienced eye resistless glances throws;
Now varied patches wander o'er the face,
And strike each gazer with a borrow'd grace;
The fickle head-dress sinks and now aspires
A towery front of lace on branching wires.[6]

1 'Th' unactive.' 2 'Various.' 3 'And wasteful.'
4 'Before.' 5 'Naked beauty.'
6 'And rears its towery front on rising wires.'

The curling hair in tortured ringlets flows,
Or round the face in labour'd order grows.

How shall I soar, and on unweary wing
Trace varying habits upward to their spring!
What force of thought, what numbers can express,[1]
Th' inconstant equipage of female dress?
How the strait stays the slender waist constrain,
How to adjust the manteau's sweeping train?
What fancy can the petticoat surround,
With the capacious hoop of whalebone bound?
But stay, presumptuous Muse, nor boldly dare
The Toilette's sacred mysteries declare;
Let a just distance be to beauty paid;
None here must enter but the trusty maid.
Should you the wardrobe's magazine rehearse,
And glossy manteaus rustle in thy verse;
Should you the rich brocaded suit unfold,
Where rising flowers grow stiff with frosted gold,
The dazzled Muse would from her subject stray,
And in a maze of fashions lose her way.
[How should I soar, and with unwearied wing,
Trace varying habits upward to their spring!
The mighty task my humble muse declines,
Which future bards shall sing in loftier lines.]

[1] 'What thought, what various numbers can express.'

BOOK II

OLYMPUS' gates unfold ; in heav'n's high towers
Appear in council all th' immortal Powers ;
Great Jove above the rest exalted sate,
And in his mind revolved succeeding fate,
His awful eye [1] with ray [2] superior shone,
The thunder-grasping eagle guards his throne ;
On silver clouds the great assembly laid,
The whole creation at one view survey'd.

But see, fair Venus comes in all her state,
The wanton Loves and Graces round her wait ;[3]
With her loose robe officious Zephyrs play,
And strow with odoriferous flowers the way ;
In her right hand she waves the flutt'ring fan,
And thus in melting sounds her speech began :

Assembled Powers, who fickle mortals guide,
Who [4] o'er the sea, the skies, and earth preside,
Ye fountains whence all human blessings flow,
Who pour your bounties on the world below.
Bacchus first raised and pruned the climbing vine,[5]
And taught the grape to stream with gen'rous wine ;
Industrious Ceres tamed the savage ground,
And pregnant fields with golden harvests crown'd ;

1 'Eyes.' 2 'Rays.'
3 'The Loves and Graces round the Goddess wait.'
4 'That.'
5 ''Twas Bacchus first who pruned the climbing vine.'

Flora with bloomy[1] sweets enrich'd the year,
And fruitful autumn is Pomona's care.
I first taught woman to subdue mankind,
And all her native charms with dress refin'd:
Celestial synod, this machine survey,
That shades the face, or bids cool Zephyrs play;
[This with new graces shall inspire the fair,
Her beauty heighten and improve her air;]
If conscious blushes on her cheek arise,
With this she veils them from her lover's eyes;
No levell'd glance betrays her am'rous heart,
From the fan's ambush she directs the dart.
The royal sceptre shines in Juno's hand,
And twisted thunder speaks great Jove's command;
On Pallas' arm the Gorgon shield appears,
And Neptune's mighty grasp the trident bears:[2]
Ceres is with the bending sickle seen,
And the strung bow points out the Cynthian Queen;
Henceforth the waving fan my[3] hands shall grace,
The waving fan supply the sceptre's place.
Who shall, ye Powers, the forming pencil hold?[4]
What story shall the wide machine unfold?
Let Loves and Graces lead the dance around,
With myrtle wreaths and flow'ry chaplets crown'd;
Let Cupid's arrows strow the smiling plains
With unresisting nymphs, and am'rous swains:[5]

1 'Blooming.'
2 'Minerva does the Gorgon's terrors bear,
And her right hand sustains the glitt'ring spear.'
3 'These.' 4 'Say, then, ye Powers, who shall the pencil hold.
5 'With melting Nymphs and their adoring Swains.'

May glowing picture o'er the surface shine,
To melt slow virgins with the warm design.[1]

Diana rose; with silver crescent crown'd,
And fix'd her modest eyes upon the ground;
Then with becoming mein she raised her head,
And thus with graceful voice the virgin said:

Has woman then forgot all former wiles,
The watchful ogle, and delusive smiles?
Does man against her charms too powerful prove,
Or are the sex grown novices in love?
Why then these arms? or why should artful eyes,
From this slight ambush, conquer by surprise?
No guilty thought the spotless virgin knows,
And o'er her cheek no conscious crimson glows;
Since blushes then from shame alone arise,
Why should she veil them from her lover's eyes?
Let Cupid rather give up his command,
And trust his arrows in a female hand.
[This trinket will be more pernicious found,
And strike each gazer with a surer wound.]
Have not the Gods already cherish'd pride,
And women with destructive arms supplied?
Neptune on her bestows his choicest stores,
For her the chambers of the deep explores;
The gaping shell its pearly charge resigns,
And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines:
Plutus for her bids earth its wealth unfold,
Where the warm ore is ripen'd into gold;

[1] 'Let glowing figures o'er the surface shine,
And heav'nly colours speak the great design.'

Or where the ruby reddens in the soil,
Where the green [1] emerald pays the searcher's toil.
Does not the di'mond sparkle in her ear,
Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair?
From the gay nymph the glancing lustre flies,
And imitates the lightning of her eyes.
But yet if Venus' wishes must succeed,
And this fantastic engine be [2] decreed,
May some chaste story from the pencil flow,
To speak the virgin's joy, and Hymen's woe.[3]

Here let the wretched Ariadne stand,
Seduced by Theseus to some desert land,
Her locks dishevell'd waving in the wind,
The crystal tears confess her tortured mind;[4]
The perjured youth unfurls his treach'rous sails,
And their white [5] bosoms catch the swelling gales.
Be still, ye winds, she cries, stay, Theseus, stay;
But faithless Theseus hears no more than they.
All [6] desp'rate, to some craggy cliff she flies,
And spreads a well-known signal in the skies;
His less'ning vessel ploughs the foamy main,
She sighs, she calls, she waves the sign in vain.

Paint Dido there amidst her last distress,
Pale cheeks and blood-shot eyes her grief express:

1 'Bright.' 2 'Is.'
3 'May some kind story from the pencil flow.
To speak the virgin's joys, and Hymen's woe.'
4 'Let her dishevell'd locks wave in the wind,
And streaming eyes confess her tortured mind.'
5 'Wide.' 6 'Now.'

Deep in her breast the reeking sword is drown'd ;
And gushing blood streams purple from the wound : [1]
Her sister Anna hov'ring o'er her stands,
Accuses heaven with lifted eyes and hands ; [2]
Upbraids the Trojan with repeated cries,
And mixes curses with her broken sighs.
View this, ye maids ; and then each swain believe ; [3]
They're Trojans all, and vow but to deceive.

Here draw Œnone in the [4] lonely grove,
Where Paris first betray'd her into love :
Let wither'd garlands hang on ev'ry bough,
Which the false youth wove for Œnone's brow ;
The garlands lose their sweets, their pride is shed,
And like their odours all his vows are fled ;
On her fair arm her pensive head she lays,
And Xanthus' waves with mournful look surveys ;
That flood which witness'd his inconstant flame,
When thus he swore, and won the yielding dame :
These streams shall sooner [5] *to their fountain move,*
Than I forget my dear Œnone's *love.*
Roll back, ye streams, back to your fountain run,
Paris is false, Œnone is undone.
Ah, wretched maid ! think how the moments flew,
Ere you the pangs of this cursed passion knew,

1 'Streams from the fatal wound.'
2 'She beats her breast, she wrings her lifted hands.'
3 'Now, ye fond Maids, each swain that swears, believe.'
4 'Some.'
5 'Sooner these streams shall.'

When groves could please, and when you loved the plain,
Without the presence of your perjured swain.
[How vain were all thy Hopes, how short thy Joy!
A fairer Nymph now holds th' ungrateful Boy:
Thy Face, thy voice, thy touch no more invite,
Thy rural charms are lost in Helen's Light.

Let Daphne there fly lightly o'er the plains,
While at her heel impatient Phœbus strains;
See branching laurel from her fingers shoot,
Her Feet grow stiff and wander in the Root.]

Thus may[1] the nymph, whene'er she spreads the fan,
In his true colours view perfidious man,
Pleased with her virgin state in forests rove,
And never trust the dang'rous hopes of love.

The Goddess ended. Merry Momus rose,
With smiles and grins he waggish glances throws,
Then with a noisy laugh forestalls his joke;
Mirth flashes from his eyes while thus he spoke:

Rather let heav'nly deeds be painted there,
And by your own examples teach the fair.
Let chaste Diana on the piece be seen,
And the bright crescent own[2] the Cynthian Queen;
On Latmos' top see young Endymion lies,[3]
Feign'd sleep hath closed the bloomy[4] lover's eyes,

1 'Shall.' 2 'Speak.'
3 'See where Endymion lies.' 4 'Youthful.'

See, to his soft embraces how she steals,
And on his lips her warm caresses seals ;
No more her hand the glitt'ring [1] jav'lin holds,
But round his neck her eager arm she folds.
Why are our secrets by our blushes shown ? [2]
Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.
Here let her on some flowery bank be laid.
Where meeting [3] beeches weave a grateful shade,
Her naked bosom wanton tresses grace,
And glowing expectation paints her face,
O'er her fair limbs a thin loose veil is spread,
Stand off, ye shepherds ; fear Actæon's head ; [4]
Let vig'rous Pan th' unguarded minute seize,
And in a shaggy goat the virgin please.
Why are our secrets by our blushes shown ?
Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown. [5]

There with just warmth Aurora's passion trace,
Let spreading crimson [6] stain her virgin face ;
[Behind, her rosy mantle loosely flows,
Her blooming features youthful health disclose.]
See Cephalus her wanton airs despise,
While she provokes him with desiring eyes ;

1 'Dreadful.'
2 'Why should our secret thoughts weak blushes own.'
3 'Friendly.'
4 'Stand off, ye swains, think of Actæon's head.'
5 'Blush not, chaste goddess, nor thy guilt reveal,
When maids comply they should the slip conceal.'
6 'Blushes.'

[Now unconstrain'd she will indulge her flame,
Prevailing love hath stifled all her shame.]
To raise his passion she displays her charms,
His modest hand upon her bosom warms ;[1]
Nor looks, nor prayers, nor force his heart persuade,
But with disdain he quits the rosy[2] maid.

Here let dissolving Leda grace the toy,
Warm cheeks and heaving breasts reveal her joy ;
Beneath the pressing swan she pants for air,
While with his flutt'ring wings he fans the fair.
There let all-conqu'ring gold exert its power,
And soften Danae in a glitt'ring shower.

Would you warn beauty not to cherish[3] pride,
Nor vainly in the treach'rous bloom confide,
On the machine the sage Minerva place,
With lineaments of wisdom mark her face ;
See, where she lies near some transparent flood,
And with her pipe cheers the resounding wood :
Her image in the floating glass she spies,
Her bloated cheeks, worn lips, and shrivell'd eyes ;
She breaks the guiltless[4] pipe, and with disdain
Its shatter'd ruins flings upon the plain.
With the loud reed no more her cheek shall swell ;
What, spoil her face ! no. Warbling strains, farewell.[5]

1 'And his fair hand or her soft bosom warms.'
2 'Blushing.' 3 'Feed its.' 4 'Her harmless.'
5 'No more her breath the vocal reed shall swell,
Music adieu, ye warbling strains farewell.'

Shall arts—shall sciences employ the fair?
Those trifles are beneath Minerva's care.

From Venus let her learn the married life,
And all the virtuous duties of a wife.[1]
Here on a couch extend the Cyprian dame,
Let her eye sparkle with the growing flame;[2]
The God of war within[3] her clinging arms,
Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms.[4]
[The prying Sun their am'rous strife betrays,
And through the casement darts his treach'rous rays.]
Paint limping Vulcan with a husband's care,
And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear;
Beneath the net the captive[5] lovers place,
Their limbs entangled in a close embrace.
[The summon'd Gods survey the struggling bride,
And with contemptuous smiles the spouse deride.]
Let these amours adorn the new machine,
And female nature on the piece be seen;
So shall the fair as long as fans shall last
Learn from your bright examples to be chaste.

1 'And all the duties of a virtuous wife.'
2 'Let sparkling eyes confess her growing flame
3 'Locked in.'
4 'Her yielding lips with melting kisses warms.
5 'Captived.'

BOOK III

THUS Momus spoke. When sage[1] Minerva rose,
From her sweet lips smooth elocution flows;
Her skilful hand an iv'ry pallet graced,
Where shining colours were in order placed.
As Gods are bless'd with a superior skill,
And, swift as mortal thought, perform their will,
Straight she proposes, by her art divine,
To bid the paint express her great design.
Th' assembled Powers consent. She now began,
And her creating pencil stain'd the fan.

O'er the fair field, trees spread, and rivers flow,
Towers rear their heads, and distant mountains grow;
Life seems to move within the glowing veins,
And in each face some lively passion reigns.
Thus have I seen woods, hills and dales appear,
Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the silent air
In darken'd rooms, where light can only pass
Thro' the small circle of a convex glass;
On the white sheet the moving figures rise,
The forest waves, clouds float along the skies.

She various fables on the piece design'd,
That spoke the follies of the female kind.
[The moral stories warn the gazing dame,
To shun those faults that damp a lover's flame.]

[1] 'Bright.'

The fate of pride in Niobe she drew :
Be wise, ye nymphs, that scornful vice subdue.
In a wide plain th' imperious mother stood,
Whose distant bounds rose in a winding wood ;
Upon her shoulder flows her mantling hair,
Pride marks her brow, and elevates her air ;
A purple robe behind her sweeps the ground,
Whose spacious border golden flowers surround :
She made Latona's altars cease to flame,
And of due honours robb'd her sacred name.
To her own charms she bade fresh incense rise,
And adoration[1] own her brighter eyes.
Sev'n daughters from her fruitful loins were born,
Sev'n graceful Sons her nuptial bed adorn,
Who, for a mother's[2] arrogant disdain,
Were by Latona's double offspring slain.
Here Phœbus his unerring arrow drew,
And from his rising steed her first-born threw ;
His opening fingers drop the slacken'd rein,
And the pale corse falls headlong to the plain.
Beneath her pencil here two wrestlers bend,
See,[3] to the grasp their swelling[4] nerves distend ;
Diana's arrow joins them face to face,
And death unites them in a strict embrace.
Another here flies trembling o'er the plain ;
When heav'n pursues we shun the stroke in vain.
This lifts his supplicating hands and eyes,[5]
And 'midst his humble adoration dies.

1 'Adorations.' 2 'Their parent's.'
3 'And.' 4 'Stretching.'
5 'To wrathful Heav'n this lifts his streaming eyes.'

As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,
A surer weapon strikes his throbbing heart:
While that[1] to raise his wounded brother tries,
Death blasts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes.
The tender sisters bathed in grief appear,
With sable garments and dishevell'd hair,
And o'er their gasping brothers weeping stood;
Some with their tresses stopp'd the gushing blood;
They strive to stay the fleeting life too late,
And in the pious action share their fate.
Now the proud dame o'ercome by trembling fear,
With her wide robe protects her only care;
To save her only care in vain she tries,
Close at her feet the latest victim dies.
Down her fair cheek the trickling sorrow flows,
Like dewy spangles on the blushing rose,
Fixt in astonishment she weeping stood,
The plain all purple with her children's blood;[2]
She stiffens with her woes: no more her hair,
In easy ringlets wantons in the air;[3]
Motion forsakes her eyes, her veins are dried,
And beat no longer with the sanguine tide;
All life is fled, firm marble now she grows,
Which still in tears the mother's anguish shows.

Ye haughty fair, your painted fans display,
And the just fate of lofty pride survey;

1 'This.'
2 'And view'd the plain dyed with her children's blood.'
3 'In easy curls plays in the wanton air.'

Though lovers oft extol your beauty's power,
And in celestial similes adore,
Though from your features Cupid borrows arms,
And goddesses confess inferior charms,
Do not, vain maid, the flatt'ring tale believe,
Alike thy lovers and thy glass deceive.

Here lively colours Procris' passion tell,
Who to her jealous fears a victim fell.
[See where in secret ambuscade she lies,
With jealousy she turns her watchful eyes;
Now Cephalus hot with pursuit of spoils,
Invoked cool Aura to relieve his toils:
The fatal sound scarce reach'd her list'ning ears.
Aurora in the uncertain voice she hears;
She starts. The rustling brake her spouse deceives,
Who thought some rousing prey disturb'd the leaves;
Swift as the wind he flings th' unerring dart,
The bloody steel transfix'd his Procris' heart.]
Here kneels the trembling hunter[1] o'er his wife,
Who rolls her sick'ning eyes, and gasps for life;
Her drooping head upon her shoulder lies,
And purple gore her snowy bosom dyes.
What guilt, what horror on his face appears!
See, his red eyelid seems to swell with tears,[2]
With agony his wringing hands he strains,
And strong convulsions stretch his branching veins.

1 'Huntsman.'
2 'The husband's brow surprise and sorrow wears,
And his red eyelids seem to swell with tears.'

Learn hence, ye wives; bid vain suspicion[1] cease,
Lose not in sullen discontent,[2] your peace.
For when fierce love to jealousy ferments,
A thousand doubts and fears the soul invents,
No more the days in pleasing converse flow,
And nights no more their soft endearments know.

There on the piece the Volscian Queen expired,
The love of spoils her female bosom fired;
Gay Chloreus' arms attract her longing eyes,
And for the painted plume and helm she sighs;
[His golden quiver at his shoulder shone,
His scaly mail glow'd with the dazzling sun:
Camilla now pursues the glitt'ring prize,
From her swift chase the shining warrior flies.]
Fearless she follows, bent on gaudy prey,
Till an ill-fated dart obstructs her way;
Down drops the martial maid; the bloody ground
Floats with a torrent from the purple wound.
The mournful nymphs[3] her drooping head sustain,
And try to stop the gushing life in vain.
[These with rude strokes their naked bosoms wound,
And throw their useless jav'lins on the ground:
Her lips no longer boast their crimson hue,
From her cold cheek the blushing colour flew;
Her eyeballs seem with dying pangs to roll,
While through the wound crowds her reluctant soul.]

1 'Suspicions.'
2 'Nor lose in sullen discontents.'
3 'Her mourning nymphs.'

Thus the raw maid some tawdry coat surveys,
Where the fop's fancy in embroidery plays;
His snowy feather edged with crimson dyes,
And his bright sword-knot lure her wand'ring eyes;
Fringed gloves and gold brocade conspire to move,
Till the nymph falls a sacrifice to love.

Here young Narcissus o'er the fountain stood,
And view'd his image in the crystal flood;
The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,
And the pleased image strives to meet his arms.
No nymph his unexperienced breast subdued;
Echo in vain the flying boy pursued:
Himself alone the foolish youth admires,
And with fond look the smiling shade desires:
O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves,
His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves,
Through his pale veins green sap now gently flows,
And in a short-lived flower his beauty blows.

Let vain Narcissus warn each female breast,
That beauty's but a transient good at best.
Like flowers it withers with th' advancing year,
And age like winter robs the blooming fair.
Oh, Araminta, cease thy wonted pride,
Nor longer in thy faithless charms confide;
Ev'n while the glass reflects thy sparkling eyes,
Their lustre and thy rosy colour flies!

Thus on the fan the breathing figures shine,
And all the powers applaud the wise design.

The Cyprian Queen the painted gift receives,
And with a grateful bow the synod leaves.
To the low world she bends her steepy way
Where Strephon pass'd the solitary day;
She found him in a melancholy grove,
His down-cast eyes betray'd desponding love,
The wounded bark confess'd his slighted flame,
And ev'ry tree bore false Corinna's name;
In a cool shade he lay with folded arms,
Curses his fortune, and upbraids her charms,
When Venus to his wond'ring eyes appears,
And with these words relieves his am'rous cares:

Rise, happy youth, this bright machine survey,
Whose rattling sticks my busy fingers sway,
This present shall thy cruel charmer move,
And in her fickle bosom kindle love.

The fan shall flutter in all female hands,
And various fashions learn from various lands.
For this, shall elephants their ivory shed;
And polish'd sticks the waving engine spread:
His clouded mail the tortoise shall resign,
And round the rivet pearly circles shine.
On this shall Indians all their art employ,
And with bright colours stain the gaudy toy;
Their paint shall here in wildest fancies flow,
Their dress, their customs, their religion show;
So shall the British fair their minds improve,
And on the fan to distant climates rove.

Here China's ladies shall their pride display,[1]
And silver figures gild their[2] loose array;
This[3] boasts her little feet and winking eyes;
That[4] tunes the fife, or tinkling cymbal plies:
Here cross-legg'd nobles in rich state shall dine,
There in bright mail distorted heroes shine.[5]
[For these, O China, shall thy realms be sought,
With these shall Europe's mighty ships be fraught,
Thy glitt'ring earth shall tempt their ladies' eyes,
Who for thy brittle jars shall gold despise.]
The peeping fan in modern times shall rise,
Through which unseen the female ogle flies;
This shall in temples the sly maid conceal,
And shelter love beneath devotion's veil.
[While widows seek once more the nuptial state,
And wrinkled maids repent their scorn too late,
As long as youthful swains shall nymphs deceive,
And easy nymphs those youthful swains believe,
While beaus in dress consume the tedious morn,
So long the fan shall female hands adorn.][6]
Gay France shall make the fan her artist's care.
And with the costly trinket arm the fair.
As learned orators that touch the heart,
With various action raise their soothing art,
Both head and hand affect the list'ning throng,
And humour each expression of the tongue;

1 'Here shall the Chinese dame her pride display.'
2 'Her.' 3 'She.' 4 'And.'
5 'Where on the floor large painted vessels shine.'
6 Lines 207-214 precede lines 196-206 in the first edition.

So shall each passion by the fan be seen,
From noisy anger to the sullen spleen.[1]

While Venus spoke, joy shone in Strephon's eyes,
Proud of the gift, he to Corinna flies.
But Cupid (who delights in am'rous ill,
Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's will),
[An unsuspected artifice employs
And in a moment Strephon's hope destroys,]
With certain aim a golden arrow drew,[2]
Which to Leander's panting bosom flew:
Leander loved; and to the sprightly dame
In gentle sighs reveal'd his growing flame;
Sweet smiles Corinna to his sighs returns,[3]
And for the fop in equal passion burns.

Lo,[4] Strephon comes! and with a suppliant bow,
Offers the present, and renews his vow.

When she the fate of Niobe beheld,
Why has my pride against my heart rebell'd?
She sighing cried. Disdain forsook her breast,
And Strephon now was thought a worthy guest.

In Procris' bosom when she saw the dart,
She justly blames her own suspicious heart,
Imputes her discontent to jealous fear,
And knows her Strephon's constancy sincere.

1 'Thus ev'ry passion by the fan is seen
From chatt'ring anger to the sullen spleen.'
2 'A golden shaft the waggish archer threw.'
3 'With smiles Corinna his soft sighs returns.'
4 'Now.'

When on Camilla's fate her eye she turns,
No more for show and equipage she burns;
She learns Leander's passion to despise,
And looks on merit with discerning eyes.

Narcissus' change to the vain virgin shows,
Who trusts to beauty, trusts the fading rose.
Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies,
Love then, ye virgins, ere the blossom dies.

Thus Pallas taught her. Strephon weds the dame,
And Hymen's torch diffused the brightest flame.[1]

[1] Lines 227 to the end appear for the first time in the quarto reprint of the poem. It originally ended as follows:—

'The gay coquette of her last conquest vain,
Snatches the trinket from the trembling swain,
Then turns around with a disdainful mien,
Smiles on the fop and flirts the new machine.'

THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK

IN SIX PASTORALS

——Libeat mihi sordida rura,
Atque humiles habitare casas. VIRG.

The Shepherd's Week was first published on the 15th of April 1714. A transcript of the title-page follows :—'The | Shepherd's Week. | In Six | Pastorals. | *By Mr.* J. Gay. | ——*Libeat mihi sordida rura,* | *Atque humiles habitare casas*——Virg. | London, | Printed : And sold by R. Burleigh in | *Amen Corner.* MDCCXIV.' The text here given is reproduced, with sundry slight alterations in the spelling, from the quarto edition of Gay's *Poems on Several Occasions* (1720). It does not materially differ from that of the first edition. The index references were originally made to page ; here, as in the quarto, the reader is referred to pastoral and verse. The first edition—an octavo—contained seven full-page illustrations by Du Guernier ; in the quarto reprint one engraving only is given. The 'notes profound,' at the foot of the page, are Gay's.

THE PROEME

TO THE

COURTEOUS READER

GREAT marvel hath it been (and that not unworthily) to diverse worthy wits, that in this our island of Britain, in all rare sciences so greatly abounding, more especially in all kinds of poesie highly flourishing, no poet (though otherways of notable cunning in roundelays) hath hit on the right simple eclogue after the true ancient guise of Theocritus, before this mine attempt.

Other Poet travailing in this plain highway of Pastoral know I none. Yet, certes, such it behoveth a Pastoral to be, as nature in the country affordeth; and the manners also meetly copied from the rustical folk therein. In this also my love to my native country Britain much pricketh me forward, to describe aright the manners of our own honest and laborious ploughmen, in no wise sure more unworthy a British poet's imitation, than those of Sicily or Arcadie; albeit, not ignorant I am, what a rout and rabblement of critical gallimawfry hath been made of late days by certain young men of insipid delicacy,

concerning, I wist not what, golden age, and other outrageous conceits, to which they would confine Pastoral. Whereof, I avow, I account nought at all, knowing no age so justly to be instiled golden, as this of our sovereign lady Queen Anne.

This idle trumpery (only fit for schools and schoolboys) unto that ancient Dorick Shepherd Theocritus or his mates, was never known; he rightly, throughout his fifth Idyll, maketh his louts give foul language and behold their goats at rut in all simplicity.

Ὠιπόλος ὄκκ' ἐσορῇ τὰς μηκάδας οἷα βατεῦνται,
Τάκεται ὀφθαλμώς, ὅτι οὐ τράγος αὐτὸς ἔγεντο.—THEOC.

Verily, as little pleasance receiveth a true homebred taste, from all the fine finical new-fangled fooleries of this gay Gothic garniture, wherewith they so nicely bedeck their court clowns, or clown courtiers (for, which to call them rightly, I wot not) as would a prudent citizen journeying to his country farms, should he find them occupied by people of this motley make, instead of plain downright hearty cleanly folk, such as be now tenants to the wealthy[1] *burgesses of this realme.*

Furthermore, it is my purpose, gentle reader, to set before thee, as it were a picture, or rather lively landscape of thy own country, just as thou mightest see it, didest thou take a walk into the fields at the proper season: even as maister Milton hath elegantly set forth the same:

[1] The word 'wealthy' occurs in the first edition only.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
The smell of grain or tedded grass or kine
Or dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Thou wilt not find my shepherdesses idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves, or if the hogs are astray driving them to their styes. My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our own fields, he sleepeth not under myrtle shades, but under a hedge, nor doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, because there are none, as maister Spenser well observeth:

Well is known that since the Saxon King
Never was wolf seen, many or some
Nor in all Kent nor in christendom.

For as much as I have mentioned maister Spenser, soothly I must acknowledge him a bard of sweetest memorial. Yet hath his shepherd's boy at some times raised his rustic reed to rhimes more rumbling than rural. Diverse grave points also hath he handled of churchly matter and doubts in religion daily arising, to great clerks only appertaining. What liketh me best are his names, indeed right simple and meet for the country, such as Lobbin, Cuddy, Hobbinol, Diggon and others, some of which I have made bold to borrow. Moreover, as he called his eclogues, the shepherd's calendar, and divided the same into the twelve months,

I have chosen (peradventure not over-rashly) to name nine by the days of the week, omitting Sunday or the Sabbath, ours being supposed to be Christian shepherds, and to be then at church worship. Yet further of many of maister Spenser's eclogues it may be observed; though months they be called, of the said months therein, nothing is specified; wherein I have also esteemed him worthy mine imitation.

That principally, courteous reader, whereof I would have thee to be advertised (seeing I depart from the vulgar usage) is touching the language of my shepherds; which is soothly to say, such as is neither spoken by the country maiden or the courtly dame; nay, not only such as in the present times is not uttered, but was never uttered in times past; and, if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future. It having too much of the country to be fit for the court, too much of the court to be fit for the country; too much of the language of old times to be fit for the present, too much of the present to have been fit for the old, and too much of both to be fit for any time to come. Granted also it is, that in this my language, I seem unto myself, as a London mason, who calculateth his work for a term of years, when he buildeth with old materials upon a ground-rent that is not his own, which soon turneth to rubbish and ruins. For this point, no reason can I allege, only deep learned ensamples having led me thereunto.*

But here again, much comfort ariseth in me, from

* 1 Ed. 'Nor.'

the hopes, in that I conceive, when these words in the course of transitory things shall decay, it may so hap, in meet time that some lover of simplicity shall arise, who shall have the hardiness to render these mine eclogues into such more modern dialect as shall be then understood, to which end, glosses and explications of uncouth pastoral terms are annexed.

Gentle Reader, turn over the leaf, and entertain thyself with the prospect of thine own country, limned by the painful hand of

thy loving Countryman,

JOHN GAY.

PROLOGUE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE

Lo, I who erst beneath a tree
Sung Bumkinet and Bowzybee,
And Blouzelind and Marian bright,
In apron blue or apron white,
Now write my sonnets in a book,
For my good lord of Bolingbroke.

As lads and lasses stood around
To hear my boxen hautboy sound,
Our Clerk came posting o'er the green
With doleful tidings of the Queen;
That Queen, he said, to whom we owe
Sweet Peace that maketh riches flow;
That Queen who eased our tax of late,
Was dead, alas!—and lay in state.

At this, in tears was Cic'ly seen,
Buxoma tore her pinners clean,
In doleful dumps stood ev'ry clown,
The parson rent his band and gown.

For me, when as I heard that death
Had snatch'd Queen Anne to Elizabeth,
I broke my reed, and sighing swore
I'd weep for Blouzelind no more.

While thus we stood as in a stound,
And wet with tears, like dew, the ground,
Full soon by bonfire and by bell
We learnt our liege was passing well.
A skilful leech (so God him speed)
They said had wrought this blessed deed,
This leech Arbuthnot was yclept,
Who many a night not once had slept;
But watch'd our gracious Sov'reign still:
For who could rest when she was ill?
Oh, may'st thou henceforth sweetly sleep!
Shear, swains, oh shear your softest sheep
To swell his couch; for well I ween,
He saved the realm who saved the Queen.

Quoth I, please God, I'll hie with glee
To court, this Arbuthnot to see.
I sold my sheep and lambkins too,
For silver loops and garment blue:
My boxen hautboy sweet of sound,
For lace that edged mine hat around;
For Lightfoot and my scrip I got
A gorgeous sword, and eke a knot.

So forth I fared to court with speed,
Of soldier's drum withouten dreed;

For peace allays the shepherd's fear
Of wearing cap of grenadier.

There saw I ladies all a-row
Before their Queen in seemly show.
No more I'll sing Buxoma brown,
Like goldfinch in her Sunday gown ;
Nor Clumsilis, nor Marian bright,
Nor damsel that Hobnelia hight.
But Lansdown fresh as flower of May,
And Berkely lady blithe and gay,
And Anglesey whose speech exceeds
The voice of pipe or oaten reeds ;
And blooming Hyde, with eyes so rare,
And Montague beyond compare.
Such ladies fair wou'd I depaint
In roundelay or sonnet quaint.

There many a worthy wight I 've seen
In ribbon blue and ribbon green.
As Oxford, who a wand doth bear,
Like Moses, in our Bibles fair ;
Who for our traffic forms designs,
And gives to Britain Indian mines.
Now, shepherds, clip your fleecy care,
Ye maids, your spinning-wheels prepare,
Ye weavers, all your shuttles throw,
And bid broad cloths and serges grow,
For trading free shall thrive again,
Nor leasings leud affright the swain.

There saw I St. John, sweet of mien,
Full steadfast both to Church and Queen.
With whose fair name I'll deck my strain,
St. John, right courteous to the swain;

For thus he told me on a day,
Trim are thy sonnets, gentle Gay,
And certes, mirth it were to see
Thy joyous madrigals twice three,
With preface meet, and notes profound.
Imprinted fair, and well y-bound.
All suddenly then home I sped,
And did ev'n as my Lord had said.

Lo here, thou hast mine eclogues fair,
But let not these detain thine ear.
Let not affairs of States and Kings
Wait, while our Bowzybeus sings.
Rather than verse of simple swain
Shou'd stay the trade of France or Spain,
Or for the plaint of Parson's maid,
Yon' Emp'ror's packets be delay'd;
In sooth, I swear by holy Paul,
I 'd burn book, preface, notes and all.

MONDAY

OR

THE SQUABBLE

Lobbin Clout, Cuddy, Cloddipole

LOBBIN CLOUT

THY younglings, Cuddy, are but just awake;
No throstles shrill the bramble bush forsake;
No chirping lark the welkin sheen[1] invokes;
No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;
O'er yonder hill does scant[2] the dawn appear,
Then why does Cuddy leave his cot so rear?[3]

CUDDY

Ah, Lobbin Clout! I ween,[4] my plight is guess'd,
For he that loves, a stranger is to rest;

1 Welkin, the same as Welken, an old Saxon word signifying a cloud; by poetical licence it is frequently taken for the Element or Sky, as may appear by this verse in the Dream of Chaucer,

'Ne in all the Welkin was no cloud.'

Sheen or Shine, an old word for shining or bright.

2 Scant, used in the ancient British authors for scarce.

3 Rear, an expression in several counties of England, for early in the morning.

4 To ween, derived from the Saxon, to think or conceive.

If swains belie not, thou hast proved the smart,
And Blouzelinda 's mistress of thy heart.
This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind,
Those arms are folded for thy Blouzelind.
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree,
Thee Blouzelinda smites, Buxoma me.

LOBBIN CLOUT

Ah, Blouzelind ! I love thee more by half,
Than does their fawns, or cows the new-fall'n calf:
Woe worth the tongue ! may blisters sore it gall,
That names Buxoma, Blouzelind withal.

CUDDY

Hold, witless Lobbin Clout, I thee advise,
Lest blisters sore on thy own tongue arise.
Lo, yonder, Cloddipole, the blithesome swain,
The wisest lout of all the neighbouring plain !
From Cloddipole we learnt to read the skies,
To know when hail will fall, or winds arise.
He taught us erst[1] the heifer's tail * to view,
When stuck aloft, that showers would straight ensue ;
He first that useful secret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gath'ring rain.
When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,
He told us that the welkin would be clear.

[1] Erst, a contraction of ere this, it signifies some time ago or formerly.

* 1 Ed. 'Heifers tails.'

Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearse,
And praise his sweetheart in alternate verse.
I 'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,
That Cloddipole shall give the prize to me.

LOBBIN CLOUT

See this tobacco-pouch that 's lined with hair,
Made of the skin of sleekest fallow-deer.
This pouch, that 's tied with tape of reddest hue,
I 'll wager, that the prize shall be my due.

CUDDY

Begin thy carols then, thou vaunting slouch,
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch.

LOBBIN CLOUT

My Blouzelinda is the blithest lass,
Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass.
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daisy that beside her grows,
Fair is the gillyflower, of gardens sweet,
Fair is the mary-gold, for pottage meet.
But Blouzelind 's than gillyflower more fair,
Than daisy, mary-gold, or king-cup rare.

CUDDY

My brown Buxoma is the featest maid,
That e'er at wake delightsome gambol play'd.
Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,
And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.

The witless lamb may sport upon the plain,
The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,
The wanton calf may skip with many a bound,
And my cur Tray play deftest[1] feats around;
But neither lamb nor kid, nor calf nor Tray,
Dance like Buxoma on the first of May.

LOBBIN CLOUT

Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near;
Of her bereft 'tis winter all the year.
With her no sultry summer's heat I know;
In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.
Come, Blouzelinda, ease thy swain's desire,
My summer's shadow and my winter's fire!

CUDDY

As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay,
Ev'n noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday;
And holidays, if haply she were gone,
Like worky-days I wish'd would soon be done.
Eftsoons,[2] O sweetheart kind, my love repay,
And all the year shall then be holiday.

LOBBIN CLOUT

As Blouzelinda in a gamesome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,

[1] Deft, an old word signifying brisk or nimble.

[2] Eftsoons, from eft, an ancient British word signifying soon. So that eftsoons is a doubling of the word soon, which is, as it were, to say twice soon, or very soon.

I slily ran and snatch'd a hasty kiss,
She wiped her lips, nor took it much amiss.
Believe me, Cuddy, while I 'm bold to say,
Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

CUDDY

As my Buxoma in a morning fair,
With gentle finger stroked her milky care,
I queintly[1] stole a kiss; at first, 'tis true,
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.
Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.

LOBBIN CLOUT

Leek to the Welsh, to Dutchmen butter's dear,
Of Irish swains potato is the cheer;
Oats for their feasts the Scottish shepherds grind,
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind.
While she loves turnips, butter I 'll despise,
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potato, prize.

CUDDY

In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his knife,
The capon fat delights his dainty wife,
Pudding our Parson eats, the Squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.

[1] Queint has various significations in the ancient English authors. I have used it in this place in the same sense as Chaucer hath done in his *Miller's Tale*:

'As Clerkes been full subtil and queint'

(by which he means arch or waggish) and not in that obscen sense wherein he useth it in the line immediately following.

While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.[1]

LOBBIN CLOUT

As once I play'd at Blindman's-buff, it hapt
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt.
I miss'd the swains, and seized on Blouzelind.
True speaks that ancient proverb, Love is blind.

CUDDY

As at Hot-cockles once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown;
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

LOBBIN CLOUT

On two near elms, the slacken'd cord I hung,
Now high, now low my Blouzelinda swung.
With the rude wind her rumpled garment rose,
And show'd her taper leg and scarlet hose.

CUDDY

Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And myself poised against the tott'ring maid,
High leapt the plank; adown Buxoma fell;
I spied—but faithful sweethearts never tell.

[1] Populus Alcidæ gratissima, vitis Iaccho,
Formosæ myrtus Veneri, sua laurea Phœbo.
Phillis amat corylos. Illas dum Phillis amabit,
Nec myrtus vincet corylos, nec laurea Phœbi, etc.—VIRG.

LOBBIN CLOUT

This riddle, Cuddy, if thou can'st, explain,
This wily riddle puzzles ev'ry swain.
What flower is that which bears the Virgin's name,
The richest metal joined with the same?[1]

CUDDY

Answer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right,
I 'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight.
What flower[2] is that which royal honour craves,[3]
Adjoin the virgin, and 'tis strown on graves?

CLODDIPOLE

Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains,
An oaken staff each merits for his pains.[4]
But see the sunbeams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of goodman Hodge's barn.
Your herds for want of water stand adry,
They 're weary of your songs—and so am I.

[1] Marygold. [2] Rosemary.
[3] Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum
Nascantur flores.—VIRG.
[4] Et vitula tu dignus et hic.—VIRG.

TUESDAY

OR

THE DITTY

MARIAN

YOUNG Colin Clout, a lad of peerless meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed;
In ev'ry wood his carols sweet were known,
At * ev'ry wake his nimble feats were shown.
When in the ring the rustic routs he threw,
The damsels' pleasures with his conquests grew;
Or when aslant the cudgel threats his head,
His danger smites the breast of ev'ry maid,
But chief of Marian. Marian loved the swain,
The parson's maid, and neatest of the plain.
Marian, that soft could stroke the udder'd cow,
Or lessen with her sieve the barley mow;[1]
Marbled with sage the hard'ning cheese she press'd,
And yellow butter Marian's skill confess'd;
But Marian, now devoid of country cares,
Nor yellow butter nor sage cheese prepares.
For yearning love the witless maid employs,
And love, say swains, all busy heed destroys.
Colin makes mock at all her piteous smart,
A lass that Cic'ly hight, had won his heart,

* 1 ED. 'In.'

1 'Or with her winnow ease the barley mow.'

Cic'ly the western lass that tends the kee,[1]
The rival of the Parson's maid was she.
In dreary shade now Marian lies along,
And mixt with sighs thus wails in plaining song:

Ah! woful day! ah, woful noon and morn!
When first by thee my younglings white were shorn,
Then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,
My sheep were silly, but more silly I.
Beneath the shears they felt no lasting smart,
They lost but fleeces, while I lost a heart.

Ah, Colin! canst thou leave thy sweetheart true!
What I have done for thee will Cic'ly do?
Will she thy linen wash or hosen darn,
And knit thee gloves made of her own-spun yarn?
Will she with huswife's hand provide thy meat,
And ev'ry Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait?
Which o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,
In service-time drew Cic'ly's eyes aside.

Where-e'er I gad I cannot hide my care,
My new disasters in my look appear.
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
So thin my features that I 'm hardly known:
Our neighbours tell me oft in joking talk
Of ashes, leather, oatmeal, bran, and chalk;
Unwittingly of Marian they divine,
And wist not that with thoughtful love I pine.

[1] Kee, a west country word for kine or cows.

Yet Colin Clout, untoward shepherd swain,
Walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I plain.

Whilom with thee 'twas Marian's dear delight
To moil all day, and merry-make at night.
If in the soil you guide the crooked share,
Your early breakfast is my constant care.
And when with even hand you strow the grain,
I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.
In misling days when I my thresher heard,
With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd;
Lost in the music of the whirling flail,
To gaze on thee I left the smoking pail;
In harvest when the sun was mounted high,
My leathern bottle did thy drought supply;
When-e'er you mow'd I follow'd with the rake,
And have full oft been sunburnt for thy sake;
When in the welkin gathering showers were seen,
I lagg'd the last with Colin on the green;
And when at eve returning with thy car,
Awaiting heard the jingling bells from far;
Straight on the fire the sooty pot I plac't,
To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haste,
When hungry thou stood'st staring, like an oaf,
I sliced the luncheon from the barley loaf,
With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mess.
Ah, love me more, or love thy pottage less!

Last Friday's eve, when as the sun was set,
I, near yon stile, three sallow gypsies met.
Upon my hand they cast a poring look,
Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook;

They said that many crosses I must prove,
Some in my worldly gain, but most in love.
Next morn I miss'd three hens and our old cock,
And off the hedge two pinners and a smock.
I bore these losses with a Christian mind,
And no mishaps could feel, while thou wert kind.
But since, alas! I grew my Colin's scorn,
I've known no pleasure, night, or noon, or morn.
Help me, ye gypsies, bring him home again,
And to a constant lass give back her swain.

Have I not sat with thee full many a night,
When dying embers were our only light,
When ev'ry creature did in slumbers lie,
Besides our cat, my Colin Clout, and I?
No troublous thoughts the cat or Colin move,
While I alone am kept awake by love.

Remember, Colin, when at last year's wake,
I bought the costly present for thy sake,
Couldst thou spell o'er the posy on thy knife,
And with another change thy state of life?
If thou forgett'st, I wot, I can repeat,
My memory can tell the verse so sweet.
As this is graved upon this knife of thine,
So is thy image on this heart of mine.
But woe is me! Such presents luckless prove,
For knives, they tell me, always sever love.

Thus Marian wail'd, her eyes with tears brimful,
When Goody Dobbins brought her cow to bull.
With apron blue to dry her tears she sought,
Then saw the cow well served, and took a groat.

WEDNESDAY

OR,

THE DUMPS[1]

SPARABELLA

THE wailings of a maiden I recite,
A maiden fair, that Sparabella hight.
Such strains ne'er warble in the linnet's throat,
Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts so sweet a note.
No magpie chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
No ox was heard to low, nor ass to bray,
No rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,[2]
While thus her madrigal the damsel sung:

[1] Dumps, or Dumbs, made use of to express a fit of the Sullens. Some have pretended that it is derived from Dumops, a King of Egypt, that built a Pyramid and died of melancholy. So Mopes after the same manner is thought to have come from Merops, another Egyptian King that died of the same distemper; but our English antiquaries have conjectured that Dumps, which is a grievous heaviness of spirits, comes from the word Dumplin, the heaviest kind of pudding that is eaten in this country, much used in Norfolk, and other counties of England.

[2] Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca
Certantes quorum stupefactæ carmine lynces;
Et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus.—VIRG.

A while, O D'Urfey,* lend an ear or twain,[1]
Nor, though in homely guise, my verse disdain;
Whether thou seek'st new kingdoms in the sun,[2]
Whether thy muse does at Newmarket run,
Or does with gossips at a feast regale,
And heighten her conceits with sack and ale,
Or else at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice,
Where D'Urfey's * lyrics swell in every voice;
Yet suffer me, thou bard of wond'rous meed,[3]
Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.[4]

Now the sun drove adown the western road,
And oxen laid at rest forget the goad,
The clown fatigued trudged homeward with his spade,
Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade;
When Sparabella pensive and forlorn,
Alike with yearning love and labour worn,
Lean'd on her rake, and straight with doleful guise
Did this sad plaint in mournful notes devise:

Come night as dark as pitch surround my head,
From Sparabella Bumkinet is fled;

* 1 Ed. 'D——y.'

1 Tu mihi seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,
Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris——

2 An Opera written by this Author, called the *World in the Sun*; *or the Kingdom of Birds*; he is also famous for his Song on the *Newmarket Horse-Race*, and several others that are sung by the British swains.

3 Meed, an old word for Fame or Renown.

4 ——Hanc sine tempora circum
Inter victrices ederam tibi serpere lauros.

5 Incumbens tereti Damon sic cœpit olivæ.

The ribbon that his val'rous cudgel won,
Last Sunday happier Clumsilis put on.
Sure if he'd eyes (but Love, they say, has none)
I whilom by that ribbon had been known.
Ah, well-a-day! I'm shent[1] with baneful smart,
For with the ribbon he bestow'd his heart.
My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Shall heavy Clumsilis with me compare?
View this, ye lovers, and like me despair.[2]
Her blubber'd lip by smutty pipes is worn,
And in her breath tobacco whiffs are borne;
The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,
Her awkward fist did ne'er employ the churn;
If e'er she brew'd, the drink would straight go sour,
Before it ever felt the thunder's power:
No huswifry the dowdy creature knew;
To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.
My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

I've often seen my visage in yon lake,[3]
Nor are my features of the homeliest make.
Though Clumsilis may boast a whiter dye,
Yet the black sloe turns in my rolling eye;
And fairest blossoms drop with ev'ry blast,[4]

1 Shent, an old word signifying hurt or harmed.
2 Mopso Nisa datur, quid non speremus amantes?—VIRG.
3 Nec sum adeo informis, nuper me in littore vidi.—VIRG.
4 Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.—VIRG.

But the brown beauty will like hollies last.
Her wan complexion's like the wither'd leek,
While Katherine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.
Yet she, alas! the witless lout hath won,
And by her gain, poor Sparabell's undone!
Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite,[1]
The clucking hen make friendship with the kite,
Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose,
And join in wedlock with the waddling goose;
For love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,
The fairest shepherd weds the foullest lass.
My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,
And speckled mackerels* graze the meadows fair,
Sooner shall screech-owls bask in sunny day,
And the slow ass on trees, like squirrels, play,
Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove,
Than I forget my shepherd's wonted love.[2]
My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Ah! didst thou know what proffers I withstood,
When late I met the Squire in yonder wood!

[1] Jungentur jam gryphes equis; ævoque sequenti
Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damæ.—VIRG.

[2] Ante leves ergo pascentur in æthere cervi,
Et freta destituent nudos in littore pisces. . . .
Quam nostro illius labatur pectore vultus.—VIRG.

* 1 ED.—'Mackrel.'

To me he sped, regardless of his game,
While * all my cheek was glowing red with shame;
My lips he kiss'd, and praised my healthful look,
Then from his purse of silk a guinea took,
Into my hand he forced the tempting gold,
While I with modest struggling broke his hold.
He swore that Dick in liv'ry striped with lace,
Should wed me soon to keep me from disgrace;
But I nor footman prized nor golden fee,
For what is lace or gold compared to thee?
My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Now plain I ken[1] whence Love his rise begun.
Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son,
Bred up in shambles, where our younglings slain,
Erst taught him mischief and to sport with pain.
The father only silly sheep annoys,
The son the sillier shepherdess destroys,
Does son or father greater mischief do?
The fire is cruel, so the son is too.
My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

* 1 Ed. 'Whilst.'

1 To ken. Scire Chaucero, to Ken, and Kende notus. A.S. cunnan. Goth., Kunnan. Germanis, Kennen. Danis, Kiende. Islandis, Kunna. Belgis, Kennen. This word is of general use, but not very common, though not unknown to the vulgar. Ken for prospicere is well known and used to discover by the eye. Ray, F.R.S.

Nunc scio quid sit Amor, etc.
Crudelis mater magis at puer improbus ille
Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.—Virg.

Farewell, ye woods, ye meads, ye streams, that flow;[1]
A sudden death shall rid me of my woe.
This pen-knife keen my windpipe shall divide.
What, shall I fall as squeaking pigs have died!
No——to some tree this carcase I'll suspend.
But worrying curs find such untimely end!
I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,
That stool the dread of every scolding quean;
Yet, sure a lover should not die so mean!
There, placed aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,
Though all the parish say I've lost my wits;
And thence, if courage holds, myself I'll throw,
And quench my passion in the lake below.
Ye lasses, cease your burthen, cease to moan,
And, by my case forewarn'd, go mind your own.

The sun was set; the night came on a-pace,
And falling dews bewet around the place,
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
And the hoarse owl his woful dirges sings;
The prudent maiden deems it now too late,
And till to-morrow comes defers her fate.

[1] Vivite sylvæ.
Præceps aerii specula de montis in undas
Deferar. VIRG.

THURSDAY

OR, THE

SPELL

HOBNELIA

HOBNELIA, seated in a dreary vale,
In pensive mood rehearsed her piteous tale,
Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
And pining Echo answers groan for groan.

I rue the day, a rueful day, I trow,
The woful day, a day indeed of woe!
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight[1] he hapt to love;
The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forsakes the plains.
Return, my Lubberkin, these ditties hear;
Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

When first the year, I heard the cuckow sing,
And call with welcome note the budding spring,

[1] Dight or bedight, from the Saxon word dightan, which signifies to set in order.

I straightway set a running with such haste,
Deb'rah that won the smock scarce ran so fast.
Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
Upon a rising bank I sat adown,
Then doff'd [1] my shoe, and by my troth, I swear,
Therein I spied this yellow frizzled hair,
As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
As if upon his comely pate it grew.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

At eve last Midsummer no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought,
I scatter'd round the seed on ev'ry side,
And three times in a trembling accent cried,
This hemp-seed with my virgin hand I sow,*
Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall mow.
I straight look'd back, and if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find;
I rearly rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chased the stars away;
A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should huswives do)
Thee first I spied, and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune shall our true-love be;

[1] Doff and don, contracted from the words do off and do on.
* 1 Ed. 'Hands.'

See, Lubberkin, each bird his partner take,
And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail
That might my secret lover's name reveal;
Upon a gooseberry bush a snail I found,
For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.
I seized the vermin, home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread.
Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell,
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious L:
Oh, may this wond'rous omen lucky prove!
For L is found in Lubberkin and Love.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name.
This with the loudest bounce me sore amazed,
That in a flame of brightest colour blazed.[1]
As blazed the nut so may thy passion grow,
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.[2]
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As peascods once I pluck'd, I chanced to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three,

1 ——ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Δέλφιδι δάφναν
Αἴθω. χ' ὡς αὐτὰ λακέει μέγα καππυρίσασα.—THEOC.

2 Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide [laurum].

Which when I cropp'd I safely home convey'd,
And o'er my door the spell in secret laid.
My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;
The latch moved up, when who should first come in,
But in his proper person,—Lubberkin.
I broke my yarn surprised the sight to see,
Sure sign that he would break his word with me.
Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted sleight,
So may again his love with mine unite!

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This lady-fly I take from off the grass,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass.
Fly, Lady-Bird, North, South, or East, or West,
Fly where the Man is found that I love best.
He leaves my hand, see, to the West he 's flown,
To call my true-love from the faithless town.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground.
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This mellow pippin which I pare around,
My shepherd's name shall flourish on the ground.
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head [1]
Upon the grass a perfect L is read;
Yet on my heart a fairer L is seen
Than what the paring makes * upon the green.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

[1] Transque caput jace; ne respexeris.—VIRG.
* 1 ED. ..'Marks.'

This pippin shall another trial make,
See from the core two kernels brown I take;
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn,
And Boobyclod on t' other side is borne.
But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love 's unsound,
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last;
Oh were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee;
He wist not when the hempen string I drew,
Now mine I quickly doff of inkle blue;
Together fast I tie the garters twain,
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain.[1]
Three times a true-love's knot I tie secure,
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As I was wont, I trudged last market-day
To town, with new-laid eggs preserved in hay.
I made my market long before 'twas night,
My purse grew heavy, and my basket light.
Straight to the pothecary's shop I went,
And in love-powder all my money spent;[2]

1 Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores:
Necte, Amarylli, modo; et Veneris dic vincula necto. —VIRG.
2 Has herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena
Ipse dedit Mœris. VIRG.

Behap what will, next Sunday after prayers,
When to the ale-house Lubberkin repairs,
These golden flies into his mug I'll throw,[1]
And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,[2]
O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.
He comes, he comes, Hobnelia's not bewray'd,
Nor shall she crown'd with willow die a maid,
He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown,
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

1 ——ποτὸν κακὸν ἄριον οἰσῶ.—THEOC.
2 Nescio quid certe est, et Hylax in limine latrat.

FRIDAY

OR, THE

DIRGE[1]

BUMKINET, GRUBBINOL

BUMKINET

WHY, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistful seem?
There's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.
'Tis true, yon oaks with yellow tops appear,
And chilly blasts begin to nip the year;
From the tall elm a shower of leaves is borne,
And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn.
Yet e'en this season pleasance blithe affords,
Now the squeezed press foams with our apple hoards.
Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheery bowl,
Let cider new wash sorrow from thy soul.

GRUBBINOL

Ah, Bumkinet! since thou from hence wert gone,
From these sad plains all merriment is flown;

[1] Dirge, or Dyrge, a mournful ditty or song of lamentation over the dead; not a contraction of the Latin Dirige in the popish hymn Dirige gressus meos, as some pretend. But from the Teutonic Dyrke, Laudare, to praise and extol. Whence it is possible their Dyrke and our Dirge was a laudatory song to commemorate and applaud the dead.—COWELL'S *Interpreter*.

Should I reveal my grief 'twould spoil thy cheer,
And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

BUMKINET

Hang sorrow! Let 's to yonder hut repair,[1]
And with trim sonnets cast away our care.
'Gillian of Croydon' well thy pipe can play,
Thou sing'st most sweet, 'O'er hills and far away,'
Of 'Patient Grissel' I devise to sing,
And catches quaint shall make the valleys ring,
Come, Grubbinol, beneath this shelter come,
From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

GRUBBINOL

Yes, blithesome lad, a tale I mean to sing,
But with my woe shall distant valleys ring,
The tale shall make our kidlings droop their head,
For woe is me!—our Blouzelind is dead.

BUMKINET

Is Blouzelinda dead? farewell my glee![2]
No happiness is now reserved for me.
As the wood pigeon coos without his mate,
So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate.
Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,
The peerless maid that did all maids excel.

[1] Incipe Mopse prior, si quos aut Phyllidis ignes,
Aut Alconis habes laudes, aut jurgia Codri.

[2] Glee, Joy; from the Dutch, Glooren, to recreate.

Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
And ev'ning tears upon the grass be spread;
The rolling streams with wat'ry grief shall flow,
And winds shall moan aloud—when loud they blow.
Henceforth, as oft as autumn shall return,
The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn;
This season quite shall strip the country's pride,
For 'twas in autumn Blouzelinda died.

Where-e'er I gad, I Blouzelind shall view,
Woods, dairy, barn and mows our passion knew.
When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood.
Thither I've often been the damsel's guide,
When rotten sticks our fuel have supplied;
There I remember how her faggots large,
Were frequently these happy shoulders' charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel boughs adown,
And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown;
Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,
Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay;
Th' untoward creatures to the sty I drove,
And whistled all the way—or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie,
I shall her goodly countenance espy,
For there her goodly countenance I've seen,
Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinners clean.
Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound.
Whilome I've seen her skim the clotted cream,
And press from spongy curds the milky stream.

But now, alas! these ears shall hear no more
The whining swine surround the dairy door,
No more her care shall fill the hollow tray,
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
Lament, ye swine, in grunting spend your grief,
For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.

When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,
Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly,
The poultry there will seem around to stand,
Waiting upon her charitable hand.
No succour meet the poultry now can find,
For they, like me, have lost their Blouzelind.

Whenever by yon barley mow I pass,
Before my* eyes will trip the tidy lass.
I pitch'd the sheaves (oh could I do so now)
Which she in rows piled on the growing mow.
There every deal my heart by love was gain'd.
There the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd.
Ah, Blouzelind! that mow I ne'er shall see,
But thy memorial will revive in me.

Lament, ye fields, and rueful symptoms show,
Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;[1]
Let weeds instead of butter-flowers appear,
And meads, instead of daisies, hemlock bear;
For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread,
For Blouzelinda, blithesome maid, is dead!

* 1. Ed. 'Mine.'

[1] Pro molli viola, pro purpureo narcisso
Carduus, et spinis surgit paliurus acutis.—Virg.

Lament ye swains, and o'er her grave bemoan,
And spell ye right this verse upon her stone.[1]
Here Blouzelinda lies—Alas! alas!
Weep, shepherds—and remember flesh is grass.

GRUBBINOL

Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear,
Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear;[2]
Or winter porridge to the lab'ring youth,
Or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth;[3]
Yet Blouzelinda's name shall tune my lay,
Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.

When Blouzelind expired, the wether's bell
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell;
The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she died,
And shrilling crickets in the chimney cried;
The boding raven on her cottage sate,
And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate,
The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred,
Dropp'd on the plains that fatal instant dead;
Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spied,
Which erst I saw when goody Dobson died.

1 Et tumulum facite et tumulo superaddite carmen.
2 Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale sopor fessis in gramine: quale per æstum
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo. . . .
Nos tamen hæc quocumque modo tibi nostra vicissim
Dicemus, Daphninque tuum tollemus ad astra.—VIRG.
3 Κρέσσον μελπομένω τεῦ ἀκουέμεν ἢ μέλι λείχειν.
THEOC.

How shall I, void of tears, her death relate,
While on her darling's bed her mother sate!
These words the dying Blouzelinda spoke,
And of the dead let none the will revoke:

Mother, quoth she, let not the poultry need,
And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed,
Be these my sister's care—and ev'ry morn
Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;
The sickly calf that 's housed, be sure to tend,
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
Yet ere I die—see, mother, yonder shelf,
There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf.
Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid,
Be ten the Parson's, for my sermon paid.
The rest is yours—my spinning-wheel and rake,
Let Susan keep for her dear sister's sake;
My new straw hat that's trimly lined with green,
Let Peggy wear, for she's a damsel clean.
My leathern bottle, long in harvests tried,
Be Grubbinol's—this silver ring beside;
Three silver pennies, and a nine-pence bent,
A token kind, to Bumkinet is sent.
Thus spoke the maiden, while her mother cried,
And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she died.

To show their love, the neighbours far and near.
Follow'd with wistful look the damsel's bier.
Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,
While dismally the parson walk'd before.
Upon her grave the* rosemary they threw,
The daisy, butter-flower, and endive blue.

* 1. Ed. 'Their.'

After the good man warn'd us from his text,
That none could tell whose turn would be the next;
He said, that heaven would take her soul, no doubt,
And spoke the hour-glass in her praise—quite out.

To her sweet mem'ry flowery garlands strung,
O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung.
With wicker rods we fenced her tomb around,
To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground,
Lest her new grave the parson's cattle raze,
For both his horse and cow the churchyard graze.

Now we trudged homeward to her mother's farm,
To drink new cider mull'd, with ginger warm.
For gaffer Treadwell told us by the bye,
Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry.

While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
Or lasses with soft strokings milk the cow;
While paddling ducks the standing lake desire,
Or batt'ning hogs roll in the sinking mire;
While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise,
So long shall swains tell Blouzelinda's praise.[1]

Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,
Till bonny Susan sped across the plain;
They seized the lass in apron clean array'd,
And to the ale-house forced the willing maid;
In ale and kisses they forget their cares,
And Susan Blouzelinda's loss repairs.

[1] Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ,
Semper honos nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.

SATURDAY

OR,

THE FLIGHTS

BOWZYBEUS

SUBLIMER strains, O rustic Muse, prepare;
Forget a-while the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays,
With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.

'Twas in the season when the reaper's toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil:
Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about,
The lads with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter plough.
To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,
She feign'd her coat or garter was untied,
Whate'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen,
And merry reapers, what they list, will ween.
Soon she rose up, and cry'd with voice so shrill
That echo answer'd from the distant hill;
The youths and damsels ran to Susan's aid,
Who thought some adder had the lass dismay'd.

When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spied,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside.[1]
That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rosin'd bow torment the string;
That Bowzybeus who with finger's speed
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;
That Bowzybeus who with jocund tongue,
Ballads and roundelays and catches sung.
They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight.

Ah, Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong!
Thou shouldst have left the fair before 'twas night,
But thou sat'st toping 'till the morning light.

Cic'ly, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,
And kiss'd with smacking lip the snoring lout.
For custom says, Whoe'er this venture proves,
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.
By her example Dorcas bolder grows,
And plays a tickling straw within his nose.[2]
He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke
The sneering swains with stamm'ring speech bespoke.
To you, my lads, I 'll sing my carols o'er,[3]
As for the maids,—I 've something else in store.

1 Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant.—VIRG.
2 Sanguineis frontem moris et tempora pingit.—VIRG.
3 Carmina quæ vultis, cognoscite; carmina vobis,
Huic aliud mercedis erit. VIRG.

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,
But lads and lasses round about him throng.
Not ballad-singer placed above the crowd
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud,
Nor parish-clerk who calls the psalm so clear,
Like Bowzybeus soothes th' attentive ear.[1]

Of nature's laws his carols first begun,
Why the grave owl can never face the sun.
For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night.
How turnips hide their swelling heads below,
And how the closing coleworts upwards grow;
How Will-a-Wisp misleads night-faring clowns,
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
Of stars he told that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail.
He sung where wood-cocks in the summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed;
Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend.
Where swallows in the winter's season keep,
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep.
How nature does the puppy's eyelid close,
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose.
For huntsmen by their long experience find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind.[2]

[1] Nec tantum Phœbo gaudet Parnasia rupes,
Nec tantum Rhodope miratur et Ismarus Orphea.—VIRG.

[2] Our swain had possibly read Tusser, from whence he might have collected these philosophical observations.
Namque canebat uti magnum per inane coacta, etc.

Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose.
How pedlar's stalls with glitt'ring toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country maid.
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;
How the tight lass, knives, combs, and scissors spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
Of lott'ries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold.
The lads and lasses trudge the street * along,
And all the fair is crowded in his song.
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the vent'rous maiden swings;
Jack-pudding in his parti-colour'd jacket
Tosses the glove, and jokes at ev'ry packet.
Of raree-shows, he sung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.

Then sad he sung the Children in the Wood.
Ah, barb'rous uncle stain'd with infant blood!
How blackberries they pluck'd in deserts wild,
And fearless at the glittering falchion smiled;
Their little corps the robin-red-breasts found,
And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.
Ah, gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,
Your names shall live for ever in my song.[1]

* 1 Ed. 'Streets.'

[1] Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo.—Virg.

For buxom Joan he sung the doubtful strife,
How the sly sailor made the maid a wife.[1]

To louder strains he raised his voice, to tell
What woful wars in Chevy-Chace befell,
When Percy drove the deer with hound and horn,
Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!
Ah, With'rington, more years thy life had crown'd,
If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!
Yet shall the Squire who fought on bloody stumps,
By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.

'All in the land of Essex,' next he chaunts,[2]
How to sleek mares starch quakers turn gallants:
How the grave brother stood on bank so green.
Happy for him if mares had never been![3]

Then he was seized with a religious qualm,
And on a sudden sung the hundredth psalm.

He sung of Taffy Welsh, and Sawney Scot,
Lilly-bullero and the Irish Trot.
Why should I tell of Bateman or of Shore,[4]
Or Wantley's Dragon slain by valiant Moore,
The bower of Rosamond, or Robin Hood,
And how the grass now grows where Troy town stood.[5]

[1] A song in the comedy of *Love for Love*, beginning, 'A Soldier and a Sailor,' etc.

[2] A song of Sir J. Denham's. See his Poems.

[3] Et fortunatam si nunquam armenta fuissent Pasiphaen.

[4] Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, etc.—VIRG.

[5] Old English Ballads.

His carols ceased: the list'ning maids and swains
Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.
Sudden he rose; and as he reels along
Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.
The damsels laughing fly: the giddy clown
Again upon a wheat-sheaf drops adown;
The power that guards the drunk, his sleep attends,
'Till ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.

AN
ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE
OF
NAMES, PLANTS, FLOWERS, FRUITS, BIRDS, BEASTS, INSECTS, AND OTHER MATERIAL THINGS MENTIONED IN THESE PASTORALS.*

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† 1 ED. 'Wheat.'

TRIVIA

OR, THE ART OF WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON

Quo te Mœri pedes? An, quo via ducit, in Urbem?
VIRG.

Trivia was first published on the 26th of January 1716. It filled an octavo volume of 96 pages, and bore the following inscription upon its title-page: 'Trivia: | or, The | *Art* of *Walking* | the | Streets of London. | By Mr. *Gay*. | *Quo te Mæri pedes? An, quo via ducit in Urbem?* | Virg. | *London*: | Printed for *Bernard Lintott*, at the *Cross-Keys* | between the *Temple* Gates in *Fleet Street*.' The ordinary edition was sold to the public at one-and-sixpence, while a number of large-paper copies were subscribed for by the poet's friends and patrons at a guinea a-piece. 'I believe it may be worth 150*l.* to him in the whole,' Pope informed Caryll, in a letter dated Jan. 10, 1716 (Elwin's *Works of Pope*, vi. 237). The text here followed is that given in the quarto edition of Gay's poems (1720) in which the Cloacina episode (Book II., lines 99-220) appears for the first time. The other variations from the first form are slight, and are noted where they occur. The lines of the poem were not in the first instance numbered, Index references being made to page, and not, as in the Quarto reprint and in this, to book and line. The little side-headings, which occur only in the first edition, have here been restored. It should be explained that the spelling has now and again been slightly modernised; but, beyond this, no liberty with the text has been taken.

ADVERTISEMENT

The world, I believe, will take so little notice of me that I need not take much of it. The critics may see by this poem that I walk on foot, which probably may save me from their envy. I should be sorry to raise that passion in men whom I am so much obliged to, since they allowed me an honour hitherto only shown to better writers: that of denying me to be author of my own works. I am sensible this must be done in pure generosity; because whoever writ them, provided they did not themselves, they are still in the same condition.[1]

Gentlemen, if there be any thing in this poem good enough to displease you, and if it be any advantage to you to ascribe it to some person of greater merit, I shall acquaint you for your comfort, that among many other obligations, I owe several hints of it to Dr. Swift. And if you will so far continue your favour as to write against it, I beg you to oblige me in accepting the following motto:

——Non tu, in triviis, indocte, solebas
Stridenti miserum stipula disperdere carmen?

[1] This entence occurs in the first edition of *Trivia* only.

TRIVIA

BOOK I

OF THE IMPLEMENTS FOR WALKING THE STREETS AND SIGNS OF THE WEATHER

THROUGH winter streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night,
How jostling crowds, with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing: Thou, Trivia, Goddess, aid my song,
Thro' spacious streets conduct thy bard along;
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,
The silent court, and op'ning square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays;
For thee, the sturdy paver thumps the ground
Whilst ev'ry stroke his lab'ring lungs resound;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name,
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown;

But more, my country's love demands the lays,
My country's be the profit, mine the praise.

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And 'Clean your shoes' resounds from ev'ry voice;
When late their miry sides stage-coaches show,
And their stiff horses through the town move slow;
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster cries:
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide, Of Shoes.
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide;
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scallop'd top his step be crown'd:
Let firm, well hammer'd soles protect thy feet
Thro' freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet.
Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside:
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain;
And when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.

Nor should it prove thy less important care, Of Coats.
To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy D'oily habit fold,
The silken drugget ill can fence the cold;
The frieze's spongy nap is soak'd with rain,
And showers soon drench the camlet's cockled grain,
True Witney[1] broad-cloth with its shag unshorn,
Unpierced is in the lasting tempest worn:

[1] A town in Oxfordshire. [This note of Gay's does not find a place in the first edition.]

Be this the horseman's fence; for who would wear
Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear?
Within the Roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
Hands, that stretch'd forth invading harms prevent.
Let the loop'd Bavaroy the fop embrace,
Or his deep cloak be spatter'd o'er with lace.
That garment best the winter's rage defends,
Whose shapeless form in ample plaits depends;
By[1] various names in various counties known,
Yet held in all the true Surtout alone;
Be thine of Kersey firm, though small the cost,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost.

Of Canes.

If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command;
Ev'n sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches stop to make thee way:
This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
Let beaus their canes with amber tipp'd produce,
Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
And lazily insure a life disease;
While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
To Court, to White's,[2] Assemblies, or the Play;
Rosy-complexion'd health thy steps attends,
And exercise thy lasting youth defends.
Imprudent men heaven's choicest gifts profane.
Thus some beneath their arm support the cane;

[1] A Joseph, a Wrap-rascal, etc.—G.
[2] White's Chocolate-house in St. James's Street.— G.

The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,
And miry spots the clean cravat disgrace:
O! may I never such misfortune meet,
May no such vicious walkers crowd the street,
May Providence o'er-shade me with her wings,
While the bold Muse experienced dangers sings.

Not that I wander from my native home,
And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.
Let Paris be the theme of Gallia's muse,
Where slav'ry treads the street in wooden shoes;
Nor do I rove in Belgia's frozen clime,
And teach the clumsy boor to skate in rhyme,
Where, if the warmer clouds in rain descend,
No miry ways industrious steps offend,
The rushing flood from sloping pavements pours,
And blackens the canals with dirty showers.
Let others Naples' smoother streets rehearse,
And with proud Roman structures grace their verse,
Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,
And blood in purple torrents dyes the stones;
Nor shall the Muse thro' narrow Venice stray,
Where gondolas their painted oars display.
O happy streets, to rumbling wheels unknown,
No carts, no coaches shake the floating town!
Thus was of old Britannia's city bless'd,
Ere pride and luxury her sons possess'd:
Coaches and chariots yet unfashion'd lay,
Nor late invented chairs perplex'd the way:
Then the proud lady tripp'd along the town,
And tuck'd up petticoats secured her gown,

Her rosy cheek with distant visits glow'd,
And exercise unartful charms bestow'd;
But since in braided gold her foot is bound,
And a long trailing manteau sweeps the ground,
Her shoe disdains the street; the lazy fair
With narrow step affects a limping air.
Now gaudy pride corrupts the lavish age,
And the streets flame with glaring equipage;
The tricking gamester insolently rides,
With Loves and Graces on his chariot's sides;
In saucy state the griping broker sits,
And laughs at honesty, and trudging wits:
For you, O honest men, these useful lays
The muse prepares; I seek no other praise.

Of the Weather.

When sleep is first disturb'd by morning cries;
From sure prognostics learn to know the skies,
Lest you of rheums and coughs at night complain,
Surprised in dreary fogs or driving rain.
When suffocating mists obscure the morn,
Let thy worst wig, long used to storms, be worn;
This knows the powder'd footman, and with care,
Beneath his flapping hat secures his hair.
Be thou, for every season, justly dress'd,
Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast;
And when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,
Let thy Surtout defend the drenching shower.

Signs of Cold Weather.

The changing weather certain signs reveal.
Ere winter sheds her snow, or frosts congeal,
You 'll see the coals in brighter flame aspire,
And sulphur tinge with blue the rising fire:

Your tender shins the scorching heat decline,
And at the dearth of coals the poor repine;
Before her kitchen hearth, the nodding dame
In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame;
Hov'ring, upon her feeble knees she bends,
And all around the grateful warmth ascends.

Signs of Fair Weather.

Nor do less certain signs the town advise,
Of milder weather, and serener skies.
The ladies gaily dress'd, the Mall adorn
With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn;
The wanton fawns with frisking pleasure range,
And chirping sparrows greet the welcome change:
Not that their minds with greater skill are fraught,
Endued by instinct, or by reason taught,[1]
The seasons operate on ev'ry breast;
'Tis hence that fawns are brisk, and ladies dress'd.
When on his box the nodding coachman snores,
And dreams of fancied fares; when tavern-doors
The chairmen idly crowd; then ne'er refuse
To trust thy busy steps in thinner shoes.

Signs of Rainy Weather.

But when the swinging signs your ears offend
With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend;
Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,
And rush in muddy torrents to the Thames.
The bookseller, whose shop 's an open square,

1 Haud equidem credo quia sit divinitus illis,
Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major.—VIRG. *Georg.* I.
[This note of Gay's does not appear in the first edition of the poem.]

Foresees the tempest, and with early care
Of learning strips the rails; the rowing crew,
To tempt a fare, clothe all their tilts in blue:
On hosiers poles depending stockings tied,
Flag with the slacken'd gale, from side to side;
Church-monuments foretell the changing air;
Then Niobe dissolves into a tear,
And sweats with secret grief: you'll hear the sounds
Of whistling winds, ere kennels break their bounds;
Ungrateful odours common-shores diffuse,
And dropping vaults distil unwholesome dews,
Ere the tiles rattle with the smoking shower,
And spouts on heedless men their torrents pour.

Superstition to be avoided.

All superstition from thy breast repel.
Let cred'lous boys, and prattling nurses tell,
How, if the festival of Paul be clear,
Plenty from lib'ral horn shall strow the year;
When the dark skies dissolve in snow or rain,
The lab'ring hind shall yoke the steer in vain;
But if the threat'ning winds in tempests roar,
Then war shall bathe her wasteful sword in gore.
How, if on Swithin's feast the welkin lowers,
And ev'ry penthouse streams with hasty showers,
Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,
And wash the pavements with incessant rain.
Let not such vulgar tales debase thy mind;
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind

If you the precepts of the Muse despise,
And slight the faithful warning of the skies,

Others you 'll see, when all the town 's afloat,
Wrapt in th' embraces of a kersey coat,
Or double-button'd frieze ; their guarded feet
Defy the muddy dangers of the street,
While you with hat unloop'd, the fury dread
Of spouts high streaming, and with cautious tread
Shun ev'ry dashing pool ; or idly stop,
To seek the kind protection of a shop.
But bus'ness summons ; now with hasty scud
You jostle for the wall ; the spatter'd mud
Hides all thy hose behind ; in vain you scower,
Thy wig, alas ! uncurl'd, admits the shower,
So fierce Alecto's snaky tresses fell,
When Orpheus charm'd the rig'rous powers of hell,
Or thus hung Glaucus' beard, with briny dew,
Clotted and straight, when first his am'rous view
Surprised the bathing fair ; the frighted maid
Now stands a rock, transform'd by Circe's aid.

Implements proper for Female Walkers.

Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise :
Or underneath th' umbrella's oily shed,
Safe thro' the wet on clinking pattens tread.
Let Persian dames th' umbrella's ribs display,
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray ;
Or sweating slaves support the shady load,
When eastern Monarchs show their state abroad ;
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly showers the walking maid.
But, O ! forget not, Muse, the patten's praise,
That female implement shall grace thy lays ;

Say from what art divine th' invention came,
And from its origin deduce the name.

An episode of the Invention of Pattens.

Where Lincoln wide extends her fenny soil,
A goodly yeoman lived grown white with toil;
One only daughter blest his nuptial bed,
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed:
Martha (her careful mother's name) she bore,
But now her careful mother was no more.
Whilst on her father's knee the damsel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the smiling maid;
As years increased, her ruddy beauty grew,
And Patty's fame o'er all the village flew.

Soon as the grey-eyed morning streaks the skies,*
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears,
And singing to the distant field repairs:
And when the plains with ev'ning dews are spread,
The milky burthen smokes upon her head.
Deep, thro' a miry lane she pick'd her way,
Above her ankle rose the chalky clay.

Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden spies,
With innocence and beauty in her eyes,
He saw, he loved; for yet he ne'er had known
Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.
Ah, Mulciber! recall thy nuptial vows,
Think on the graces of thy Paphian spouse,

* 1 Ed. 'Soon as the blushing morning warms the skies.'

Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,
And canst thou leave her bed for Patty's arms?

The Lemnian Power forsakes the realms above,
His bosom glowing with terrestrial love:
Far in the lane a lonely hut he found,
No tenant ventured on th' unwholesome ground.
Here smokes his forge, he bares his sinewy arm,
And early strokes the sounding anvil warm:
Around his shop the steely sparkles flew,
As for the steed he shaped the bending shoe.

When blue-eyed Patty near his window came,
His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame.
To hear his soothing tales she feigns delays;
What woman can resist the force of praise?

At first she coyly ev'ry kiss withstood,
And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood:
With headless nails he now surrounds her shoes,
To save her steps from rains and piercing dews;
She liked his soothing tales, his presents wore,
And granted kisses, but would grant no more.
Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,
And on her cheek the fading rose declines;
No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,
And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost.

This Vulcan saw, and in his heav'nly thought,
A new machine mechanic fancy wrought,
Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,
And bear her safely through the wintry ways.

Straight the new engine on his anvil glows,
And the pale virgin on the patten rose.
No more her lungs are shook with dropping rheums,
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.
The God obtain'd his suit; though flatt'ry fail,
Presents with female virtue must prevail.
The patten now supports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-eyed Patty takes the name.

BOOK II

OF WALKING THE STREETS BY DAY

THUS far the Muse has traced in useful lays,
The proper implements for wintry ways;
Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes,
To read the various warnings of the skies.
Now venture, Muse, from home to range the town,
And for the public safety risk thy own.

The Morning.

For ease and for dispatch the morning 's best;
No tides of passengers the street molest.
You'll see a draggled damsel here and there,
From Billingsgate her fishy traffic bear;
On doors the sallow milk-maid chalks her gains;
Ah! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains!
Before proud gates attending asses bray,
Or arrogate with solemn pace the way;

These grave physicians with their milky cheer,
The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair;
Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
And with their vellum thunder shake the pile,
To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like these
The proper prelude to a state of peace?
Now industry awakes her busy sons,
Full charged with news the breathless hawker runs:
Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,
And all the streets with passing cries resound.

What Trades prejudicial to Walkers

If clothed in black, you tread the busy town,
Or if distinguish'd by the rev'rend gown,
Three trades avoid; oft in the mingling press,
The barber's apron soils the sable dress;
Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,
Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh:
Ye walkers too that youthful colours wear,
Three sullying trades avoid with equal care;
The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,
And marks with sooty stains the heedless throng;
When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat,
From smutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat:
The dust-man's cart offends thy clothes and eyes,
When through the street a cloud of ashes flies;
But whether black or lighter dyes are worn,
The chandler's basket, on his shoulder borne,
With tallow spots thy coat; resign the way,
To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray,
Butcher's, whose hands are dyed with blood's foul stain,
And always foremost in the hangman's train.

To whom to give the wall.

Let due civilities be strictly paid.
The wall surrender to the hooded maid;
Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage
Jostle the feeble steps of trembling age:
And when the porter bends beneath his load,
And pants for breath; clear thou the crowded road.
But, above all, the groping blind direct,
And from the pressing throng the lame protect.
You'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,
Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head,
At ev'ry step he dreads the wall to lose,
And risks, to save a coach, his red-heel'd shoes,
Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,
Lest from his shoulder clouds of powder fly.

To whom to refuse the wall.

But when the bully, with assuming pace,
Cocks his broad hat, edged round with tarnish'd lace,
Yield not the way; defy his strutting pride,
And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side;
He never turns again, nor dares oppose,
But mutters coward curses as he goes.

Of whom to inquire the way.

If drawn by bus'ness to a street unknown,
Let the sworn porter point thee through the town;
Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain,
Like faithful land-marks to the walking train.
Seek not from prentices to learn the way,
Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray;
Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right,
He ne'er deceives, but when he profits by 't.

Where famed St. Giles's ancient limits spread,
An inrail'd column rears its lofty head,

Here to sev'n streets sev'n dials count the day,
And from each other catch the circling ray,
Here oft the peasant, with inquiring face,
Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place;
He dwells on ev'ry sign with stupid gaze,
Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze,
Tries ev'ry winding court and street in vain,
And doubles o'er his weary steps again.
Thus hardy Theseus with intrepid feet,
Traversed the dang'rous labyrinth of Crete:
But still the wand'ring passes forced his stay,
Till Ariadne's clue unwinds the way.
But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide
Thy vent'rous footsteps to a female guide:
She 'll lead thee with delusive smiles along,
Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng.

Useful Precepts.

When waggish boys the stunted besom ply
To rid the slabby pavement; pass not by
Ere thou hast held their hands: some heedless flirt
Will over-spread thy calves with spatt'ring dirt.
Where porters hogsheads roll from carts aslope,
Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope,
Where counted billets are by carmen toss'd,
Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post.

What though the gath'ring mire thy feet besmear,[1]
The voice of industry is always near.
Hark! the boy calls thee to his destined stand,
And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.
Here let the Muse, fatigued amid the throng,
Adorn her precepts with digressive song;

[1] Lines 99-220 do not occur in the first edition of *Trivia*.

Of shirtless youths the secret rise to trace,
And show the parent of the sable race.

Like mortal man, great Jove (grown fond of change)
Of old was wont this nether world to range
To seek amours; the vice the monarch loved
Soon through the wide ethereal court improved,
And ev'n the proudest Goddess now and then
Would lodge a night among the sons of men;
To vulgar deities descends the fashion,
Each, like her betters, had her earthly passion.
Then Cloacina [1] (Goddess of the tide
Whose sable streams beneath the city glide)
Indulged the modish flame; the town she roved,
A mortal scavenger she saw, she loved;
The muddy spots that dried upon his face,
Like female patches, heighten'd ev'ry grace:
She gazed; she sigh'd. For love can beauties spy
In what seems faults to every common eye.

Now had the watchman walk'd his second round;
When Cloacina hears the rumbling sound
Of her brown lover's cart, for well she knows
That pleasing thunder: swift the Goddess rose,
And through the streets pursued the distant noise,
Her bosom panting with expected joys.

[1] Cloacina was a Goddess whose image Tatius (a king of the Sabines) found in the common shore, and not knowing what Goddess it was, he called it Cloacina, from the place in which it was found, and paid to it divine honours. *Lactant.* 1, 20. *Minut. Fel. Oct.* p. 232.—G.

With the night-wand'ring harlot's airs she past,
Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast ;
In the black form of cinder-wench she came,
When love, the hour, the place had banish'd shame ;
To the dark alley arm in arm they move :
O may no link-boy interrupt their love !

When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her space,
The pregnant Goddess (cautious of disgrace)
Descends to earth ; but sought no midwife's aid,
Nor midst her anguish to Lucina pray'd ;
No cheerful gossip wish'd the mother joy,
Alone, beneath a bulk she dropp'd the boy.

The child through various risks in years improved,
At first a beggar's brat, compassion moved ;
His infant tongue soon learnt the canting art,
Knew all the pray'rs and whines to touch the heart.

Oh happy unown'd youths, your limbs can bear
The scorching dog-star, and the winter's air,
While the rich infant, nursed with care and pain,
Thirsts with each heat, and coughs with ev'ry rain !

The Goddess long had mark'd the child's distress,
And long had sought his suff'rings to redress ;
She prays the Gods to take the fondling's part,
To teach his hands some beneficial art
Practised in streets : the Gods her suit allow'd,
And made him useful to the walking crowd,
To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe
With nimble skill the glossy black renew.

Each Power contributes to relieve the poor:
With the strong bristles of the mighty boar
Diana forms his brush; the god of day
A tripod gives, amid the crowded way
To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil;
Kind Neptune fills his vase with fetid oil
Press'd from th' enormous whale; the god of fire,
From whose dominions smoky clouds aspire,
Among these gen'rous presents joins his part,
And aids with soot the new japanning art.
Pleased she receives the gifts; she downward glides,
Lights in Fleet-ditch, and shoots beneath the tides.

Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,
Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes,
Then leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood,
And view'd below the black canal of mud,
Where common-shores a lulling murmur keep,
Whose torrents rush from Holborn's fatal steep:
Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace,
Which eased his loaded heart, and wash'd his face;
At length he sighing cried; That boy was blest,
Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast;
But happier far are those (if such be known)
Whom both a father and a mother own:
But I, alas! hard fortune's utmost scorn,
Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born!
Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
Beloved by uncles, and kind good old aunts;
When time comes round, a Christmas-box they bear,
And one day makes them rich for all the year.

Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,
Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd,
For lesser boys can drive; I thirsty stand
And see the double flagon charge their hand,
See them puff off the froth, and gulp amain,
While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain.

While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide
In widen'd circles beats on either side;
The Goddess rose amid the inmost round,
With wither'd turnip-tops her temples crown'd;
Low reach'd her dripping tresses, lank, and black
As the smooth jet, or glossy raven's back;
Around her waist a circling eel was twined,
Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind.
Now beck'ning to the boy; she thus begun:
Thy prayers are granted; weep no more, my son:
Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand,
This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand,
Temper the foot within this vase of oil,
And let thy little tripod aid thy toil;
On this methinks I see the walking crew
At thy request support the miry shoe,
The foot grows black that was with dirt imbrown'd,
And in thy pocket jingling halfpence sound.
The Goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
And dashes all around her showers of mud:
The youth straight chose his post; the labour ply'd
Where branching streets from Charing Cross divide;
His treble voice resounds along the Meuse,
And Whitehall echoes—Clean your Honour's shoes.

Like the sweet ballad, this amusing lay,
Too long detains the walker on his way;
While he attends, new dangers round him throng;
The busy city asks instructive song.

Where elevated o'er the gaping crowd,
Clasp'd in the board the perjured head is bow'd,
Betimes retreat; here, thick as hailstones pour,
Turnips, and half-hatch'd eggs (a mingled shower)
Among the rabble rain: some random throw
May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.

Of narrow Streets.

Though expedition bids, yet never stray
Where no ranged posts defend the rugged way.
Here laden carts with thund'ring waggons meet,
Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow street:
The lashing whip resounds, the horses strain,
And blood in anguish bursts the swelling vein.
O barb'rous men, your cruel breasts assuage,
Why vent ye on the gen'rous steed your rage?
Does not his service earn your daily bread?
Your wives, your children, by his labours fed!
If, as the Samian taught, the soul revives,
And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives:
Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,
Doom'd in a hackney horse the town to range!
Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load shall draw
Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.

The most inconvenient streets to Walkers.

Who would of Watling Street the dangers share,
When the broad pavement of Cheapside is near?

Or who that rugged street[1] would traverse o'er,
That stretches, O Fleet-ditch, from thy black shore
To the Tower's moated walls? Here steams ascend
That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled nose offend.
Where chandlers cauldrons boil; where fishy prey
Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea;
And where the cleaver chops the heifers spoil,
And where huge hogsheads sweat with trainy oil,
Thy breathing nostril hold; but how shall I
Pass, where in piles Cornavian[2] cheeses lie;
Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies,
And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain rise.

The Pell-Mell celebrated.

O bear me to the paths of fair Pell-mell,
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell!
At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach;
No lets would bar thy ways were chairs denied
The soft supports of laziness and pride;
Shops breathe perfumes, thro' sashes ribbons glow,
The mutual arms of ladies, and the beau.
Yet still ev'n here, when rains the passage hide,
Oft the loose stone spirts up a muddy tide
Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,
Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly;
Mortar, and crumbled lime in showers descend,
And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend.

The Pleasure of walking through an Alley.

But sometimes let me leave the noisy roads,
And silent wander in the close abodes

[1] Thames Street.—G. [2] Cheshire, anciently so called.—G.

Where wheels ne'er shake the ground; there pensive stray,
In studious thought, the long uncrowded way.
Here I remark each walker's diff'rent face,
And in their look their various bus'ness trace.
The broker here his spacious beaver wears,
Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares;
Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)
He seeks bye streets, and saves th' expensive coach,
Soft, at low doors, old letchers tap their cane,
For fair recluse, who * travels Drury Lane;
Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun
His Fleet Street draper's everlasting dun.

Inconveniences that attend those who are unacquainted with the Town.

Careful observers, studious of the town,
Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown;
Untempted, they contemn the juggler's feats,
Pass by the Meuse, nor try the thimble's[2] cheats.
When drays bound high, they never cross behind,
Where bubbling yeast is blown by gusts of wind:
And when up Ludgate Hill huge carts move slow,
Far from the straining steeds securely go,
Whose dashing hoofs behind them fling the mire,
And mark with muddy blots the gazing squire.
The Parthian thus his jav'lin backward throws,
And as he flies infests pursuing foes.

The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits pay,
Who 'gainst the sentry's box discharge their tea.

* 1 Ed. 'That.'

[1] A cheat commonly practised in the streets with three thimbles and a little ball.—G.

Do thou some court, or secret corner seek,
Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's cheek.

Precepts vulgarly known.

Yet let me not descend to trivial song,
Nor vulgar circumstance my verse prolong;
Why should I teach the maid when torrents pour,
Her head to shelter from the sudden shower?
Nature will best her ready hand inform,
With her spread petticoat to fence the storm.
Does not each walker know the warning sign,
When wisps of straw depend upon the twine
Cross the close street; that then the paver's art
Renews the ways, denied to coach and cart?
Who knows not that the coachman lashing by,
Oft with his flourish cuts the heedless eye;
And when he takes his stand, to wait a fare,
His horses' foreheads shun the winter's air?
Nor will I roam where summer's sultry rays
Parch the dry ground, and spread with dust the ways;
With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,
Smoke o'er the pavement, and involve the skies.

Frosty Weather.

Winter my theme confines; whose nitry wind
Shall crust the slabby mire, and kennels bind;
She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,
And in her hoary mantle clothe the streets.
Let not the virgin tread these slipp'ry roads,
The gath'ring fleece the hollow patten loads;
But if thy footsteps slide with clotted frost,
Strike off the breaking balls against the post.
On silent wheel the passing coaches roll;
Oft look behind, and ward the threat'ning pole.

In harden'd orbs the school-boy moulds the snow,
To mark the coachman with a dext'rous throw.
Why do ye, boys, the kennel's surface spread,
To tempt with faithless pass the matron's tread?
How can ye laugh to see the damsel spurn,
Sink in your frauds and her green stocking mourn?
At White's the harness'd chairman idly stands,
And swings around his waist his tingling hands:
The sempstress speeds to Change with red-tipt nose;
The Belgian stove beneath her footstool glows;
In half-whipt muslin needles useless lie,
And shuttle-cocks across the counter fly.
These sports warm harmless; why then will ye prove
Deluded maids, the dang'rous flame of love?

The Dangers of Football.

Where Covent-Garden's famous temple stands,
That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands;
Columns with plain magnificence appear,
And graceful porches lead along the square:
Here oft my course I bend, when lo! from far,
I spy the furies of the foot-ball war:
The 'prentice quits his shop, to join the crew,
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue.
Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,
The gath'ring globe augments with every round.
But whither shall I run? the throng draws nigh,
The ball now skims the street, now soars on high;
The dext'rous glazier strong returns the bound,
And jingling sashes on the pent-house sound.

An Episode of the great Frost.

O roving Muse, recall that wond'rous year,
When winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air;

When hoary Thames, with frosted osiers crown'd,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound.
The waterman, forlorn along the shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar,
Sees harness'd steeds desert the stony town,
And wander roads unstable, not their own:
Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide,
And rase with whiten'd tracks the slipp'ry tide.
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire.
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear,
And num'rous games proclaim the crowded fair.
So when a general bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain;
Thick rising tents a canvas city build,
And the loud dice resound thro' all the field.

'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate:
Let* elegiac lay the woe relate,
Soft as the breath of distant flutes, at hours
When silent evening closes up the flowers;
Lulling as falling water's hollow noise;
Indulging grief, like Philomela's voice.

Doll every day had walk'd these treach'rous roads;
Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit; she now a basket bore,
That head, alas! shall basket bear no more.
Each booth she frequent past, in quest of gain,
And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.

* 1 Ed. 'In.

Ah Doll! all mortals must resign their breath,
And industry itself submit to death!
The cracking crystal yields, she sinks, she dies,
Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies;
Pippins she cried, but death her voice confounds,
And pip-pip-pip along the ice resounds.
So when the Thracian furies Orpheus tore,
And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
His sever'd head floats down the silver tide,
His yet warm tongue for his lost consort cried;
Eurydice with quiv'ring voice he mourn'd,
And Heber's banks Eurydice return'd.

A Thaw.

But now the western gale the flood unbinds,
And black'ning clouds move on with warmer winds.
The wooden town its frail foundation leaves,
And Thames' full urn rolls down his plenteous waves;
From ev'ry penthouse streams the fleeting snow,
And with dissolving frost the pavements flow.

How to know the Days of the Week.

Experienced men, inured to city ways,
Need not the Calendar to count their days.
When through the town with slow and solemn air,
Led by the nostril, walks the muzzled bear;
Behind him moves majestically dull,
The pride of Hockley-hole, the surly bull;
Learn hence the periods of the week to name,
Mondays and Thursdays are the days of game.

When fishy stalls with double store are laid;
The golden-bellied carp, the broad-finn'd maid,

Red-speckled trouts, the salmon's silver jowl,
The jointed lobster, and unscaly sole,
And lucious 'scallops to allure the tastes
Of rigid zealots to delicious fasts;
Wednesdays and Fridays you 'll observe from hence,
Days, when our sires were doom'd to abstinence.

When dirty waters from balconies drop,
And dext'rous damsels twirl the sprinkling mop,
And cleanse the spatter'd sash, and scrub the stairs;
Know Saturday's conclusive morn appears.

Remarks on the Cries of the Town.

Successive cries the seasons' change declare,
And mark the monthly progress of the year.
Hark, how the streets with treble voices ring,
To sell the bounteous product of the spring!
Sweet-smelling flowers, and elders early bud,
With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood:
And when June's thunder cools the sultry skies,
Ev'n Sundays are profaned by mackerel cries.

Walnuts the fruit'rer's hand, in autumn, stain,
Blue plums and juicy pears augment his gain;
Next oranges the longing boys entice,
To trust their copper fortunes to the dice.

Of Christmas.

When rosemary, and bays, the poet's crown,
Are bawl'd in frequent cries through all the town:
Then judge the festival of Christmas near,
Christmas the joyous period of the year.
Now with bright holly all your temples strow,
With laurel green, and sacred misletoe.

Now, heav'n-born Charity, thy blessings shed ;
Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly head :
Bid shiv'ring limbs be warm ; let plenty's bowl
In humble roofs make glad the needy soul.
See, see, the heav'n-born maid her blessings shed ;
Lo ! meagre Want uprears her sickly head ;
Clothed are the naked, and the needy glad,
While selfish Avarice alone is sad.

Precepts of Charity.

Proud coaches pass regardless of the moan
Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan ;
While Charity still moves the walker's mind,
His lib'ral purse relieves the lame and blind.
Judiciously thy half-pence are bestow'd,
Where the laborious beggar sweeps the road.
Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,
Nor let old age long stretch his palsied hand,
Those who give late, are importuned each day,
And still are teased because they still delay.
If e'er the miser durst his farthings spare,
He thinly spreads them through the public square,
Where, all beside the rail, ranged beggars lie,
And from each other catch the doleful cry ;
With heav'n, for two-pence, cheaply wipes his score,
Lifts up his eyes, and hastes to beggar more.

Where the brass-knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand ;
Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
Waits with impatience for the dying breath ;
As vultures o'er a camp, with hov'ring flight,
Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.

Here canst thou pass, unmindful of a prayer,
That heav'n in mercy may thy brother spare?

Come, F——, sincere, experienced friend,
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and ev'n thy fees suspend;
Come let us leave the Temple's silent walls,
Me bus'ness to my distant lodging calls:
Through the long Strand together let us stray:
With thee conversing I forget the way.
Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
Whose building to the slimy shore extends;
Here Arundel's famed structure rear'd its frame,
The street alone retains an empty name:
Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warm'd,
And Raphael's fair design, with judgment, charm'd,
Now hangs the bell-man's song, and pasted here
The colour'd prints of Overton appear.
Where statues breathed, the work of Phīdias hands,
A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house stands.
There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers', now no more.
Yet Burlington's fair palace still remains;
Beauty within, without proportion reigns.
Beneath his eye declining art revives,
The wall with animated picture lives;
There Handel strikes the strings, the melting strain
Transports the soul, and thrills through ev'ry vein;
There oft I enter (but with cleaner shoes),
For Burlington 's beloved by ev'ry Muse.

The Happiness of Walkers.

O ye associate walkers, O my friends,
Upon your state what happiness attends!

What, tho no coach to frequent visit rolls,
Nor for your shilling chairmen sling their poles;
Yet still your nerves rheumatic pains defy,
Nor lazy jaundice dulls your saffron eye;
No wasting cough discharges sounds of death,
Nor wheezing asthma heaves in vain for breath;
Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan
Of burning gout, or sedentary stone.
Let others in the jolting coach confide,
Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide;
Or, box'd within the chair, contemn the street,
And trust their safety to another's feet,
Still let me walk; for oft the sudden gale
Ruffles the tide, and shifts the dangerous sail.
Then shall the passenger too late deplore
The whelming billow, and the faithless oar;
The drunken chairman in the kennel spurns,
The glasses shatters, and his charge o'erturns.
Who can recount the coach's various harms,
The legs disjointed, and the broken arms?

I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour,
When o'er the stones choked kennels swell the shower,
In gilded chariot loll; he with disdain
Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain;
With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near,
Now rule thy prancing steeds, laced charioteer!
The dust-man lashes on with spiteful rage,
His pond'rous spokes thy painted wheel engage,
Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,
The slabby pavement crystal fragments strow,

Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat disgrace,
And mud enwraps the honours of his face.
So when dread Jove the son of Phœbus hurl'd,
Scarr'd with dark thunder, to the nether world;
The headstrong coursers tore the silver reins,
And the sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

If the pale walker pant with weak'ning ills,
His sickly hand is stored with friendly bills:
From hence he learns the seventh-born doctor's fame,
From hence he learns the cheapest tailor's name.

Shall the large mutton smoke upon your boards?
Such, Newgate's copious market best affords.
Would'st thou with mighty beef augment thy meal?
Seek Leaden-hall; St. James's sends thee veal;
Thames-street gives cheeses; Covent-garden fruits;
Moor-fields old books; and Monmouth-street old suits.
Hence may'st thou well supply the wants of life,
Support thy family, and clothe thy wife.

Volumes on shelter'd stalls expanded lie,
And various science lures the learned eye;
The bending shelves, with pond'rous scholiasts groan,
And deep divines to modern shops unknown:
Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing
Collects the various odours of the spring,
Walkers, at leisure, learning's flowers may spoil,
Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil,

May morals snatch from Plutarch's tatter'd page,
A mildew'd Bacon, or Stagira's sage.
Here saunt'ring 'prentices o'er Otway weep,
O'er Congreve smile, or over D * * sleep;
Pleased sempstresses the Lock's famed Rape unfold,
And [1] Squirts read Garth, 'till apozems grow cold.

O Lintot, let my labours obvious lie,
Ranged on thy stall, for ev'ry curious eye;
So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,
And to my verse their future safeties owe.

What walker shall his mean ambition fix
On the false lustre of a coach and six?
Let the vain virgin, lured by glaring show,
Sigh for the liv'ries of th' embroider'd beau.

See yon bright chariot on its harness swing,
With Flanders mares, and on an arched spring,
That wretch to gain an equipage and place,
Betray'd his sister to a lewd embrace.
This coach that with the blazon'd 'scutcheon glows,
Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb shows.
Here the bribed lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps;
The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps;
There flames a fool, begirt with tinsell'd slaves,
Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves.

[1] The name of an Apothecary's boy, in the Poem of the Dispensary. [According to the note which Gay wrote for the first edition, 'an Apothecary.'

That other, with a clust'ring train behind,
Owes his new honours to a sordid mind.
This next in court-fidelity excels,
The public rifles, and his country sells.
May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchased at so mean, so dear a rate;
O rather give me sweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtue, and a good surtout!

BOOK III

OF WALKING THE STREETS BY NIGHT

O TRIVIA Goddess, leave these low abodes,
And traverse o'er the wide ethereal roads,
Celestial Queen, put on thy robes of light,
Now Cynthia named, fair regent of the Night.
At sight of thee the villain sheaths his sword,
Nor scales the wall, to steal the wealthy hoard.
O may thy silver lamp from * heav'n's high bower
Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour!

The Evening.

When night first bids the twinkling stars appear,
Or with her cloudy vest inwraps the air,
Then swarms the busy street; with caution tread,
Where the shop-windows falling threat thy head;

* 1 ED. 'In.'

Now lab'rers home return, and join their strength
To bear the tott'ring plank, or ladder's length;
Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng,
And as the passes open, wind along.

Of the Pass of St. Clements.

Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand;
Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;
Where not a post protects the narrow space;
And strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds
Drag the black load; another cart succeeds,
Team follows team, crowds heap'd on crowds appear,
And wait impatient, 'till the road grow clear.
Now all the pavement sounds with trampling feet,
And the mixt hurry barricades the street,
Entangled here, the waggon's lengthen'd team
Cracks * the tough harness: here a pond'rous beam
Lies overturn'd athwart; for slaughter fed
Here lowing bullocks raise their horned head.
Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar,
And the smart blow provokes the sturdy war;
From the high box they whirl the thong around,
And with the twining lash their shins resound:
Their rage ferments, more dang'rous wounds they try,
And the blood gushes down their painful eye,
And now on foot the frowning warriors light,
And with their pond'rous fists renew the fight;

* 1 Ed. 'Crack.'

Blow answers blow, their cheeks are smear'd with blood,
Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.
So when two boars, in wild Ytene[1] bred,
Or on Westphalia's fatt'ning chestnuts fed,
Gnash their sharp tusks, and roused with equal fire,
Dispute the reign of some luxurious mire;
In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,
Till their arm'd jaws distil with foam and gore.

Of Pick-pockets.

Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
Nor idly mingle in the noisy throng.
Lured by the silver hilt, amid the swarm,
The subtil artist will thy side disarm.
Nor is thy flaxen wig with safety worn;
High on the shoulder in a basket borne
Lurks the sly boy; whose hand to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honours of thy * head.
Here dives the skulking thief, with practised sleight,
And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light.
Where 's now thy watch, with all its trinkets, flown?
And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.
But lo! his bolder thefts some tradesman spies,
Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher flies;
Dext'rous he 'scapes the coach with nimble bounds,
Whilst ev'ry honest tongue 'stop thief' resounds.
So speeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,
Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care;

[1] New Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called.—G.

* 1 Ed. 'The.'

Hounds following hounds, grow louder as he flies,
And injured tenants join the hunter's cries.
Breathless he stumbling falls: Ill-fated boy!
Why did not honest work thy youth employ?
Seized by rough hands, he's dragg'd amid the rout,
And stretch'd beneath the pump's incessant spout:
Or plunged in miry ponds, he gasping lies,
Mud chokes his mouth, and plasters o'er his eyes.

Of Ballad-Singers.

Let not the ballad-singer's shrilling strain
Amid the swarm thy list'ning ear detain:
Guard well thy pocket; for these Sirens stand,
To aid the labours of the diving hand;
Confed'rate in the cheat, they draw the throng,
And cambric handkerchiefs reward the song.
But soon as coach or cart drives rattling on,
The rabble part, in shoals they backward run.
So Jove's loud bolts the mingled war divide,
And Greece and Troy retreat on either side.

Of walking with a Friend.

If the rude throng pour on with furious pace,
And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace,
Stop short; nor struggle through the crowd in vain,
But watch with careful eye the passing train.
Yet I (perhaps too fond) if chance the tide
Tumultuous, bear * my partner from my side,
Impatient venture back; despising harm,
I force my passage where the thickest swarm.
Thus his lost bride the Trojan sought in vain
Through night, and arms, and flames, and hills of slain.

* 1 Ed. 'Bears.'

Thus Nisus wander'd o'er the pathless grove,
To find the brave companion of his love,
The pathless grove in vain he wanders o'er;
Euryalus, alas! is now no more.

Of inadvertent Walkers.

That walker, who regardless of his pace,
Turns oft to pore upon the damsel's face,
From side to side by thrusting elbows tost,
Shall strike his aching breast against the post;
Or water, dash'd from fishy stalls, shall stain
His hapless coat with spirts of scaly rain.
But if unwarily he chance to stray,
Where twirling turnstiles intercept the way,
The thwarting passenger shall force them round,
And beat the wretch half breathless to the ground.

Useful Precepts.

Let constant vigilance thy footsteps guide,
And wary circumspection guard thy side;
Then shalt thou walk unharm'd the dang'rous night,
Nor need th' officious link-boy's smoky light.
Thou never wilt attempt to cross the road,
Where ale-house benches rest the porter's load,
Grievous to heedless shins; no barrow's wheel,
That bruises oft the truant school-boy's heel,
Behind thee rolling, with insidious pace,
Shall mark thy stocking with a miry trace.
Let not thy vent'rous steps approach too nigh,
Where gaping wide, low steepy cellars lie;
Should thy shoe wrench aside, down, down you fall,
And overturn the scolding huckster's stall,
The scolding huckster shall not o'er thee moan,
But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.

Safety first of all to be consider'd.

Though you through cleanlier allies wind by day,
To shun the hurries of the public way,
Yet ne'er to those dark paths by night retire;
Mind only safety and contemn the mire,
Then no impervious courts thy haste detain,
Nor sneering alewives bid thee turn again.

The danger of crossing a Square by night.

Where Lincoln's-Inn, wide space is rail'd around,
Cross not with vent'rous step, there oft is found
The lurking thief, who while the day-light shone,
Made the walls echo with his begging tone:
That crutch which late compassion moved, shall wound
Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the link-man's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall;
In the midway he 'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilf'ring band.
Still keep the public streets, where oily rays
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.

The happiness of London.

Happy Augusta! law-defended town!
Here no dark lanthorns shade the villain's frown;
No Spanish jealousies thy lanes infest,
Nor Roman vengeance stabs th' unwary breast;
Here tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
But liberty and justice guard the land;
No bravos here profess the bloody trade,
Nor is the church the murd'rer's refuge made.

Of Chairmen.

Let not the chairman, with assuming stride,
Press near the wall, and rudely thrust thy side:

The laws have set him bounds; his servile feet
Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street.
Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
Whose flambeau gilds the sashes of Pell-mell,
When in long rank a train of torches flame,
To light the midnight visits of the dame?
Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
May where the chairman rests, with safety tread;
Whene'er I pass, their poles unseen below,
Make my knee tremble with the jarring blow.

Of crossing the Street

If wheels bar up the road where streets are crost,
With gentle words the coachman's ear accost:
He ne'er the threat, or harsh command obeys,
But with contempt the spatter'd shoe surveys.
Now man with utmost fortitude thy soul,
To cross the way where carts and coaches roll;
Yet do not in thy hardy skill confide,
Nor rashly risk the kennel's spacious stride;
Stay till afar the distant wheel you hear,
Like dying thunder in the breaking air;
Thy foot will slide upon the miry stone,
And passing coaches crush thy tortured bone,
Or wheels enclose the road; on either hand
Pent round with perils, in the midst you stand,
And call for aid in vain; the coachman swears,
And carmen drive, unmindful of thy prayers.
Where wilt thou turn? ah! whither wilt thou fly?
On ev'ry side the pressing spokes are nigh.
So sailors, while Charybdis' gulph * they shun,
Amazed, on Scylla's craggy dangers run.

* 1 Ed. 'Gulphs.

Of Oysters.

Be sure observe where brown Ostrea stands,
Who boasts her shelly ware from Wallfleet sands;
There may'st thou pass, with safe unmiry feet,
Where the raised pavement leads athwart the street.
If where Fleet-ditch with muddy current flows,
You chance to roam; where oyster-tubs in rows
Are ranged beside the posts; there stay thy haste,
And with the sav'ry fish indulge thy taste:
The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
While the salt liquor streams between her hands.

The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er
With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.
What will not lux'ry taste? Earth, sea, and air
Are daily ransack'd for the bill of fare.
Blood stuff'd in skins is British christians' food,
And France robs marshes of the croaking brood;
Spongy morells in strong ragousts are found,
And in the soup the slimy snail is drown'd.

Observations concerning keeping the wall.

When from high spouts the dashing torrents fall,
Ever be watchful to maintain the wall;
For shouldst thou quit thy ground, the rushing throng
Will with impetuous fury drive along;
All press to gain those honours thou hast lost,
And rudely shove thee far without the post.
Then to retrieve the shed you strive in vain,
Draggled all o'er, and soak'd in floods of rain.
Yet rather bear the shower, and toils of mud,
Than in the doubtful quarrel risk thy blood.

O think on Œdipus' detested state,
And by his woes be warn'd to shun thy fate.

Where three roads join'd, he met his sire unknown;
(Unhappy sire, but more unhappy son !)
Each claim'd the way, their swords the strife decide,
The hoary monarch fell, he groan'd and died !
Hence sprung the fatal plague that thinn'd thy reign,
Thy cursed incest ! and thy children slain !
Hence wert thou doom'd in endless night to stray
Through Theban streets, and cheerless grope thy way.

Of a Funeral.

Contemplate, mortal, on thy fleeting years;
See, with black train the funeral pomp appears !
Whether some heir attends in sable state,
And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate;
Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,
A crowd of lovers follow to her tomb.
Why is the hearse with 'scutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd ?
No : the dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only serves to prove the living vain.
How short is life ! how frail is human trust !
Is all this pomp for laying dust to dust ?

Of avoiding Paint.

Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted stall,
Brush not thy sweeping skirt too near the wall;
Thy heedless sleeve will drink the colour'd oil,
And spot indelible thy pocket soil.
Has not wise nature strung the legs and feet
With firmest nerves, design'd to walk the street ?

Has she not given us hands to grope aright,
Amidst the frequent dangers of the night?
And think'st thou not the double nostril meant,
To warn from oily woes by previous scent?

Of various cheats formerly in practice.

Who can the various city frauds recite,
With all the petty rapines of the night?
Who now the guinea-dropper's bait regards,
Trick'd by the sharper's dice, or juggler's cards?
Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray,
Where the sham-quarrel interrupts the way?
Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,
Braved by the bully's oaths, or threat'ning frown?
I need not strict enjoin the pocket's care,
When from the crowded play thou lead'st the fair;
Who has not here or watch or snuff-box lost,
Or handkerchiefs that India's shuttle boast?

An Admonition to Virtue.

O! may thy virtue guard thee through the roads
Of Drury's mazy courts, and dark abodes,
The harlot's guileful paths, who nightly stand,
Where Katherine Street descends into the Strand.
Say, vagrant Muse, their wiles and subtil arts,
To lure the stranger's unsuspecting hearts;
So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread,
And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.

How to know a Whore.

'Tis she who nightly strolls with saunt'ring pace,
No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;
Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,
The new-scower'd manteau, and the slattern air;

High-draggled petticoats her travels show,
And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow;
With flatt'ring sounds she soothes the cred'lous ear,
My noble captain! charmer! love! my dear!
In riding hood near tavern-doors she plies,
Or muffled pinners hide her livid eyes.
With empty bandbox she delights to range,
And feigns a distant errand from the Change;
Nay, she will oft the Quaker's hood profane,
And trudge demure the rounds of Drury-lane.
She darts from sarsnet ambush wily leers,
Twitches thy sleeve, or with familiar airs
Her fan will pat thy cheek; these snares disdain,
Nor gaze behind thee, when she turns again.

A dreadful Example.

I knew a yeoman, who for thirst of gain,
To the great city drove from Devon's plain
His num'rous lowing herd; his herds he sold,
And his deep leathern pocket bagg'd with gold;
Drawn by a fraudful nymph, he gazed, he sigh'd;
Unmindful of his home, and distant bride,
She leads the willing victim to his doom,
Through winding alleys to her cobweb room.
Thence through the street he reels, from post to post,
Valiant with wine, nor knows his treasure lost.
The vagrant wretch the assembled watchmen spies,
He waves his hanger, and their poles defies;
Deep in the Round-house pent, all night he snores,
And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.

Ah hapless swain, unused to pains and ills!
Canst thou forego roast-beef for nauseous pills?

How wilt thou lift to Heav'n thy eyes and hands,
When the long scroll the surgeon's fees demands!
Or else (ye Gods avert that worst disgrace)
Thy ruin'd nose falls level with thy face,
Then shall thy wife thy loathsome kiss disdain,
And wholesome neighbours from thy mug refrain.

Of Watchmen.

Yet there are watchmen who with friendly light
Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright;
For sixpence will support thy helpless arm,
And home conduct thee, safe from nightly harm;
But if they shake their lanthorns, from afar
To call their brethren to confed'rate war
When rakes resist their power; if hapless you
Should chance to wander with the scowering crew;
Though fortune yield thee captive, ne'er despair,
But seek the constable's consid'rate ear;
He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,
Moved by the rhet'ric of a silver fee.
Thus would you gain some fav'rite courtier's word;
Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my Lord.

Of Rakes.

Now is the time that rakes their revels keep;
Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.
His scatter'd pence the flying[1] Nicker flings,
And with the copper shower the casement rings.
Who has not heard the Scowrer's midnight fame?
Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds,
Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds!

[1] Gentlemen who delighted to break windows with halfpence.—G.

I pass their desp'rate deeds, and mischiefs done,
Where from Snow-hill black steepy torrents run:
How matrons, hoop'd within the hogshead's womb,
Were tumbled furious thence, the rolling tomb
O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side:
So Regulus to save his country died.

A necessary Caution in a dark Night.

Where a dim gleam the paly lanthorn throws
O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows;
Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
Or the dark caves to common-shores descend.
Oft by the winds extinct the signal lies,
Or smother'd in the glimmering socket dies,
Ere night has half roll'd round her ebon throne;
In the wide gulph the shatter'd coach o'erthrown
Sinks with the snorting steeds; the reins are broke,
And from the crackling[1] axle flies the spoke,
So when famed Eddystone's far-shooting ray,
That led the sailor through the stormy way,
Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
And the high turret in the whirlwind borne,
Fleets bulged their sides against the craggy land,
And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the strand.

A Fire.

Who then through night would hire the harness'd steed,
And who would choose the rattling wheel for speed?

But hark! distress with screaming voice draws nigh'r,
And wakes the slumb'ring street with cries of fire.

* 1 Ed. 'Cracking.'

At first a glowing red enwraps the skies,
And born by winds the scatt'ring sparks arise;
From beam to beam the fierce contagion spreads:
The spiry flames now lift aloft their heads,
Through the burst sash a blazing deluge pours,
And splitting tiles descend in rattling showers.
Now with thick crowds th' enlighten'd pavement swarms,
The fireman sweats beneath his crooked arms,
A leathern casque his vent'rous head defends,
Boldly he climbs where thickest smoke ascends,
Moved by the mother's streaming eyes and prayers,
The helpless infant through the flame he bears,
With no less virtue, than through hostile fire
The Dardan hero bore his aged sire.
See forceful engines spout their levell'd streams,
To quench the blaze that runs along the beams;
The grappling hook plucks rafters from the walls,
And heaps on heaps the smoky ruin falls.
Blown by strong winds the fiery tempest roars,
Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors;
The Heav'ns are all a-blaze, the face of night
Is cover'd with a sanguine dreadful light:
'Twas such a light involved thy towers, O Rome,
The dire presage of mighty Cæsar's doom,
When the sun veil'd in rust his mourning head,
And frightful prodigies the skies o'erspread.
Hark! the drum thunders! far, ye crowds, retire:
Behold! the ready match is tipt with fire,
The nitrous store is laid, the smutty train
With running blaze awakes the barrell'd grain;
Flames sudden wrap the walls; with sullen sound
The shatter'd pile sinks on the smoky ground.

So when the years shall have revolved the date,
Th' inevitable hour of Naples' fate,
Her sapp'd foundations shall with thunders shake,
And heave and toss upon the sulph'rous lake;
Earth's womb at once the fiery flood shall rend,
And in th' abyss her plunging towers descend.

Consider, reader, what fatigues I've known,
The toils, the perils of the wintry town;
What riots seen, what bustling crowds I bored,
How oft I cross'd where carts and coaches roar'd;
Yet shall I bless my labours, if mankind
Their future safety from my dangers find.
Thus the bold traveller, (inur'd to toil,
Whose steps have printed Asia's desert soil,
The barb'rous Arabs haunt; or shiv'ring crost
Dark Greenland's mountains of eternal frost;
Whom Providence in length of years restores
To the wish'd harbour of his native shores;)
Sets forth his journals to the public view,
To caution, by his woes, the wand'ring crew.

And now complete my gen'rous labours lie,
Finish'd, and ripe for immortality.
Death shall entomb in dust this mould'ring frame,
But never reach th' eternal part, my fame.
When W—— and G——, mighty names, are dead;
Or but at Chelsea under custards read;
When critics crazy bandboxes repair,
And tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air;
High-raised on Fleet Street posts, consign'd to fame,
This work shall shine, and walkers bless my name.

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[The entries marked with an asterisk appear for the first time in the quarto edition.]

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* 1 ED. 'Watermen, their dominion invaded.'

EPISTLES

AND

EPISTOLARY VERSE

THE epistles which follow are, with a few exceptions, reprinted from the revised versions given by Gay in the quarto edition of his poems, published in 1720. The lines 'On a Miscellany of Poems' appeared in a *Miscellany* issued by Bernard Lintott in May 1712. They were not included among Gay's collected poems of 1720. The 'Epigrammatical Petition' was communicated by the author to Swift in a letter dated June 8th, 1714 (*Swift's Works*, ed. 1824, xvi. 116). 'A Letter to a Lady' was first published on November 20th, 1714, and was reproduced, with a few slight alterations, in the quarto. The 'Epistle to Burlington' appeared in its earliest form in 1715, when it was printed, together with the fifth Edition of 'A Letter to a Lady,' entitled 'Two Epistles,' by 'Mr. Gay,' in a small octavo volume. The 'Epistle to Pulteney' was probably written in 1717 (in which year it may also have been published), and appeared in the quarto, where, also, the Epistles to Methuen and to Lowndes may be found. 'Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece' dates from 1720, the year in which Pope completed his translation of the *Iliad*, and appeared subsequent to the issue of Gay's *Poems on Several Occasions*, as, of course, did also the 'Panegyrical Epistle to Mr. Thomas Snow (February 8, 1721), and the 'Epistle to the Duchess of Marlborough' (July 11, 1722). According to Mr. Austin Dobson, the 'Welcome' was first printed in Steevens 'Additions to the Works of Pope,' 1776, i. 94-103 (*Dict. Nat. Biog.*, xxi. 90). The verses 'To a Young Lady with some Lampreys' are taken from the quarto: those 'To a Lady on her Passion for Old China' come from John Bell's edition of Gay's *Works* (1773).

ON A

MISCELLANY OF POEMS

TO

BERNARD LINTOTT

Ipsa varietate tentamus efficere ut alia aliis; quædam fortasse omnibus placeant.

PLIN. *Epist.*

As when some skilful cook, to please each guest,
Would in one mixture comprehend a feast,
With due proportion and judicious care
He fills each dish with diff'rent sorts of fare,
Fishes and fowls deliciously unite,
To feast at once the taste, the smell, and sight.

So, Bernard, must a miscellany be
Compounded of all kinds of poetry;
The muses olio, which all tastes may fit,
And treat each reader with his darling wit.

Wouldst thou for miscellanies raise thy fame;
And bravely rival Jacob's mighty name,
Let all the muses in the piece conspire,
The lyric bard must strike th' harmonious lyre;
Heroic strains must here and there be found,
And nervous sense be sung in lofty sound;

Let elegy in moving numbers flow,
And fill some pages with melodious woe;
Let not your am'rous songs too num'rous prove,
Nor glut thy reader with abundant love;
Satire must interfere, whose pointed rage
May lash the madness of a vicious age;
Satire, the muse that never fails to hit,
For if there's scandal, to be sure there's wit.
Tire not our patience with Pindaric lays,
Those swell the piece, but very rarely please:
Let short-breathed epigram its force confine,
And strike at follies in a single line:
Translations should throughout the work be sown,
And Homer's godlike muse be made our own;
Horace in useful numbers should be sung,
And Virgil's thoughts adorn the British tongue;
Let Ovid tell Corinna's hard disdain,
And at her door in melting notes complain:
His tender accents pitying virgins move,
And charm the list'ning ear with tales of love.
Let ev'ry classic in the volume shine,
And each contribute to thy great design:
Through various subjects let the reader range,
And raise his fancy with a grateful change;
Variety's the source of joy below,
From whence still fresh revolving pleasures flow.
In books and love, the mind one end pursues,
And only change th' expiring flame renews.

Where Buckingham will condescend to give,
That honour'd piece to distant times must live;

When noble Sheffield strikes the trembling strings,
The little loves rejoice and clap their wings,
Anacreon lives, they cry, th' harmonious swain
Retunes the lyre, and tries his wonted strain,
'Tis he,—our lost Anacreon lives again.
But when th' illustrious poet soars above
The sportive revels of the god of love,
Like Maro's muse he takes a loftier flight,
And towers beyond the wond'ring Cupid's sight.

If thou wouldst have thy volume stand the test,
And of all others be reputed best,
Let Congreve teach the list'ning groves to mourn,
As when he wept o'er fair Pastora's urn.

Let Prior's muse with soft'ning accents move,
Soft as the strains of constant Emma's love:
Or let his fancy choose some jovial theme,
As when he told Hans Carvel's jealous dream;
Prior th' admiring reader entertains,
With Chaucer's humour, and with Spenser's strains.

Waller in Granville lives; when Mira sings
With Waller's hand he strikes the sounding strings,
With sprightly turns his noble genius shines,
And manly sense adorns his easy lines.

On Addison's sweet lays attention waits,
And silence guards the place while he repeats;
His muse alike on ev'ry subject charms,
Whether she paints the god of love, or arms;
In him pathetic Ovid sings again,
And Homer's 'Iliad' shines in his 'Campaign.'

Whenever Garth shall raise his sprightly song,
Sense flows in easy numbers from his tongue;
Great Phœbus in his learned son we see,
Alike in physic, as in poetry.

When Pope's harmonious muse with pleasure roves,
Amidst the plains, the murm'ring streams and groves,
Attentive Echo, pleased to hear his songs,
Thro' the glad shade each warbling note prolongs;
His various numbers charm our ravish'd ears,
His steady judgment far out-shoots his years,
And early in the youth the god appears.

From these successful bards collect thy strains,
And praise with profit shall reward thy pains:
Then, while calves-leather binding bears the sway,
And sheep-skin to its sleeker gloss gives way;
While neat old Elzevir is reckon'd better
Than Pirate Hills' brown sheets and scurvy letter;
While print admirers careful Aldus choose
Before John Morphew, or the weekly news:
So long shall live thy praise in books of fame,
And Tonson yield to Lintott's lofty name.

EPIGRAMMATICAL PETITION.[1]

I 'M no more to converse with the swains,
  But go where fine people resort:
One can live without money on plains,
  But never without it at Court.

If, when with the swains I did gambol,
  I array'd me in silver and blue;
When abroad, and in Courts, I shall ramble,
  Pray, my lord, how much money will do?

A LETTER TO A LADY

OCCASIONED BY THE ARRIVAL OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES

MADAM, to all your censures I submit,
And frankly own I should long since have writ:
You told me, silence would be thought a crime,
And kindly strove to tease me into rhyme:
'No more let trifling themes your Muse employ,
Nor lavish verse to paint a female toy:
No more on plains with rural damsels sport,
But sing the glories of the British court.'

[1] Written in June 1714 upon the occasion of Gay's appointment as Secretary to Lord Clarendon, envoy-extraordinary to the Court of Hanover, and addressed to Oxford, the Lord High Treasurer.

By your commands and inclination sway'd,
I call'd th' unwilling Muses to my aid;
Resolved to write, the noble theme I chose,
And to the Princess thus the poem rose:

[*Muse, fly the shades, the sylvan song forbear,*
And pipe no more to please the shepherd's ear.][1]
Aid me, bright Phœbus; aid, ye sacred Nine;
Exalt my genius, and my verse refine.
[*Accept, illustrious Fair, my grateful Song:*
To you my duty and my lays belong.]
My strains with Carolina's name I grace,
The lovely parent of our royal race.
Breathe soft, ye winds, ye waves in silence sleep;
Let prosp'rous breezes wanton o'er the deep,
Swell the white sails, and with the streamers play,*
To waft her gently o'er the wat'ry way.

Here I to Neptune form'd a pompous prayer,
To rein the winds, and guard the royal fair;
Bid the blue Tritons sound their twisted shells,
And call the Nereids from their pearly cells.

Thus my warm zeal had drawn the Muse along,
Yet knew no method to conduct her song:
I then resolved some model to pursue,
Perused French critics, and began anew.
Long open panegyric drags at best,
And praise is only praise when well address'd.

[1] The lines enclosed within brackets [ ] occur only in the first edition of the poem (1714).

* 1 Ed. 'Just swell the sails.'

Straight Horace for some lucky ode I sought :
And all along I traced him thought by thought :
This new performance to a friend I show'd ;
For shame, says he, what, imitate an ode !
I 'd rather ballads write, and Grub Street lays,
Than pillage Cæsar for my patron's praise :
One common fate all imitators share,
To save mince-pies, and cap the grocer's ware.
Vex'd at the charge, I to the flames commit
Rhymes, similes, lords' names, and ends of wit ;
In blotted stanzas scraps of odes expire,
And fustian mounts in pyramids of fire.

Ladies, to you I next inscribed my lay,
And writ a letter in familiar way :
For still impatient till the Princess came,
You from description wish'd to know the dame.
Each day my pleasing labour larger grew,
For still new graces open'd to my view.
Twelve lines ran on to introduce the theme,
And then I thus pursued the growing scheme :

Beauty and wit were sure by nature join'd,
And charms are emanations of the mind ;
The soul transpiercing through the shining frame,
Forms all the graces of the princely dame :
Benevolence her conversation guides,
Smiles on her cheek, and in her eye resides.*
Such harmony upon her tongue is found,
As softens English to Italian sound :

* 1 Ed. 'Eyes.'

Yet in those sounds such sentiments appear,
As charm the judgment, while they soothe the ear.
[*Such pure religion in her bosom reign'd*
For that, Imperial Crowns she once disdain'd.]

*Religion's cheerful flame her bosom warms,**
Calms all her hours, and brightens all her charms.
Henceforth, ye fair, at chapel mind your prayers,
Nor catch your lover's eyes with artful airs;
Restrain your looks, kneel more, and whisper less,
Nor most devoutly criticise on dress.

From her form all your characters of life,
The tender mother, and the faithful wife.
Oft have I seen her little infant train,
The lovely promise of a future reign;
Observed with pleasure ev'ry dawning grace,
And all the mother op'ning in their face.
The son shall add new honours to the line,
And early with paternal virtues shine;
When he the tale of Audenard repeats,
His little heart with emulation beats;
With conquests yet to come, his bosom glows,
He dreams of triumphs and of vanquish'd foes.
Each year with arts shall store his rip'ning brain,
And from his grandsire he shall learn to reign.

Thus far I 'd gone: propitious rising gales
Now bid the sailor hoist the swelling sails.

* 1 Ed. 'The cheerful flame her heart with transport warms.'

Fair Carolina lands ; the cannons roar,
White Albion's cliffs resound from shore to shore,*
Behold the bright original appear,
All praise is faint when Carolina 's near.
Thus to the nation's joy, but poet's cost,
The Princess came, and my new plan was lost.

Since all my schemes were baulk'd, my last resort,
I left the Muses to frequent the Court ;
Pensive each night, from room to room I walk'd,
To one I bow'd, and with another talk'd ;
Inquir'd what news, or such a lady's name,
And did the next day, and the next, the same.
Places, I found, were daily giv'n away,
And yet no friendly Gazette mention'd Gay.
I ask'd a friend what method to pursue ;
He cried, I want a place as well as you.
Another ask'd me, why I had not writ ;
A poet owes his fortune to his wit.
Straight I replied, 'With what a courtly grace,
Flows easy verse from him that has a place !
Had Virgil ne'er at court improved his strains,
He still had sung of flocks and homely swains ;
And had not Horace sweet preferment found,
The Roman lyre had never learnt to sound.'

Once ladies fair in homely guise I sung,
And with their names wild woods and mountains rung.

* 1 Ed. . . . . 'the cannons sound,
White Albion's cliffs from shore to shore rebound.

Oh teach me now to strike a softer strain!
The court refines the language of the plain.

You must, cries one, the Ministry rehearse,
And with each Patriot's name prolong your verse.
But sure this truth to poets should be known,
That praising all alike, is praising none.

Another told me, if I wish'd success,
To some distinguish'd lord I must address;
One whose high virtues speak his noble blood,
One always zealous for his country's good;
Where valour and strong eloquence unite,
In council cautious, resolute in fight;
Whose gen'rous temper prompts him to defend,
And patronise the man that wants a friend.
You have, 'tis true, the noble patron shown,
But I, alas! am to Argyle unknown.

Still ev'ry one I met in this agreed,
That writing was my method to succeed;
But now preferments so possess'd my brain,
That scarce I could produce a single strain:
Indeed I sometimes hammer'd out a line,
Without connection as without design,
One morn upon the Princess this I writ,
An epigram that boasts more truth than wit:

The pomp of titles easy faith might shake,
She scorn'd an empire for religion's sake:
For this, on earth the British crown is giv'n,
And an immortal crown decreed in heav'n.

Again, while George's virtues raised my thought,
The following lines prophetic fancy wrought:

Methinks I see some Bard, whose heav'nly rage
Shall rise in song, and warm a future age;
Look back through time, and, wrapt in wonder, trace
The glorious series of the Brunswick race.

From the first George these godlike kings descend,
A line which only with the world shall end.
The next a gen'rous Prince renown'd in arms,
And bless'd, long bless'd in Carolina's charms;
From these the rest. 'Tis thus secure in peace,
We plough the fields, and reap the year's increase;
[*Rescued from debts, the land no longer groans*
Beneath the canker of devouring loans.]
Now Commerce, wealthy Goddess, rears her head,
And bids Britannia's fleets their canvas spread;
Unnumber'd ships the peopled ocean hide,
And wealth returns with each revolving tide.

Here paused the sullen Muse: in haste I dress'd;
And through the crowd of needy courtiers press'd;
Though unsuccessful, happy whilst I see,
Those eyes that glad a nation, shine on me.

AN EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

EARL OF BURLINGTON

A JOURNEY TO EXETER

WHILE you, my Lord, bid stately piles ascend,
Or in your Chiswick bowers enjoy your friend;
Where Pope unloads the boughs within his reach,
The purple vine, blue plum, and blushing peach;
I journey far.—You knew fat bards might tire,
And, mounted, sent me forth your trusty Squire.

'Twas on the day that city dames repair
To take their weekly dose of Hyde-Park air;
When forth we trot: no carts the road infest,
For still on Sundays country horses rest.
Thy gardens, Kensington, we leave unseen;
Through Hammersmith jog on to Turnham Green:
That Turnham Green, which dainty pigeons fed,
But feeds no more: for Solomon [1] is dead.
Three dusty miles reach Brentford's tedious town,
For dirty streets and white-legg'd chickens known:
Thence o'er wide shrubby heaths, and furrow'd lanes,
We come, where Thames divides the meads of Staines.

[1] A man lately famous for feeding pigeons at Turnham Green.—G.

We ferried o'er; for late the winter's flood
Shook her frail bridge, and tore her piles of wood.
Prepared for war, now Bagshot Heath we cross,
Where broken gamesters oft repair their loss.
At Hartley Row the foaming bi. we prest,
While the fat landlord welcomed ev'ry guest.
Supper was ended, healths the glasses crown'd,
Our host extoll'd his wine at ev'ry round,
Relates the Justices' late meeting there,
How many bottles drank, and what their cheer;
What lords had been his guests in days of yore,
And praised their wisdom much, their drinking more.

Let travellers the morning vigils keep:
The morning rose, but we lay fast asleep.
Twelve tedious miles we bore the sultry sun,
And Popham Lane was scarce in sight by one:
The straggling village harbour'd thieves of old,
'Twas here the stage-coach'd lass resign'd her gold;
That gold which had in London purchased gowns,
And sent her home a belle to country towns.
But robbers haunt no more the neighbouring wood;
Here unown'd infants find their daily food;
For should the maiden mother nurse her son,
'Twould spoil her match, when her good name is gone.
Our jolly hostess nineteen children bore,
Nor fail'd her breast to suckle nineteen more.
Be just, ye prudes, wipe off the long arrear:
Be virgins still in town, but mothers here.

Sutton we pass, and leave her spacious down,
And with the setting sun reach Stockbridge town.
O'er our parch'd tongue the rich metheglin glides,
And the red dainty trout our knife divides.
Sad melancholy ev'ry visage wears;
What, no election come in seven long years!
Of all our race of Mayors, shall Snow alone
Be by Sir Richard's dedication known?
Our streets no more with tides of ale shall float,
Nor cobblers feast three years upon one vote.

Next morn, twelve miles led o'er th' unbounded plain,
Where the cloak'd shepherd guides his fleecy train.
No leafy bowers a noonday shelter lend,
Nor from the chilly dews at night defend:
With wondrous art he counts the straggling flock,
And by the sun informs you what 's o'clock.
How are our shepherds fall'n from ancient days!
No Amaryllis chaunts alternate lays;
From her no list'ning echoes learn to sing,
Nor with his reed the jocund valleys ring.

Here sheep the pasture hide, there harvests bend,
See Sarum's steeple o'er yon hill ascend;
Our horses faintly trot beneath the heat,
And our keen stomachs know the hour to eat.
Who can forsake thy walls, and not admire
The proud cathedral, and the lofty spire?
What sempstress has not proved thy scissors good?
From hence first came th' intriguing riding-hood.

Amid three boarding-schools[1] well stock'd with misses,
Shall three knights-errant starve for want of kisses?

O'er the green turf the miles slide swift away,
And Blandford ends the labours of the day.
The morning rose; the supper reck'ning paid,
And our due fees discharged to man and maid,
The ready ostler near the stirrup stands,
And as we mount, our half-pence load his hands.

Now the steep hill fair Dorchester o'erlooks,
Border'd by meads, and wash'd by silver brooks.
Here sleep my two companions' eyes supprest,
And propt in elbow chairs they snoring rest:
I weary * sit, and with my pencil trace
Their painful postures, and their eyeless face;
Then dedicate each glass to some fair name,
And on the sash the diamond scrawls my flame,
Now o'er true Roman way our horses sound,
Grævius would kneel, and kiss the sacred ground.
On either side low fertile valleys lie,
The distant prospects tire the trav'ling eye.
Through Bridport's stony lanes our route we take,
And the proud steep descend to Morcombe's lake.
As hearses pass'd, our landlord robb'd the pall,
And with the mournful scutcheon hung his hall.
On unadulterate wine we here regale,
And strip the lobster of his scarlet mail.

[1] There are three boarding-schools in this town.—G.

* 1 Ed. 'Wakeful.'

We climb'd the hills when starry night arose,
And Axminster affords a kind repose.
The maid subdued by fees, her trunk unlocks,
And gives the cleanly aid of dowlas smocks.
Meantime our shirts her busy fingers rub,
While the soap lathers o'er the foaming tub.
If women's gear such pleasing dreams incite,
Lend us your smocks, ye damsels, ev'ry night!
We rise, our beards demand the barber's art;
A female enters and performs the part.
The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,
And three gold rings her skilful hand bedeck:
Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move,
Soft as when Venus stroked the beard of Jove.

Now from the steep, midst scatter'd cotts and groves,
Our eye through Honiton's fair valley roves.
Behind us soon the busy town we leave,
Where finest lace industrious lasses weave.
Now swelling clouds roll'd on; the rainy load
Stream'd down our hats, and smoked along the road;
When (O blest sight!) a friendly sign we spied,
Our spurs are slacken'd from the horse's side;
For sure a civil host the house commands,
Upon whose sign this courteous motto stands,
This is the ancient hand, and eke the pen;
Here is for horses hay, and meat for men.
How rhyme would flourish, did each son of fame
Know his own genius, and direct his flame!
Then he, that could not epic flights rehearse,
Might sweetly mourn in elegiac verse.

But were his Muse for elegy unfit,
Perhaps a distich might not strain his wit;
If epigram offend, his harmless lines
Might in gold letters swing on ale-house signs.
Then Hobbino might propagate his bays,
And Tuttlefields record his simple lays;
Where rhymes like these might lure the nurse's eyes,
While gaping infants squawl for farthing pies.
Treat here, ye shepherds blithe, your damsels sweet,
For pies and cheesecakes are for damsels meet.
Then Maurus in his proper sphere might shine,
And these proud numbers grace great William's sign.
This is the man, this the Nassovian, whom
I named the brave deliverer to come.[1]
But now the driving gales suspend the rain,
We mount our steeds, and Devon's city gain.
Hail, happy native land!—but I forbear,
What other counties must with envy hear.

[1] *Prince Arthur*, Book v.—G.

EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq.

Pult'ney, methinks you blame my breach of word;
What, cannot Paris one poor page afford?
Yes, I can sagely, when the times are past,
Laugh at those follies which I strove to taste,
And each amusement, which we shared, review,
Pleased with mere talking, since I talk to you.
But how shall I describe in humble prose,
Their balls, assemblies, operas, and beaus?
In prose! you cry: Oh no, the Muse must aid,
And leave Parnassus for the Tuilleries' shade;
Shall he (who late Britannia's city trod,
And led the draggled Muse, with pattens shod,
Through dirty lanes, and alley's doubtful ways)
Refuse to write, when Paris asks his lays?

Well then, I'll try. Descend, ye beauteous Nine,
In all the colours of the rainbow shine,
Let sparkling stars your neck and ear adorn,
Lay on the blushes of the crimson morn,
So may ye balls and gay assemblies grace,
And at the Opera claim the foremost place.

Trav'llers should ever fit expression choose,
Nor with low phrase the lofty theme abuse.

When they describe the state of eastern lords,
Pomp and magnificence should swell their words;
And when they paint the serpent's scaly pride,
Their lines should hiss, their numbers smoothly slide:
But they, unmindful of poetic rules,
Describe alike macaws, and Great-Moguls.
Dampier would thus, without ill-meaning satire,
Dress forth in simple style the *petit-maître*.

In Paris, there's a race of animals,
(I've seen them at their operas and balls.)
They stand erect, they dance when-e'er they walk,
Monkeys in action, perroquets in talk;
They're crown'd with feathers, like the cockatoo,
And, like chameleons, daily change their hue;
From patches justly placed they borrow graces,
And with vermilion lacker o'er their faces;
This custom, as we visibly discern,
They, by frequenting ladies' toilettes, learn.
Thus might the trav'ller easy truth impart.
Into the subject let me nobly start!

How happy lives the man, how sure to charm,
Whose knot embroider'd flutters down his arm!
On him the ladies cast the yielding glance,
Sigh in his songs, and languish in his dance;
While wretched is the wit, contemn'd, forlorn,
Whose gummy hat no scarlet plumes adorn;
No broider'd flowers his worsted ankle grace,
Nor cane emboss'd with gold directs his pace;
No lady's favour on his sword is hung.
What, though Apollo dictate from his tongue,

His wit is spiritless and void of grace,
Who wants th' assurance of brocade and lace.
While the gay fop genteelly talks of weather,
The fair in raptures dote upon his feather;
Like a court lady though he write and spell,
His minuet step was fashion'd by Marcell;[1]
He dresses, fences. What avails to know?
For women choose their men, like silks, for show.
Is this the thing, you cry, that Paris boasts?
Is this the thing renown'd among our toasts?
For such a flutt'ring sight we need not roam;
Our own assemblies shine with these at home.

Let us into the field of beauty start;
Beauty 's a theme that ever warm'd my heart.
Think not, ye fair, that I the sex accuse:
How shall I spare you, prompted by the Muse?
(The muses are all prudes) she rails, she frets,
Amidst this sprightly nation of coquettes;
Yet let not us their loose coquetry blame;
Women of ev'ry nation are the same.

You ask me, if Parisian dames, like ours,
With rattling dice profane the Sunday's hours;
If they the gamester's pale-eyed vigils keep,
And stake their honour while their husbands sleep.
Yes, sir; like English toasts, the dames of France
Will risk their income on a single chance.
Nannette last night at tricking pharaon play'd,
The cards the tailleur's sliding hand obey'd;

[1] A famous dancing-master.—G.

To-day her neck no brilliant circle wears,
Nor the ray-darting pendant loads her ears.
Why does old Chloris an assembly hold?
Chloris each night divides the sharper's gold.
Corinna's cheek with frequent losses burns,
And no bold 'Trente le va' her fortune turns.
Ah, too rash virgin! where 's thy virtue flown?
She pawns her person for the sharper's loan.
Yet who with justice can the fair upbraid,
Whose debts of honour are so duly paid?

But let me not forget the toilette's cares,
Where art each morn the languid cheek repairs:
This red 's too pale, nor gives a distant grace;
Madame to-day puts on her Opera face;
From this we scarce extract the milkmaid's bloom,
Bring the deep dye that warms across the room
Now flames her cheek, so strong her charms prevail,
That on her gown the silken rose looks pale!
Not but that France some native beauty boasts,
Clermont and Charleroi might grace our toasts.

When the sweet-breathing spring unfolds the buds,
Love flies the dusty town for shady woods.
Then Tottenham fields with roving beauty swarm,
And Hampstead balls the city virgin warm;
Then Chelsea's meads o'erhear perfidious vows,
And the prest grass defrauds the grazing cows.
'Tis here the same; but in a higher sphere,
For ev'n court ladies sin in open air.
What cit with a gallant would trust his spouse
Beneath the tempting shade of Greenwich boughs?

What peer of France would let his duchess rove,
Where Boulogne's closest woods invite to love?
But here no wife can blast her husband's fame,
Cuckold is grown an honourable name.
Stretch'd on the grass the shepherd sighs his pain,
And on the grass what shepherd sighs in vain?
On Chloe's lap here Damon laid along,
Melts with the languish of her am'rous song;
There Iris flies Palæmon through the glade,
Nor trips by chance—'till in the thickest shade;
Here Celimene defends her lips and breast,
For kisses are by struggling closer prest;
Alexis there with eager flame grows bold,
Nor can the nymph his wanton fingers hold;
Be wise, Alexis; what, so near the road!
Hark, a coach rolls, and husbands are abroad!
Such were our pleasures in the days of yore,
When am'rous Charles Britannia's sceptre bore;
The nightly scene of joy the Park was made,
And love in couples peopled ev'ry shade.
But since at Court the rural taste is lost,
What mighty sums have velvet couches cost!

Sometimes the Tuilleries' gaudy walk I love,
Where I through crowds of rustling manteaus rove;
As here from side to side my eyes I cast,
And gazed on all the glitt'ring train that past,
Sudden a fop steps forth before the rest;
I knew the bold embroidery of his vest.
He thus accosts me with familiar air,
Parbleu! on a fait cet habit en Angleterre!

Quelle manche! ce galon est grossièrement rangé;
Voila quelque chose de fort beau et degagé!
This said, on his red heel he turns, and then
Hums a soft minuet, and proceeds again:
Well; now you've Paris seen, you'll frankly own
Your boasted London seems a country town;
Has Christianity yet reach'd your nation?
Are churches built? Are masquerades in fashion?
Do daily soups your dinners introduce?
Are music, snuff, and coaches yet in use?
Pardon me, sir; we know the Paris mode,
And gather politesse from Courts abroad.
Like you, our courtiers keep a num'rous train
To load their coach; and tradesmen dun in vain.
Nor has religion left us in the lurch,
And, as in France, our vulgar crowd the church;
Our ladies too support the masquerade,
The sex by nature love th' intriguing trade.
Straight the vain fop in ign'rant rapture cries,
Paris the barb'rous world will civilise!
Pray, Sir, point out among the passing band
The present Beauties who the town command.
See yonder dame; strict virtue chills her breast,
Mark in her eye demure the prude profest;
That frozen bosom native fire must want,
Which boasts of constancy to one gallant!
This next the spoils of fifty lovers wears,
Rich Dandin's brilliant favours grace her ears;
The necklace Florio's gen'rous flame bestow'd,
Clitander's sparkling gems her finger load;
But now, her charms grown cheap by constant use,
She sins for scarves, clock'd stockings, knots and shoes.

This next, with sober gait and serious leer,
Wearies her knees with morn and ev'ning prayer;
She scorns th' ignoble love of feeble pages,
But with three Abbots in one night engages.
This with the Cardinal her nights employs,
Where holy sinews consecrate her joys.
Why have I promised things beyond my power!
Five assignations wait me at this hour;
The sprightly Countess first my visit claims,
To-morrow shall indulge inferior dames.
Pardon me, Sir, that thus I take my leave,
Gay Florinella slily twitch'd my sleeve.

Adieu, Monsieur——the Opera hour draws near.
Not see the Opera! all the world is there;
Where on the stage th' embroider'd youth of France
In bright array attract the female glance:
This languishes, this struts to show his mien,
And not a gold-clock'd stocking moves unseen.

But hark! the full orchestra strike the strings;
The hero struts, and the whole audience sings.

My jarring ear harsh grating murmurs wound,
Hoarse and confused, like Babel's mingled sound.
Hard chance had placed me near a noisy throat,
That in rough quavers bellow'd ev'ry note.
Pray, Sir, says I, suspend awhile your song,
The Opera 's drown'd; your lungs are wondrous strong;
I wish to hear your Roland's ranting strain,
While he with rooted forests strows the plain.

Sudden he shrugs surprise, and answers quick,
Monsieur apparemment n'aime pas la musique.
Then turning round, he join'd th' ungrateful noise;
And the loud chorus thunder'd with his voice.

O soothe me with some soft Italian air,
Let harmony compose my tortured ear!
When Anastasia's voice commands the strain,
The melting warble thrills through ev'ry vein;
Thought stands suspense, and silence pleased attends,
While in her notes the heav'nly choir descends.

But you 'll imagine I 'm a Frenchman grown,
Pleased and content with nothing but my own,
So strongly with this prejudice possest,
He thinks French music and French painting best.
Mention the force of learn'd Corelli's notes,
Some scraping fiddler of their ball he quotes;
Talk of the spirit Raphael's pencil gives,
Yet warm with life whose speaking picture lives;
Yes, Sir, says he, in colour and design,
Rigaud and Raphael are extremely fine!

'Tis true, his country's love transports his breast
With warmer zeal than your old Greeks profest.
Ulysses loved his Ithaca of yore,
Yet that sage trav'ller left his native shore;
What stronger virtue in the Frenchman shines!
He to dear Paris all his life confines.
I 'm not so fond. There are, I must confess,
Things which might make me love my country less.

I should not think my Britain had such charms,
If lost to learning, if enslaved by arms;
France has her Richelieus and her Colberts known,
And then, I grant it, France in science shone;
We too, I own, without such aids may chance
In ignorance and pride to rival France.

But let me not forget Corneille, Racine,
Boileau's strong sense, and Molière's hum'rous scene.
Let Cambray's name be sung above the rest,
Whose maxims, Pult'ney, warm thy patriot breast;
In Mentor's precepts wisdom strong and clear
Dictates sublime, and distant nations hear.
Hear all ye princes, who the world control,
What cares, what terrors haunt the tyrant's soul;
His constant train are anger, fear, distrust.
To be a king, is to be good and just;
His people he protects, their rights he saves,
And scorns to rule a wretched race of slaves.

Happy, thrice happy shall the monarch reign,
Where guardian laws despotic power restrain!
There shall the ploughshare break the stubborn land,
And bending harvest tire the peasant's hand:
There liberty her settled mansion boasts,
There commerce plenty brings from foreign coasts.
O Britain, guard thy laws, thy rights defend,
So shall these blessings to thy sons descend!

You 'll think 'tis time some other theme to choose,
And not with beaus and fops fatigue the Muse!

Should I let satire loose on English ground,
There fools of various character abound ;
But here my verse is to one race confined,
All Frenchmen are of *petit-maître* kind.

EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PAUL METHUEN, Esq.

Yes, I 'll maintain what you have often said,
That 'tis encouragement makes science spread ;
True gen'rous spirits prosp'rous vice detest,
And love to cherish virtue when distrest :
But ere our mighty lords this scheme pursue,
Our mighty lords must think and act like you.

Why must we climb the Alpine mountains' sides
To find the seat where Harmony resides ?
Why touch we not so soft the silver lute,
The cheerful hautboy, and the mellow flute ?
'Tis not th' Italian clime improves the sound,
But there the patrons of her sons are found.

Why flourish'd verse in great Augustus' reign ?
He and Mecænas loved the Muse's strain.
But now that wight and poverty must mourn
Who was (O cruel stars !) a poet born.

Yet there are ways for authors to be great;
Write ranc'rous libels to reform the State;
Or if you choose more sure and readier ways,
Spatter a minister with fulsome praise:
Launch out with freedom, flatter him enough;
Fear not, all men are dedication-proof.
Be bolder yet, you must go farther still,
Dip deep in gall thy mercenary quill.
He who his pen in party quarrels draws,
Lists an hired bravo to support the cause;
He must indulge his patron's hate and spleen,
And stab the fame of those he ne'er has seen.
Why then should authors mourn their desp'rate case?
Be brave, do this, and then demand a place.
Why art thou poor? exert the gifts to rise,
And vanish tim'rous virtue from thy eyes.

All this seems modern preface, where we 're told
That wit is praised, but hungry lives and cold:
Against th' ungrateful age these authors roar,
And fancy learning starves because they 're poor.
Yet why should learning hope success at Court?
Why should our patriots virtue's cause support?
Why to true merit should they have regard?
They know that virtue is its own reward.
Yet let not me of grievances complain,
Who (though the meanest of the Muse's train)
Can boast subscriptions to my humble lays,
And mingle profit with my little praise.

Ask Painting, why she loves Hesperian air.
Go view, she cries, my glorious labours there;

There in rich palaces I reign in state,
And on the temple's lofty domes create.
The nobles view my works with knowing eyes,
They love the science, and the painter prize.

Why didst thou, Kent, forego thy native land,
To emulate in picture Raphael's hand?
Think'st thou for this to raise my name at home?
Go back, adorn the palaces of Rome;
There on the walls let thy just labours shine,
And Raphael live again in thy design.
Yet stay awhile; call all thy genius forth,
For Burlington unbiass'd knows thy worth;
His judgment in thy master-strokes can trace
Titian's strong fire and Guido's softer grace;
But, oh consider, ere thy works appear,
Canst thou unhurt the tongue of envy hear?
Censure will blame, her breath was ever spent
To blast the laurels of the eminent.
While Burlington's proportion'd columns rise,
Does not he stand the gaze of envious eyes?
Doors, windows, are condemn'd by passing fools,
Who know not that they damn Palladio's rules.
If Chandos with a lib'ral hand bestow,
Censure imputes it all to pomp and show;
When, if the motive right were understood,
His daily pleasure is in doing good.

Had Pope with grovelling numbers fill'd his page,
Dennis had never kindled into rage.
'Tis the sublime that hurts the critic's ease;
Write nonsense, and he reads and sleeps in peace.

Were Prior, Congreve, Swift, and Pope unknown,
Poor slander-selling Curll would be undone.
He who would free from malice pass his days,
Must live obscure, and never merit praise.
But let this tale to valiant virtue tell
The daily perils of deserving well.

A crow was strutting o'er the stubbled plain,
Just as a lark descending closed his strain.
The crow bespoke him thus with solemn grace:
Thou most accomplish'd of the feather'd race,
What force of lungs! how clear! how sweet you sing!
And no bird soars upon a stronger wing.
The lark, who scorn'd soft flatt'ry, thus replies:
True, I sing sweet, and on strong pinion rise;
Yet let me pass my life from envy free,
For what advantage are these gifts to me?
My song confines me to the wiry cage,
My flight provokes the falcon's fatal rage.
But as you pass, I hear the fowlers say,
To shoot at crows is powder flung away.

TO MY INGENIOUS AND WORTHY FRIEND

W——. L——, Esq.

AUTHOR OF THAT CELEBRATED TREATISE IN FOLIO, CALLED THE 'LAND-TAX BILL.'

When poets print their works, the scribbling crew
Stick the bard o'er with bays, like Christmas pew:

Can meagre poetry such fame deserve?
Can poetry; that only writes to starve;
And shall no laurel deck thy famous head,
In which the Senate's annual law is bred?
That hoary head, which greater glory fires,
By nobler ways and means true fame acquires.
O, had I Virgil's force to sing the man,
Whose learned lines can millions raise *per ann.*
Great L—— his praise should swell the trump of fame,
And rapes and wapentakes resound his name.

If the blind poet gain'd a long renown
By singing ev'ry Grecian chief and town;
Sure L—— his prose much greater fame requires,
Which sweetly counts five thousand knights and squires,
Their seats, their cities, parishes, and shires.

Thy copious preamble so smoothly runs,
Taxes no more appear like legal duns,
Lords, knights, and squires th' assessor's power obey,
We read with pleasure, though with pain we pay.

Ah, why did C—— thy works defame!
That author's long harangue betrays his name;
After his speeches can his pen succeed?
Though forced to hear, we 're not obliged to read.

Under what science shall thy works be read?
All know thou wert not poet born and bred;

Or dost thou boast th' historian's lasting pen,
Whose annals are the acts of worthy men?
No. Satire is thy talent; and each lash
Makes the rich miser tremble o'er his cash;
What on the drunkard can be more severe,
Than direful taxes on his ale and beer?

Ev'n Button's wits are nought compared to thee,
Who ne'er were known or praised but o'er his tea,
While thou through Britain's distant isle shall spread,
In ev'ry hundred and division read.
Critics in classics oft interpolate,
But ev'ry word of thine is fix'd as fate.
Some works come forth at morn, but die at night.
In blazing fringers round a tallow light;
Some may perhaps to a whole week extend,
Like S—— (when unassisted by a friend)
But thou shalt live a year in spite of fate:
And where 's your author boasts a longer date?
Poets of old had such a wondrous power,
That with their verses they could raise a tower;
But in thy prose a greater force is found;
What poet ever raised ten thousand pound?
Cadmus, by sowing dragons' teeth, we read,
Raised a vast army from the pois'nous seed.
Thy labours, L——, can greater wonders do,
Thou raisest armies, and canst pay them too.
Truce with thy dreaded pen; thy annals cease;
Why need we armies when the land 's in peace?
Soldiers are perfect devils in their way,
When once they 're raised, they 're cursed hard to lay.

MR. POPE'S WELCOME FROM GREECE

A COPY OF VERSES WRITTEN BY MR. GAY UPON MR. POPE'S HAVING FINISHED HIS TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S 'ILIAD'

I

LONG hast thou, friend, been absent from thy soil,
Like patient Ithacus at siege of Troy;
I have been witness of thy six years' toil,
Thy daily labours and thy night's annoy,
Lost to thy native land with great turmoil,
On the wide sea, oft threatening to destroy:
Methinks with thee I 've trod Sigæan ground,
And heard the shores of Hellespont resound.

II

Did I not see thee when thou first sett'st sail
To seek adventures fair in Homer's land?
Did I not see thy sinking spirits fail
And wish thy bark had never left the strand?
Even in mid ocean often didst thou quail
And oft lift up thy holy eye and hand,
Praying the virgin dear and saintly choir,
Back to the port to bring thy bark entire.

III

Cheer up, my friend, thy dangers now are o'er;
Methinks—nay, sure the rising coasts appear;
Hark how the guns salute from either shore
As thy trim vessel cuts the Thames so fair:
Shouts answering shouts from Kent and Essex roar,
And bells break loud from ev'ry gust of air:
Bonfires do blaze, and bones and cleavers ring,
As at the coming of some mighty king.

IV

Now pass we Gravesend with a friendly wind,
And Tilbury's white fort, and long Blackwall;
Greenwich where dwells the friend of human kind,
More visited than either park or hall.
Withers the good, and (with him ever join'd)
Facetious Disney greet thee first of all:
I see his chimney smoke, and hear him say:
'Duke! that 's the room for Pope, and that for Gay.

V

'Come in, my friends, here shall ye dine and lie,
And here shall breakfast and here dine again,
And sup and breakfast on (if ye comply)
For I have still some dozens of champagne:'
His voice still lessens as the ship sails by;
He waves his hand to bring us back in vain;
For now I see, I see proud London's spires;
Greenwich is lost, and Deptford Dock retires:

VI

Oh, what a concourse swarms on yonder quay!
The sky re-echoes with new shouts of joy:
By all this show, I ween, 'tis Lord Mayor's Day;
I hear the voice of trumpet and hautboy.
No, now I see them near—oh, these are they
Who come in crowds to welcome thee from Troy.
Hail to the bard whom long as lost we mourn'd,
From siege, from battle, and from storm return'd.

VII

Of goodly dames and courteous knights I view
The silken petticoat and broider'd vest;
Yea, peers and mighty dukes, with ribbands blue
(True blue, fair emblem of unstained breast).
Others I see as noble and more true,
By no court badge distinguish'd from the rest:
First see I Methuen of sincerest mind,
As Arthur grave, as soft as womankind.

VIII

What lady 's that to whom he gently bends?
Who knows not her? Ah, those are Wortley's eyes.
How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends;
For she distinguishes the good and wise.
The sweet-tongued Murray near her side attends:
Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies;
Now Hervey, fair of face, I mark full well
With thee, youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell

IX

I see two lovely sisters hand in hand,
  The fair-hair'd Martha and Teresa brown;
Madge Bellenden, the tallest of the land;
  And smiling Mary soft and fair as down.
Yonder I see the cheerful Duchess stand,
  For friendship, zeal, and blithesome humours known:
Whence that loud shout in such a hearty strain?
Why, all the Hamiltons are in her train.

X

See next the decent Scudamore advance
  With Winchilsea, still meditating song,
With her perhaps Miss Howe came there by chance,
  Nor knows with whom, nor why she comes along.
Far off from these see Santlow famed for dance,
  And frolic Bicknell, and her sister young,
With other names by me not to be named,
Much loved in private, not in public famed.

XI

But now behold the female band retire,
  And the shrill music of their voice is still'd!
Methinks I see famed Buckingham admire,
  That in Troy's ruins thou hast not been kill'd.
Sheffield who knows to strike the living lyre
  With hand judicious like thy Homer skill'd:
Bathurst impetuous, hastens to the coast,
Whom you and I strive who shall love the most.

XII

See generous Burlington with goodly Bruce
(But Bruce comes wafted in a soft sedan),
Dan Prior next, beloved by every muse,
And friendly Congreve, unreproachful man!
Oxford by Cunningham hath sent excuse),
See hearty Watkins come with cup and can;
And Lewis who has never friend forsaken;
And Laughton whispering asks—Is Troy Town taken?

XIII

Earl Warwick comes, of free and honest mind,
Bold, generous Craggs whose heart was ne'er disguised,
Ah, why, sweet St. John cannot I thee find?
St. John for every social virtue prized—
Alas! to foreign climates he 's confined,
Or else to see thee here I well surmised;
Thou too, my Swift, dost breathe Bœotian air,
When wilt thou bring back wit and humour here?

XIV

Harcourt I see for eloquence renown'd,
The mouth of justice, oracle of law!
Another Simon is beside him found,
Another Simon like as straw to straw.
How Lansdown smiles with lasting laurel crown'd!
What mitred prelate there commands our awe?
See Rochester approving nods the head,
And ranks one modern with the mighty dead.

XV

Carlton and Chandos thy arrival grace ;
Hanmer whose eloquence the unbiass'd sways ;
Harley, whose goodness opens in his face
And shows his heart the seat where virtue stays.
Ned Blount advances next with hasty pace,
In haste, yet sauntering, hearty in his ways.
I see the friendly Carylls come by dozens,
Their wives, their uncles, daughters, sons, and cousins.

XVI

Arbuthnot there I see, in physic's art,
As Galen learnèd or famed Hippocrate ;
Whose company drives sorrow from the heart
As all disease his med'cines dissipate :
Kneller amid the triumph bears his part
Who could (were mankind lost) anew create ;
What can th' extent of his vast soul confine ?
A painter, critic, engineer, divine !

XVII

Thee Jervas hails, robust and debonair,
'Now have we conquer'd Homer, friends!' he cries ;
Dartneuf, gay joker, joyous Ford is there,
And wondering Maine so fat, with laughing eyes,
(Gay, Maine, and Cheney, boon companions dear,
Gay fat, Maine fatter, Cheney huge of size),
Yea, Dennis, Gildon (hearing thou hast riches),
And honest hatless Cromwell with red breeches.

XVIII

O, Wanley, whence com'st thou with shorten'd hair,
And visage from thy shelves with dust besprent?
'Forsooth (quoth he) from placing Homer there,
As ancients to compyle is mine intent;
Of ancients only hath Lord Harley care,
But hither me hath my meeke lady sent:—
In manuscript of Greek rede we thilke same,
But book reprint best plesyth my gude dame.'

XIX

Yonder I see among the expecting crowd
Evans with laugh jocose and tragic Young;
High buskin'd Booth, grave Mawbert, wandering Frowde
And Titcombe's belly waddles slow along.
See Digby faints at Southern talking loud,
Yea, Steele and Tickell mingle in the throng,
Tickell, whose skiff (in partnership they say)
Set forth for Greece, but founder'd on the way.

XX

Lo, the two Doncastles in Berkshire known!
Lo, Bickford, Fortescue of Devon land!
Lo, Tooker, Eckershall, Sykes, Rawlinson!
See hearty Morley take thee by the hand!
Ayrs, Graham, Buckridge, joy thy voyage done;
But who can count the leaves, the stars, the sand?
Lo, Stonor, Fenton, Caldwell, Ward, and Broome;
Lo, thousands more, but I want rhyme and room!

XXI

How loved, how honour'd thou! Yet be not vain!
And sure thou art not, for I hear thee say—
'All this, my friends, I owe to Homer's strain,
On whose strong pinions I exalt my lay.
What from contending cities did he gain?
And what rewards his grateful country pay?
None, none were paid—why then all this for me?
These honours, Homer, had been just to thee.'

A PANEGYRICAL EPISTLE

TO

MR. THOMAS SNOW

GOLDSMITH, NEAR TEMPLE BAR:

Occasioned by his Buying and Selling of the Third Subscriptions, taken in by the Directors of the South Sea Company, at a thousand per cent.

DISDAIN not, Snow, my humble verse to hear:
Stick thy black pen awhile behind thy ear.
Whether thy compter shine with sums untold,
And thy wide-grasping hand grow black with gold;

Whether thy mien erect, and sable locks,
In crowds of brokers over-awe the Stocks:
Suspend the worldly business of the day,
And to enrich thy mind, attend my lay.

O thou, whose penetrative wisdom found
The South-Sea rocks and shelves, where thousands drown'd.
When credit sunk, and commerce gasping lay,
Thou stood'st; nor sent one bill unpaid away.
When not a guinea chink'd on Martin's boards,
And Atwill's self was drain'd of all his hoards,
Thou stood'st (an Indian king in size and hue)
Thy unexhausted shop was our Peru.

Why did 'Change-Alley waste thy precious hours,
Among the fools who gaped for golden showers?
No wonder if we found some poets there,
Who live on fancy, and can feed on air;
No wonder they were caught by South-Sea schemes
Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea but in dreams;
No wonder, they their third subscriptions sold,
For millions of imaginary gold:
No wonder that their fancies wild can frame
Strange reasons, that a thing is still the same,
Tho' changed throughout in substance and in name.
But you (whose judgment scorns poetic flights)
With contracts furnish boys for paper kites.

Let vulture H——ns stretch his rusty throat
Who'd ruin thousands for a single groat.

I know thou spurn'st his mean, his sordid mind:
Nor with ideal debts wouldst plague mankind.
Why strive his greedy hands to grasp at more?—
The wretch was born to want, whose soul is poor.

Madmen alone their empty dreams pursue,
And still believe the fleeting vision true;
They sell the treasure which their slumbers get,
Then wake, and fancy all the world in debt.
If to instruct thee all my reasons fail,
Yet be diverted by this moral tale.—

Through famed Moorfields extends a spacious seat,
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat:
Where wrapp'd in contemplation and in straw,
The wiser few from the mad world withdraw.
There, in full opulence, a banker dwelt,
Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt:
His side-board glitter'd with imagined plate;
And his proud fancy held a vast estate.

As on a time he pass'd the vacant hours,
In raising piles of straw and twisted bowers;
A poet enter'd of the neighb'ring cell,
And with fix'd eyes observed the structure well.
A sharpen'd skewer cross his bare shoulders bound
A tatter'd rug, which dragg'd upon the ground.

The banker cry'd, 'Behold my castle walls,
'My statues, gardens, fountains, and canals;
'With land of twenty thousand acres round!
'All these I sell thee for ten thousand pound.'

The bard with wonder the cheap purchase saw,
So sign'd the contract (as ordains the law).

The banker's brain was cool'd, the mist grew clear:
The visionary scene was lost in air.
He now the vanish'd prospect understood,
And fear'd the fancied bargain was not good:
Yet loth the sum entire should be destroy'd;
'Give me a penny and thy contract 's void.'

The startled bard with eye indignant frown'd.
'Shall I, ye gods (he cries) my debts compound!
So saying, from his rug the skewer he takes:
And on the stick ten equal notches makes:
With just resentment flings it on the ground;
'There, take my tally of ten thousand pound.'

AN EPISTLE

TO HER GRACE, HENRIETTA,

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

EXCUSE me, Madam, if amidst your tears
A Muse intrudes, a Muse who feels your cares;
Numbers, like music, can ev'n grief control,
And lull to peace the tumults of the soul.

If partners in our woes the mind relieve,
Consider for your loss ten thousands grieve,
Th' affliction burthens not your heart alone;
When Marlbro' died, a nation gave a groan.

Could I recite the dang'rous toils he chose,
To bless his country with a fixt repose,
Could I recount the labours he o'ercame
To raise his country to the pitch of fame,
His councils, sieges, his victorious fights,
To save his country's laws and native rights,
No father (ev'ry gen'rous heart must own)
Has stronger fondness to his darling shown.
Britannia's sighs a double loss deplore;
Her father and her hero is no more.

Does Britain only pay her debt of tears?
Yes. Holland sighs, and for her freedom fears.
When Gallia's monarch pour'd his wasteful bands,
Like a wide deluge, o'er her level lands,
She saw her frontier towers in ruin lie,
Ev'n Liberty had pruned her wings to fly;
Then Marlbro' came, defeated Gallia fled,
And shatter'd Belgia raised her languid head,
In him secure, as in her strongest mound
That keeps the raging sea within its bound.

O Germany, remember Höchstädtes plain,
Where prostrate Gallia bled at ev'ry vein,
Think on the rescue of th' Imperial throne,
Then think on Marlbro's death without a groan!

Apollo kindly whispers me, 'Be wise,
How to his glory shall thy numbers rise?
The force of verse another theme might raise,
But here the merit must transcend the praise.
Hast thou, presumptuous Bard, that godlike flame
Which with the sun shall last, and Marlbro's fame?
Then sing the man. But who can boast this fire?
Resign the task, and silently admire.'

Yet shall he not in worthy lays be read?
Raise Homer, call up Virgil from the dead.
But he requires not the strong glare of verse,
Let punctual History his deeds rehearse,
Let Truth in native purity appear,
You 'll find Achilles and Æneas there.

Is this the comfort which the Muse bestows?
I but indulge and aggravate your woes.
A prudent friend, who seeks to give relief,
Ne'er touches on the spring that moved the grief.
Is it not barb'rous to the sighing maid
To mention broken vows and nymphs betray'd?
Would you the ruin'd merchant's soul appease,
With talk of sands and rocks and stormy seas?
Ev'n while I strive on Marlbro's fame to rise,
I call up sorrow in a daughter's eyes.

Think on the laurels that his temples shade,
Laurels that (spite of time) shall never fade;
Immortal Honour has enroll'd his name,
Detraction 's dumb, and Envy put to shame;

Say, who can soar beyond his eagle flight?
Has he not reach'd to glory's utmost height?
What could he more, had Heaven prolong'd his date?
All human power is limited by fate.

Forbear. 'Tis cruel further to commend;
I wake your sorrow, and again offend.
Yet sure your goodness must forgive a crime,
Which will be spread through ev'ry age and clime;
Though in your life ten thousand summers roll,
And though you compass earth from pole to pole,
Where'er men talk of war and martial fame,
They 'll mention Marlborough's and Cæsar's name.

But vain are all the counsels of the Muse,
A soul like yours cou'd not a tear refuse:
Could you your birth and filial love forego,
Still sighs must rise and gen'rous sorrow flow;
For when from earth such matchless worth removes,
A great mind suffers. Virtue virtue loves.

TO A YOUNG LADY

WITH SOME LAMPREYS

With lovers 'twas of old the fashion
By presents to convey their passion:
No matter what the gift they sent,
The lady saw that love was meant.

Fair Atalanta, as a favour,
Took the boar's head her hero gave her;
Nor could the bristly thing affront her,
'Twas a fit present from a hunter.
When squires send woodcocks to the dame,
It serves to show their absent flame:
Some by a snip of woven hair,
In posied lockets bribe the fair;
How many mercenary matches
Have sprung from di'mond-rings and watches!
But hold—a ring, a watch, a locket,
Would drain at once a poet's pocket;
He should send songs that cost him nought,
Nor even be prodigal of thought.

Why then send lampreys? fie, for shame!
'Twill set a virgin's blood on flame.
This to fifteen a proper gift!
It might lend sixty-five a lift.

I know your maiden aunt will scold,
And think my present somewhat bold.
I see her lift her hands and eyes.

'What, eat it, niece; eat Spanish flies!
Lamprey 's a most immodest diet:
You 'll neither wake nor sleep in quiet.
Should I to-night eat sago-cream,
'Twould make me blush to tell my dream;
If I eat lobster, 'tis so warming,
That ev'ry man I see looks charming;

Wherefore had not the filthy fellow
Laid Rochester upon your pillow?
I vow and swear, I think the present
Had been as modest and as decent.

'Who has her virtue in her power?
Each day has its unguarded hour;
Always in danger of undoing,
A prawn, a shrimp may prove our ruin!

'The shepherdess, who lives on salad,
To cool her youth, controls her palate;
Should Dian's maids turn liqu'rish livers,
And of huge lampreys rob the rivers,
Then all beside each glade and visto,
You'd see nymphs lying like Calisto.

'The man who meant to heat your blood,
Needs not himself such vicious food——'

In this, I own, your aunt is clear,
I sent you what I well might spare:
For when I see you (without joking),
Your eyes, lips, breasts are so provoking,
They set my heart more cock-a-hoop,
Than could whole seas of craw-fish soup.

TO A LADY

ON HER PASSION FOR OLD CHINA

WHAT ecstacies her bosom fire!
How her eyes languish with desire!
How blest, how happy should I be,
Were that fond glance bestow'd on me!
New doubts and fears within me war:
What rival 's near? a china jar.

China 's the passion of her soul;
A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl,
Can kindle wishes in her breast,
Inflame with joy, or break her rest.

Some gems collect; some medals prize,
And view the rust with lover's eyes;
Some court the stars at midnight hours;
Some dote on Nature's charms in flowers!
But ev'ry beauty I can trace
In Laura's mind, in Laura's face;
My stars are in this brighter sphere,
My lily and my rose is here.

Philosophers more grave than wise
Hunt science down in butterflies;

Or fondly poring on a spider
Stretch human contemplation wider;
Fossils give joy to Galen's soul,
He digs for knowledge, like a mole;
In shells so learn'd, that all agree
No fish that swims knows more than he!
In such pursuits if wisdom lies,
Who, Laura, shall thy taste despise?

When I some antique jar behold,
Or white, or blue, or speck'd with gold,
Vessels so pure, and so refined,
Appear the types of woman-kind:
Are they not valued for their beauty,
Too fair, too fine, for household duty?
With flowers and gold and azure dyed,
Of ev'ry house the grace and pride?
How white, how polish'd is their skin,
And valued most when only seen!
She who before was highest prized,
Is for a crack or flaw despised;
I grant they 're frail, yet they 're so rare,
The treasure cannot cost too dear!
But man is made of coarser stuff,
And serves convenience well enough;
He 's a strong earthen vessel made,
For drudging, labour, toil, and trade;
And when wives lose their other self,
With ease they bear the loss of delf.

Husbands more covetous than sage
Condemn this china-buying rage;

They count that woman's prudence little,
Who sets her heart on things so brittle.
But are those wise men's inclinations
Fixt on more strong, more sure foundations?
If all that 's frail we must despise,
No human view or scheme is wise.
Are not ambition's hopes as weak?
They swell like bubbles, shine and break.
A courtier's promise is so slight,
'Tis made at noon, and broke at night.
What pleasure 's sure? The miss you keep
Breaks both your fortune and your sleep,
The man who loves a country life,
Breaks all the comforts of his wife;
And if he quit his farm and plough,
His wife in town may break her vow.
Love, Laura, love, while youth is warm,
For each new winter breaks a charm,
And woman 's not like china sold,
But cheaper grows in growing old;
Then quickly choose the prudent part,
Or else you break a faithful heart.

ECLOGUES

The eclogues contained in this section are all taken from the second volume of Gay's *Poems on Several Occasions* (1720). He had tried his hand at this kind of composition four years before that collection was published. *The Toilet* first appeared, with two other pieces (*The Basset-Table* by Pope, and *The Drawing-Room* by Lady Mary Wortley Montague) in an anonymous volume of *Court Poems*, issued by J. Roberts, 'near the Oxford Arms, in Warwick Lane,' on the 26th March 1716. It has been ascribed to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, among whose poems it finds a place; but, according to Pope, it is 'almost wholly Gay's,' there being 'only five or six lines new set in it by that lady.' (*Spence's Anecdotes*, ed. Underhill, p. 67.) The amended version of the Quarto is here reproduced; textual variations from the earlier issue being duly noted at the foot of the page. *The Espousal* was suggested by Swift, who, in a letter to Pope, written on August 30th, 1716, remarked that 'a set of Quaker pastorals might succeed, if our friend Gay could fancy it.' (Pope's *Works*, ed. Elwin, vii. 17.) The 'sober eclogue' here given was the only outcome of Swift's suggestion.

THE

BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE

AN ECLOGUE

In Imitation of the 'POLLIO' *of* VIRGIL

YE sylvan Muses, loftier strains recite,
Not all in shades, and humble cots delight.
Hark! the bells ring; along the distant grounds
The driving gales convey the swelling sounds;
Th' attentive swain, forgetful of his work,
With gaping wonder, leans upon his fork.
What sudden news alarms the waking morn?
To the glad Squire a hopeful heir is born.
Mourn, mourn, ye stags, and all ye beasts of chase,
This hour destruction brings on all your race:
See the pleased tenants duteous off'rings bear,
Turkeys and geese and grocer's sweetest ware;
With the new health the pond'rous tankard flows,
And old October reddens ev'ry nose.
Beagles and spaniels round his cradle stand,
Kiss his moist lip and gently lick his hand;
He joys to hear the shrill horn's echoing sounds,
And learns to lisp the names of all the hounds.
With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow,
Barley shall in paternal acres grow;

The bee shall sip the fragrant dew from flowers,
To give metheglin for his morning hours;
For him the clust'ring hop shall climb the poles,
And his own orchard sparkle in his bowls.

His sire's exploits he now with wonder hears,
The monstrous tales indulge his greedy ears;
How when youth strung his nerves and warm'd his veins,
He rode the mighty Nimrod of the plains:
He leads the staring infant through the hall,
Points out the horny spoils that grace the wall;
Tells, how this stag thro' three whole counties fled,
What rivers swam, where bay'd, and where he bled.
Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
Describes the desp'rate chase, and all his cheats;
How in one day beneath his furious speed,
He tired seven coursers of the fleetest breed;
How high the pale he leapt, how wide the ditch,
When the hound tore the haunches of the witch![1]
These stories which descend from son to son,
The forward boy shall one day make his own.

Ah, too fond mother, think the time draws nigh,
That calls the darling from thy tender eye;
How shall his spirit brook the rigid rules,
And the long tyranny of grammar schools?
Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
Lash'd into Latin by the tingling rod;

[1] The most common accident to sportsmen; to hunt a witch in the shape of a hare.—G

No, let him never feel that smart disgrace:
Why should he wiser prove than all his race?

When rip'ning youth with down o'ershades his chin,
And ev'ry female eye incites to sin;
The milk-maid (thoughtless of her future shame)
With smacking lip shall raise his guilty flame;
The dairy, barn, the hayloft, and the grove
Shall oft be conscious of their stolen love.
But think, Priscilla, on that dreadful time,
When pangs and wat'ry qualms shall own thy crime;
How wilt thou tremble when thy nipple 's prest,
To see the white drops bathe thy swelling breast!
Nine moons shall publicly divulge her shame,
And the young Squire forestall a father's name.

When twice twelve times the reaper's sweeping hand
With levell'd harvests has bestrown the land,
On famed St. Hubert's feast, his winding horn
Shall cheer the joyful hound and wake the morn:
This memorable day his eager speed
Shall urge with bloody heel the rising steed.
O check the foamy bit, nor tempt thy fate,
Think on the murders of a five-bar gate!
Yet prodigal of life, the leap he tries,
Low in the dust his grovelling honour lies,
Headlong he falls, and on the rugged stone
Distorts his neck, and cracks the collar bone;
O vent'rous youth, thy thirst of game allay,
May'st thou survive the perils of this day!
He shall survive; and in late years be sent
To snore away debates in Parliament.

The time shall come, when his more solid sense
With nod important shall the laws dispense ;
A Justice with grave Justices shall sit,
He praise their wisdom, they admire his wit.
No greyhound shall attend the tenant's pace,
No rusty gun the farmer's chimney grace ;
Salmons shall leave their covers void of fear,
Nor dread the thievish net or triple spear ;
Poachers shall tremble at his awful name,
Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd game.

Assist me, Bacchus, and ye drunken Powers,
To sing his friendships and his midnight hours !

Why dost thou glory in thy strength of beer,
Firm-cork'd, and mellow'd till the twentieth year ;
Brew'd or when Phœbus warms the fleecy sign,
Or when his languid rays in Scorpio shine.
Think on the mischiefs which from hence have sprung !
It arms with curses dire the wrathful tongue ;
Foul scandal to the lying lip affords,
And prompts the mem'ry with injurious words.
O where is wisdom, when by this o'erpower'd ?
The State is censured, and the maid deflower'd !
And wilt thou still, O Squire, brew ale so strong ?
Hear then the dictates of prophetic song.

Methinks I see him in his hall appear,
Where the long table floats in clammy beer,
'Midst mugs and glasses shatter'd o'er the floor,
Dead-drunk his servile crew supinely snore ;

Triumphant, o'er the prostrate brutes he stands,
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands;
Boldly he drinks, and like his glorious sires,
In copious gulps of potent ale expires.

THE TOILETTE

A TOWN ECLOGUE[1]

LYDIA

Now twenty springs had[2] clothed the Park with green,
Since Lydia knew the blossom[3] of fifteen;
No lovers now her morning hours molest,
And catch her at her toilette[4] half undrest;
The thund'ring knocker wakes the street no more,
No[5] chairs, no[6] coaches crowd her silent door;
Her midnights once at cards and hazard fled,
Which now, alas! she dreams away in bed.
Around her wait Shocks, monkeys, and macaws,
To fill the place of fops, and perjured beaus;
In these she views the mimicry of man,
And smiles when grinning Pug gallants her fan;

[1] Lines 7-14, 17-20, 31-40, 57-68, 77-78, and 85-94 do not appear in the earliest version of *The Toilette*, published in 1716.

[2] 'Has.' [3] 'Blossoms.' [4] 'Toilet.' [5] 'Nor.' [6] 'Nor.'

When Poll repeats, the sounds deceive her ear,
For sounds, like his, once told her Damon's care.
With these alone her tedious mornings pass;[1]
Or at the dumb devotion of her glass,
She smooths her brow, and frizzles forth her hairs,
And fancies youthful dress gives youthful airs;
With crimson wool she fixes ev'ry grace,
That not a blush can discompose her face.
Reclined upon her arm she pensive sate,
And cursed th' inconstancy of youth[2] too late.

O youth! O spring of life! for ever lost!
No more my name shall reign[3] the fav'rite toast,
On glass no more the[4] di'mond grave my name,
And rhymes misspell'd record a[5] lover's flame:
Nor shall side-boxes watch my restless[6] eyes,
And as they catch the glance in rows arise
With humble bows; nor white-gloved beaus encroach
In crowds behind, to guard me to my coach.
Ah, hapless nymph! such conquests are no more,
For Chloe's now what Lydia was before!

'Tis true, this Chloe boasts the peach's bloom,
But does her nearer whisper breathe perfume?
I own her taper shape is form'd to please—
Yet if you saw her unconfined by stays!
She doubly to fifteen may make pretence,
Alike we read it in her face and sense.

1 'Now at the window all the mornings pass.' 2 'Men.'
3 'Ring.' 4 'Shall.' 5 'My.' 6 'Wand'ring.'

Her reputation! but that never yet
Could check the freedoms of a young coquet.
Why will ye then, vain fops, her eyes believe?
Her eyes can, like your perjured tongues, deceive.

What shall I do? how[1] spend the hateful day?
At chapel shall I wear the morn away?
Who there frequents[2] at these unmodish hours,
But ancient matrons with their frizzled towers,
And gray religious maids? my presence there
Amid that sober train would own[3] despair;
Nor am I yet so old; nor is my glance
As yet fixt wholly to devotion's trance.

Straight then I'll dress, and take my wonted range
Through ev'ry Indian shop, through all the Change;[4]
Where the tall jar erects his costly pride,
With antic[5] shapes in china's azure dyed;
There careless lies the rich brocade unroll'd,
Here shines a cabinet with burnish'd gold;
But then remembrance will my grief renew,
'Twas there the raffling dice false Damon threw;[6]
The raffling dice to him decide the prize.
'Twas there he first conversed with Chloe's eyes;
Hence sprung th' ill-fated cause of all my smart,
To me the toy he gave, to her his heart.

1 'To.' 2 'Appears.' 3 'Cause.'
4 'To Indian shops, Motteux's, or the Change.'
5 'Antique.'
6 'But then, alas! I must be forced to pay,
Or bring no pennyworths, or fan away.'

But soon thy perj'ry in the gift was found,
The shiver'd china dropt upon the ground ;
Sure omen that thy vows would faithless prove ;
Frail was thy present, frailer is thy love.

O happy Poll, in wiry prison pent ;
Thou ne'er hast known what love or rivals meant ;
And Pug with pleasure can his fetters bear,
Who ne'er believed the vows that lovers swear !
How am I curst ! (unhappy and forlorn)
With perjury, with love, and rival's scorn ![1]
False are the loose coquet's inveigling airs,
False is the pompous grief of youthful heirs,[2]
False is the cringing[3] courtier's plighted word,
False are the dice when gamesters stamp the board :
False is the sprightly widow's public tear ;
Yet these to Damon's oaths are all sincere.[4]

Fly from perfidious man, the sex disdain ;
Let servile Chloe wear the nuptial chain.

[1] 'My lover's triumph, and my sex's scorn.'

[2] Lines 71 and 72 are interchanged in the earlier version of the poem.

[3] 'Crafty.'

[4] These ten lines follow in the earlier version :—

'For what young Flirt, base Man am I abused ?
To please your wife, am I unkindly used ?
'Tis true her face may boast the peach's bloom ;
But does her nearer whisp'ring breath perfume ?
I own her taper shape is made to please ;
Yet when you see her unconfined by stays,
She doubly to fifteen may claim pretence ;
Alike we read it in her wit and sense.
Insipid, servile thing that I disdain
Whose phlegm can best support the marriage-chain.

Damon is practised in the modish life,
Can hate, and yet be civil to a wife.
He games; he swears; he drinks; he fights; he roves;
Yet Chloe can believe he fondly loves.
Mistress and wife can well[1] supply his need,
A miss for pleasure, and a wife for breed.[2]
But Chloe's air is unconfined and gay,
And can perhaps an injured bed repay;
Perhaps her patient temper can behold
The rival of her love adorn'd with gold,
Powder'd with di'monds; free from thought and care,
A husband's sullen humours she can bear.

Why are these sobs? and why these streaming eyes?
Is love the cause? no, I the sex despise;
I hate, I loathe his base perfidious name.
Yet if he should but feign a rival flame?
But Chloe boasts and triumphs in my pains,
To her he's faithful, 'tis to me he feigns.

1 'By turns.'

2 The earlier version completes the paragraph as follows:

'Tow'rd with di'monds, free from thought or care,
She can a sullen husband's humour bear.
Her cred'lous Friendship and her stupid ease,
Has often been my jest in happier days.
Now Chloe boasts and triumphs in my pains;
To her he's faithful, 'tis to me he feigns.
Am I that senseless thing to bear neglect,
And force a smile, not daring to suspect?
No,—perjured Man! a wife may be content;
But you shall find a Mistress can resent.'

Thus love-sick Lydia raved. Her maid appears;
A band-box in her steady hand she bears.[1]
How well this ribband's gloss[2] becomes your face!
She cries, in raptures; then, so sweet a lace!
How charmingly you look! so bright![3] so fair!
'Tis to your eyes the head-dress owes its air.
Straight Lydia smiled; the comb adjusts her locks,
And at the playhouse Harry keeps her box.

THE TEA-TABLE

A TOWN ECLOGUE

DORIS AND MELANTHE

SAINT James's noon-day bell for prayers had toll'd,
And coaches to the Patron's levée roll'd,
When Doris rose. And now through all the room
From flowery tea exhales a fragrant fume.
Cup after cup they sipt, and talk'd by fits,
For Doris here, and there Melanthe sits.
Doris was young, a laughter-loving dame,
Nice of her own alike and others fame;

1 'With steady hand the band-box charge she bears.'
2 'Those ribbands-gloss.'
3 'Straight.'

Melanthe's tongue could well a tale advance,
And sooner gave than sunk a circumstance:
Lock'd in her mem'ry secrets never died;
Doris begun, Melanthe thus replied.

DORIS

Sylvia the vain fantastic fop admires,
The rake's loose gallantry her bosom fires;
Sylvia like that is vain, like this she roves,
In liking them she but her self approves.

MELANTHE

Laura rails on at men, the sex reviles,
Their vice condemns, or at their folly smiles.
Why should her tongue in just resentment fail,
Since men at her with equal freedom rail?

DORIS

Last masquerade was Sylvia nymph-like seen,
Her hand a crook sustain'd, her dress was green;
An am'rous shepherd led her through the crowd,
The nymph was innocent, the shepherd vow'd;
But nymphs their innocence with shepherds trust;
So both withdrew, as nymph and shepherd must.

MELANTHE

Name but the licence of the modern stage,
Laura takes fire, and kindles into rage;
The whining tragic love she scarce can bear,
But nauseous comedy ne'er shock'd her ear:
Yet in the gall'ry mobb'd, she sits secure,
And laughs at jests that turn the box demure.

DORIS

Trust not, ye ladies, to your beauty's power,
For beauty withers like a shrivell'd flower;
Yet those fair flowers that Sylvia's temples bind,
Fade not with sudden blights or winter's wind;
Like those her face defies the rolling years,
For art her roses and her charms repairs.

MELANTHE

Laura despises ev'ry outward grace,
The wanton sparkling eye, the blooming face;
The beauties of the soul are all her pride,
For other beauties nature has denied;
If affectation show a beauteous mind,
Lives there a man to Laura's merits blind?

DORIS

Sylvia be sure defies the town's reproach,
Whose deshabille is soil'd in hackney coach;
What though the sash was closed, must we conclude,
That she was yielding, when her fop was rude?

MELANTHE

Laura learnt caution at too dear a cost.
What fair could e'er retrieve her honour lost?
Secret she loves; and who the nymph can blame,
Who durst not own a footman's vulgar flame?

DORIS

Though Laura's homely taste descends so low;
Her footman well may vie with Sylvia's beau.

MELANTHE

Yet why should Laura think it a disgrace,
When proud Miranda's groom wears Flanders lace?

DORIS

What though for music Cynthio boasts an ear?
Robin perhaps can hum an opera air.
Cynthio can bow, takes snuff, and dances well,
Robin talks common sense, can write and spell;
Sylvia's vain fancy dress and show admires,
But 'tis the man alone who Laura fires.

MELANTHE

Plato's wise morals Laura's soul improve:
And this no doubt must be Platonic love!
Her soul to gen'rous acts was still inclined;
What shows more virtue than an humble mind?

DORIS

What though young Sylvia love the Park's cool shade,
And wander in the dusk the secret glade?
Masqued and alone (by chance) she met her spark,
That innocence is weak which shuns the dark.

MELANTHE

But Laura for her flame has no pretence;
Her footman is a footman too in sense.
All prudes I hate, and those are rightly curst
With scandal's double load, who censure first.

DORIS

And what if Cynthio Sylvia's garter tied!
Who such a foot and such a leg would hide;
When crook-kneed Phillis can expose to view
Her gold clock'd stocking and her tawdry shoe?

MELANTHE

If pure devotion centre in the face,
If cens'ring others show intrinsic grace,
If guilt to public freedoms be confined,
Prudes (all must own) are of the holy kind!

DORIS

Sylvia disdains reserve, and flies constraint:
She neither is, nor would be thought a saint.

MELANTHE

Love is a trivial passion, Laura cries,
May I be blest with friendship's stricter ties;
To such a breast all secrets we commend;
Sure the whole drawing-room is Laura's friend.

DORIS

At marriage Sylvia rails; who men would trust?
Yet husband's jealousies are sometimes just.
Her favours Sylvia shares among mankind,
Such gen'rous love should never be confined.

As thus alternate chat employ'd their tongue,
With thund'ring raps the brazen knocker rung.

Laura with Sylvia came ; the nymphs arise :
This unexpected visit, Doris cries,
Is doubly kind ! Melanthe Laura led,
Since I was last so blest, my dear, she said,
Sure 'tis an age ! They sate ; the hour was set ;
And all again that night at ombre met.

THE FUNERAL

A TOWN ECLOGUE

SABINA, LUCY

TWICE had the moon perform'd her monthly race,
Since first the veil o'ercast Sabina's face.
Then died the tender partner of her bed.
And lives Sabina when Fidelio's dead ?
Fidelio's dead, and yet Sabina lives.
But see the tribute of her tears she gives ;
Their absent lord her rooms in sable mourn,
And all the day the glimm'ring tapers burn ;
Stretch'd on the couch of state she pensive lies,
While oft the snowy cambric wipes her eyes.
Now enter'd Lucy ; trusty Lucy knew
To roll a sleeve, or bear a *billet-doux* ;
Her ready tongue, in secret service tried,
With equal fluency spoke truth or lied :

She well could flush or humble a gallant,
And serve at once as maid and confidant;
A letter from her faithful stays she took:
Sabina snatch'd it with an angry look,
And thus in hasty words her grief confest,
While Lucy strove to soothe her troubled breast.

SABINA

What, still Myrtillo's hand! his flame I scorn,
Give back his passion with the seal untorn.
To break our soft repose has man a right,
And are we doom'd to read whate'er they write?
Not all the sex my firm resolves shall move,
My life 's a life of sorrow, not of love.
May Lydia's wrinkles all my forehead trace,
And Celia's paleness sicken o'er my face,
May fops of mine, as Flavia's, favours boast,
And coquets triumph in my honour lost;
May cards employ my nights, and never more
May these curst eyes behold a matadore!
Break china, perish Shock, die perroquet!
When I Fidelio's dearer love forget.
Fidelio's judgment scorn'd the foppish train,
His air was easy, and his dress was plain,
His words sincere, respect his presence drew,
And on his lips sweet conversation grew.
Where 's wit, where 's beauty, where is virtue fled?
Alas! they 're now no more; Fidelio 's dead!

LUCY

Yet when he lived, he wanted ev'ry grace;
That easy air was then an awkward pace:

Have not your sighs in whispers often said,
His dress was slovenly, his speech ill-bred?
Have not I heard you, with a secret tear,
Call that sweet converse sullen and severe?
Think not I come to take Myrtillo's part,
Let Chloe, Daphne, Doris share his heart.
Let Chloe's love in ev'ry ear express
His graceful person and genteel address.
All well may judge, what shaft has Daphne hit,
Who can be silent to admire his wit.
His equipage and liv'ries Doris move,
But Chloe, Daphne, Doris fondly love.
Sooner shall cits in fashions guide the Court,
And beaus upon the busy Change resort;
Sooner the nation shall from snuff be freed,
And fops' apartments smoke with India's weed,
Sooner I 'd wish and sigh through nunn'ry grates,
Than recommend the flame Sabina hates.

SABINA

Because some widows are in haste subdued;
Shall ev'ry fop upon our tears intrude?
Can I forget my loved Fidelio's tongue,
Soft as the warbling of Italian song?
Did not his rosy lips breathe forth perfume,
Fragrant as steams from tea 's imperial bloom?

LUCY

Yet once you thought that tongue a greater curse
Than squalls of children for an absent nurse.
Have you not fancied in his frequent kiss
Th' ungrateful leavings of a filthy miss?

SABINA

Love, I thy power defy; no second flame
Shall ever raze my dear Fidelio's name.
Fannia without a tear might lose her lord,
Who ne'er enjoy'd his presence but at board.
And why should sorrow sit on Lesbia's face?
Are there such comforts in a sot's embrace?
No friend, no lover is to Lesbia dead,
For Lesbia long had known a sep'rate bed.
Gush forth, ye tears; waste, waste, ye sighs, my breast:
My days, my nights were by Fidelio blest!

LUCY

You cannot sure forget how oft you said
His teasing fondness jealousy betray'd!
When at the play the neighb'ring box he took,
You thought you read suspicion in his look:
When cards and counters flew around the board,
Have you not wish'd the absence of your lord?
His company was then a poor pretence,
To check the freedoms of a wife's expense!

SABINA

But why should I Myrtillo's passion blame,
Since love 's a fierce involuntary flame?

LUCY

Could he the sallies of his heart withstand,
Why should he not to Chloe give his hand?

For Chloe's handsome, yet he slights her flame;
Last night she fainted at Sabina's name.
Why, Daphne, dost thou blast Sabina's charms?
Sabina keeps no lover from thy arms.
At crimp Myrtillo play'd, in kind regards
Doris threw love, unmindful of the cards;
Doris was touch'd with spleen; her fan he rent,
Flew from the table and to tears gave vent.
Why, Doris, dost thou curse Sabina's eyes?
To her Myrtillo is a vulgar prize.

SABINA

Yet say, I loved; how loud would censure rail!
So soon to quit the duties of the veil!
No, sooner plays and op'ras I 'd forswear,
And change these china jars for Tunbridge ware;
Or trust my mother as a confidant,
Or fix a friendship with my maiden aunt
Than till—to-morrow throw my weeds away.
Yet let me see him, if he comes to-day!

Hasty she snatch'd the letter, tore the seal;
She read, and blushes glow'd beneath the veil.

THE ESPOUSAL

A SOBER ECLOGUE

Between two of the People called Quakers

CALEB, TABITHA.

BENEATH the shadow of a beaver hat,
Meek Caleb at a silent meeting sate;
His eye-balls oft forgot the holy trance,
While Tabitha demure, return'd the glance.
The meeting ended, Caleb silence broke,
And Tabitha her inward yearnings spoke.

CALEB

Beloved, see how all things follow love,
Lamb fondleth lamb, and dove disports with dove;
Yet fondled lambs their innocence secure,
And none can call the turtle's bill impure;
O fairest of our sisters, let me be
The billing dove, and fondling lamb to thee.

TABITHA

But, Caleb, know that birds of gentle mind
Elect a mate among the sober kind,

Not the macaws, all deck'd in scarlet pride,
Entice their mild and modest hearts aside;
But thou, vain man, beguiled by Popish shows,
Dotest on ribbands, flounces, furbelows.
If thy false heart be fond of tawdry dyes,
Go, wed the painted arch in summer skies;
Such love will like the rainbow's hue decay,
Strong at the first, but passeth soon away.

CALEB

Name not the frailties of my youthful days,
When vice misled me through the harlot's ways;
When I with wanton look thy sex beheld,
And nature with each wanton look rebell'd;
Then parti-colour'd pride my heart might move
With lace; the net to catch unhallow'd love.
All such-like love is fading as the flower,
Springs in a day, and withereth in an hour:
But now I feel the spousal love within,
And spousal love no sister holds a sin.

TABITHA

I know thou longest for the flaunting maid,
Thy falsehood own, and say I am betray'd;
The tongue of man is blister'd o'er with lies,
But truth is ever read in woman's eyes;
O that my lip obey'd a tongue like thine!
Or that thine eye bewray'd a love like mine!

CALEB

How bitter are thy words! forbear to tease,
I too might blame—but love delights to please.
Why should I tell thee, that when last the sun
Painted the downy peach of Newington,
Josiah led thee through the garden's walk,
And mingled melting kisses with his talk?
Ah Jealousy! turn, turn thine eyes aside,
How can I see that watch adorn thy side?
For verily no gift the sisters take
For lust of gain, but for the giver's sake.

TABITHA

I own, Josiah gave the golden toy,
Which did the righteous hand of Quare employ;
When Caleb hath assign'd some happy day,
I look on this and chide the hour's delay:
And when Josiah would his love pursue,
On this I look and shun his wanton view.
Man but in vain with trinkets tries to move,
The only present love demands is love.

CALEB

Ah Tabitha, to hear these words of thine,
My pulse beats high, as if inflamed with wine!
When to the brethren first with fervent zeal
The spirit moved thy yearnings to reveal,
How did I joy thy trembling lip to see
Red as the cherry from the Kentish tree;
When ecstasy had warm'd thy look so meek,
Gardens of roses blushed on thy cheek.

With what sweet transport didst thou roll thine eyes,
How did thy words provoke the brethren's sighs!
Words that with holy sighs might others move,
But, Tabitha, my sighs were sighs of love.

TABITHA

Is Tabitha beyond her wishes blest?
Does no proud worldly dame divide thy breast?
Then hear me, Caleb, witness what I speak,
This solemn promise death alone can break;
Sooner I would bedeck my brow with lace,
And with immodest fav'rites shade my face,
Sooner like Babylon's lewd whore be drest
In flaring di'monds and a scarlet vest,
Or make a curtsy in Cathedral pew,
Than prove inconstant, while my Caleb 's true.

CALEB

When I prove false, and Tabitha forsake,
Teachers shall dance a jig at country wake;
Brethren unbeaver'd then shall bow their head,
And with profane mince-pies our babes be fed.

TABITHA

If that Josiah were with passion fired
Warm as the zeal of youth when first inspired;
In steady love though he might persevere,
Unchanging as the decent garb we wear;

And thou wert fickle as the wind that blows,
Light as the feather on the head of beaus;
Yet I for thee would all the sex resign,
Sisters, take all the rest—be Caleb mine.

CALEB

Though I had all that sinful love affords,
And all the concubines of all the lords,
Whose couches creak with whoredom's sinful shame,
Whose velvet chairs are with adult'ry lame;
Ev'n in the harlot's hall, I would not sip
The dew of lewdness from her lying lip;
I 'd shun her paths, upon thy mouth to dwell,
More sweet than powder which the merchants sell;
O solace me with kisses pure like thine!
Enjoy, ye lords, the wanton concubine.
The spring now calls us forth; come, sister, come,
To see the primrose and the daisy bloom.
Let ceremony bind the worldly pair,
Sisters esteem the brethren's words sincere.

TABITHA

Espousals are but forms. O lead me hence,
For secret love can never give offence.

Then hand in hand the loving mates withdraw.
True love is nature unrestrain'd by law.
This tenet all the holy sect allows;
So Tabitha took earnest of a spouse.

APPENDIX TO VOL. I.

RURAL SPORTS: A POEM

To Mr. Pope

[*Reprint of the First Edition* (1713)]

You, who the Sweets of Rural Life have known,
Despise th' ungrateful Hurry of the Town;
'Midst *Windsor* Groves your easie Hours employ,
And, undisturb'd, your self and Muse enjoy.
Soft flowing *Thames* his mazy Course retains,
And in suspence admires thy charming Strains;
The River-Gods and Nymphs about thee throng,
To hear the *Syrens* warble in thy Song.
But I, who ne'er was bless'd from Fortune's Hand,
Nor brighten'd Plough-shares in Paternal Land,
Have long been in the noisie Town immur'd,
Respir'd it's Smoak, and all it's Toils endur'd,
Have courted Bus'ness with successless Pain,
And in Attendance wasted Years in vain;
Where News and Politicks amuse Mankind,
And Schemes of State involve th' uneasie Mind;
Faction embroils the World; and ev'ry Tongue
Is fraught with Malice, and with Scandal hung:
Friendship, for Sylvan Shades, does Courts despise,
Where all must yield to Int'rest's dearer Ties;

Each Rival *Machiavel* with Envy burns,
And Honesty forsakes them All by turns;
Whilst Calumny upon each Party s thrown,
Which Both abhor, and Both alike disown.
Thus have I, 'midst the Bawls of factious Strife,
Long undergone the Drudgery of Life;
On Courtiers Promises I founded Schemes,
Which still deluded me, like golden Dreams;
Expectance wore the tedious Hours away,
And glimm'ring Hope roll'd on each lazy Day.
Resolv'd at last no more Fatigues to bear,
At once I both forsook the Town and Care;
At a kind Friend's a calm *Asylum* chose,
And bless'd my harrass'd Mind with sweet Repose,
Where Fields and Shades, and the refreshing Clime,
Inspire the Sylvan Song, and prompt my Rhime.
My Muse shall rove through flow'ry Meads and Plains,
And Rural Sports adorn these homely Strains,
And the same Road ambitiously pursue,
Frequented by the *Mantuan* Swain, and You.

Now did the Spring her Native Sweets diffuse,
And feed the chearful Plains with wholesome Dews;
A kindly Warmth th' approaching Sun bestows,
And o'er the Year a verdant Mantle throws;
The jocund Fields their gaudiest Liv'ry wear,
And breath fresh Odours through the wanton Air;
The gladsome Birds begin their various Lays,
And fill with warbling Songs the blooming Sprays;
No swelling Inundation hides the Grounds,
But crystal Currents glide within their Bounds;

The sporting Fish their wonted Haunts forsake,
And in the Rivers wide Excursions take;
They range with frequent Leaps the shallow Streams,
And their bright Scales reflect the daz'ling Beams,
The Fisherman does now his Toils prepare,
And Arms himself with ev'ry watry Snare,
He meditates new Methods to betray,
Threat'ning Destruction to the finny Prey.

When floating Clouds their spongy Fleeces drain,
Troubling the Streams with swift-descending Rain,
And Waters, tumbling down the Mountain's Side,
Bear the loose Soil into the swelling Tide;
Then, soon as Vernal Gales begin to rise,
And drive the liquid Burthen through the Skies,
The Fisher strait his Taper Rod prepares,
And to the Neighb'ring Stream in haste repairs;
Upon a rising Border of the Brook
He sits him down, and ties the treach'rous Hook;
A twining Earth-worm he draws on with Care,
With which he neatly hides the pointed Snare.
Now Expectation chears his eager Thought,
His Bosom glows with Treasures yet uncaught,
Before his Eyes a Banquet seems to stand,
The kind Effects of his industrious Hand.

Into the Stream the twisted Hair he throws,
Which gently down the murm'ring Current flows;
When if or Chance of Hunger's pow'rful Sway
Directs a ranging Trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the tortur'd Bait,
And shoots away with the fallacious Meat.

The trembling Rod the joyful Angler eyes,
And the strait Line assures him of the Prize;
With a quick Hand the nibbled Hook he draws,
And strikes the barbed Steel within his Jaws;
The Fish now flounces with the startling Pain,
And, plunging, strives to free himself, in vain:
Into the thinner Element he's cast,
And on the verdant Margin gasps his Last.

He must not ev'ry Worm promiscuous use,
Judgment will tell him proper Bait to chuse;
The Worm that draws a long immod'rate Size
The Trout abhors, and the rank Morsel flies;
But if too small, the naked Fraud 's in sight,
And fear Forbids, while Hunger does invite.
Their shining Tails when a deep Yellow stains,
That Bait will well reward the Fisher's Pains:
Cleanse them from Filth, to give a tempting Gloss,
Cherish the sully'd Animals with Moss;
Where they rejoice, wreathing around in Play,
And from their Bodies wipe their native Clay.

But when the sun displays his glorious Beams,
And falling Rivers flow with Silver Streams,
When no moist Clouds the radient Air invest,
And *Flora* in her richest State is drest,
Then the disporting Fish the Cheat survey,
Bask in the Sun, and look into the Day.
You now a more delusive Art must try,
And tempt their Hunger with the Curious Fly;
Your wary Steps must not advance too near,
Whilst all your Hope hangs on a single Hair;

Upon the curling Surface let it glide,
With Nat'ral Motion from thy Hand supply'd,
Against the Stream now let it gently play,
Now in the rapid Eddy roll away;
The sporting Fish leaps at the floating Bait,
And in the dainty Morsel seeks his Fate.
Thus the nice *Epicure* whom Lux'ry sways,
Who ev'ry Craving of his Taste obeys,
Makes his false Appetite his only Care,
In poignant Sauce disguises all his Fare;
And whilst he would his vicious Palate please,
In ev'ry Bit sucks in a new Disease;
The Cook destroys with his compounding Art,
And dextrously performs the Doctor's Part.

To frame the little Animal, provide
All the gay Hues that wait on Female Pride,
Let Nature guide thee; sometimes Golden Wire
The glitt'ring Bellies of the Fly require;
The Peacock's Plumes thy Tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear Purchase of the Sable's Tail.
Each gaudy Bird some slender Tribute brings,
And lends the growing Insect proper Wings,
Silks of all Colours must their Aid impart,
And ev'ry Fur promote the Fisher's Art.
So the gay Lady, with Expensive Care,
Borrows the Pride of Land, of Sea, and Air;
Furs, Pearls, and Plumes, the painted Thing displays,
Dazles our Eyes, and easie Hearts betrays.

Mark well the various Seasons of the Year,
How the succeeding Insect Race appear;

In this revolving Moon one Colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle Trout disdains.
Oft' have I seen a skillful Angler try
The various Colours of the treach'rous Fly;
When he with fruitless Pain hath skim'd the Brook,
And the coy Fish rejects the skipping Hook,
He shakes the Boughs that on the Margin grow,
Which o'er the Stream a waving Forrest throw;
When if an Insect falls, (his certain Guide)
He gently takes him from the whirling Tide;
Examines well his Form with curious Eyes,
His gaudy Colours, Wings, his Horns and Size,
Then round his Hook a proper Fur he winds,
And on the Back a speckled Feather binds,
So just the Properties in ev'ry part,
That even Nature's Hand revives in Art.
His new-form'd Creature on the Water moves,
The roving Trout th' inviting Snare approves,
Upon his Skill successful Sport attends,
The Rod, with the succeeding Burthen, bends;
The Fishes sail along, and in Surprize
Behold their Fellows drawn into the Skies;
When soon they rashly seize the deadly Bait,
And Lux'ry draws them to their Fellow's Fate.

When a brisk Gale against the Current blows,
And all the watry Plain in Wrinkles flows,
Then let the Fisherman his Art repeat,
Where bubbling Eddys favour the Deceit.
If an huge scaly Salmon chance to spy
The wanton Errors of the swimming Fly,

He lifts his Silver Gills above the Flood,
And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful Food;
Then plunges down with the deceitful Prey,
And bears with Joy the little Spoils away.
Soon in smart Pains he feels the dire Mistake,
Lashes the Waves, and beats the foamy Lake,
With sudden Rage he now aloft appears,
And in his Look convulsive Anguish bears;
And now again, impatient of the Wound,
He rolls and wreathes his shining Body round;
Then headlong shoots himself into the Tide,
And trembling Fins the boiling Waves divide;
Now Hope and Fear the Fisher's Heart employ,
His smiling Looks glow with depending Joy,
He views the tumbling Fish with eager Eyes,
While his Line stretches with th' unwieldly Prize;
Each Motion humours with his steady Hands,
And a slight Hair the mighty Bulk commands;
Till tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his Strength,
The Fish athwart the Streams unfolds his Length.
He now, with Pleasure, views the gasping Prize
Gnash his sharp Teeth, and roll his Blood-shot Eyes,
Then draws him t'wards the Shore, with gentle Care,
And holds his Nostrils in the sick'ning Air:
Upon the burthen'd Stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quiv'ring Fins, and Panting dies
So the Coquet th' unhappy Youth ensnares,
With artful Glances and affected Airs,
Baits him with Frowns, now lures him on with Smiles,
And in Disport employs her practis'd Wiles;
The Boy at last, betray'd by borrow'd Charms,
A Victim falls in her enslaving Arms.

If you 'd preserve a num'rous finny Race,
Let your fierce Dogs the Rav'nous Otter chase;
Th' amphibious Creature ranges all the Shores,
Shoots through the Waves, and ev'ry Haunt explores:
Or let the Gin his roving Steps betray,
And save from hostile Jaws the scaly Prey.

Now, Sporting Muse, draw in the flowing Reins,
Leave the clear Streams a-while for sunny Plains.
Should you the various Arms and Toils rehearse,
And all the Fisherman adorn thy Verse;
Should you the wide encircling Net display,
And in it's spacious Arch enclose the Sea,
Then haul the plunging Load upon the Land,
And with the Soale and Turbet hide the Sand;
It would extend the growing Theme too long,
And tire the Reader with the watry Song.

Nor do such vacant Sports alone invite,
But all the grateful Country breaths Delight;
Here blooming Health exerts her gentle Reign,
And strings the Sinews of th' industrious Swain.
Soon as the Morning Lark proclaims the Day,
Into the Fields I take my frequent Way,
Where I behold the Farmer's early Care,
In the revolving Labours of the Year.

When high Luxuriant Grass o'erspreads the Ground,
And the fresh Spring in all her State is Crown'd.
The Lab'rer with the bending Scythe is seen,
Shaving the Surface of the waving Green;

Of all her Native Pride disrobes the Land,
And Meads lays waste before his sweeping Hand:
While with the mounting Sun the Meadows glows,
The fading Herbage round he loosely throws;
From rip'ning Hay diffusive Odours rise,
Which breathing *Zephyrs* bear throughout the Skies:
But if some Sign portend a lasting Show'r,
Th' observing Swain foresees th' approaching Hour;
He strait in haste the scatt'ring Fork forsakes,
And cleanly Damsels ply the saving Rakes;
In rising Hills the fragrant Harvest grows,
And spreads throughout the Plain in equal Rows.

What Happiness the Rural Maid attends,
In chearful Labour while each Day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heav'n has sent,
And, rich in Poverty, enjoys Content:
Upon her Cheek a pure Vermilion glows,
And all her Beauty she to Nature owes;
(Such Happiness, and such a constant Frame,
Ne'er glads the Bosom of the Courtly Dame.)
She never feels the Spleen's imagin'd Pains,
Nor Melancholy stagnates in her Veins;
She never loses Life in thoughtless Ease,
Nor on a downy Couch invites Disease;
Her Dress in a clean simple Neatness lies,
No glaring Equipage excites her Sighs;
Her Reputation, which she values most,
Is ne'er in a Malicious Visit lost:
No Midnight Masquerade her Beauty wears,
And Health, not Paint, the fading Bloom repairs.

If Love's soft Passions in her Bosom reign,
She meets Returns in an obliging Swain;
Domestick Broils do ne'er her Peace controul,
Nor watchful Jealousie torments her Soul;
With secret Joy she sees her little Race
Hang on her Breast, and her small Cottage grace;
Thus flow her peaceful Hours, unknown to Strife,
'Till Age exhausts the latest Thread of Life.

But when th' Ascent of Heav'n bright *Phœbus* gains,
And scorches with fierce Rays the thirsty Plains;
When sleeping Snakes bask in the sultry Sky,
And Swains with fainting Hand their Labours ply,
With naked Breast they court each welcome Breeze,
Nor know the Shelter of the shady Trees:
Then to some secret Covert I retreat,
To shun the Pressure of th' uneasie Heat;
Where the tall Oak his spreading Arms entwines,
And with the Beech a mutual Shade combines;
Here on the Mossy Couch my Limbs I lay,
And taste an Ev'ning at the Noon of Day:
Beneath, a shallow Rivulet runs by,
Whose Silver Streams o'er the smooth Pebbles fly,
With gentle Falls it wanders through the Grounds,
And all the Wood the mur'ring Noise resounds.
In such a Shade was fair *Calisto* laid,
When am'rous *Jove* th' unwary Nymph betray'd:
The God, disguis'd in *Cynthia's* borrow'd Charms,
Her Lips with more than Virgin Kisses Warms;
While she, surpriz'd, lay melting in his Arms.

Here I with *Virgil*'s Muse refresh my Mind,
And in his Numbers all the Country find;

I wander o'er the various Rural Toil,
And learn the Nature of each diff'rent Soil;
This fertile Field groans with a Load of Corn,
That spreading Trees with blushing Fruit adorn.
Here I survey the Purple Vintage grow,
Climb round the Poles, and rise in graceful Row,
Whilst *Bacchanalian* Bowls with the rich Nectar flow.
Here I behold the Steed curvet and bound,
And paw with restless Hoof the smoaking Ground.
The Dewlap'd Bull now scow'rs throughout the Plains,
While burning Love shoots through his raging Veins,
His well-arm'd Front against his Rival aims,
And by the Dint of War his Mistress claims.
His tuneful Muse the industrious Bee recites,
His Wars, his Government, and toilsome Flights;
The careful Insect 'midst his Works I view,
Now from the Flow'rs exhaust the fragrant Dew;
With golden Treasures load his little Thighs,
And steer his airy Journey through the Skies;
With liquid Sweets the waxen Cells distend,
While some 'gainst Hostile Drones their Cave defend;
Each in the Toil a proper Station bears,
And in the little Bulk a mighty Soul appears,
The Country all her native Charms displays,
And various Landschapes flourish in his Lays.

Or when the Lab'rer leaves the Task of Day,
And trudging homewards whistles on the Way;
When the big udder'd Cows with Patience Stand,
Waiting the Stroakings of the Damsel's Hand;

No Warbling chears the Woods; the Feather'd Choir
To court kind Slumbers, to their Sprays retire;
When no rude Gale disturbs the sleeping Trees,
Nor Aspen Leaves confess the gentlest Breeze;
I sooth my Mind with an indulgent Walk,
And shun a-while the tiresome Noise of Talk,
Engag'd in Thought, to *Neptune's* Bounds I stray,
To take my Farewel of the parting Day;
The blushing Skies glow with the sinking Beams,
And a bright Glory mingles with the Streams:
A golden Light upon the Surface plays,
And the wide Ocean smiles with trembling Rays;
Here Pensive I behold the fading Light,
And in the distant Billows lose my Sight.

Now Night in silent State begins to rise,
And twinkling Orbs bestrow th' uncloudy Skies;
Her borrow'd Lustre growing *Cynthia* lends,
And o'er the Main a glitt'ring Path extends;
Millions of Worlds hang in the spacious Air,
Which round their Suns their Annual Circles steer.
Sweet Contemplation elevates my Sense,
While I survey the Works of Providence.
Oh, could my Muse in loftier Strains rehearse
The Glorious Author of this Universe,
Who reins the Winds, gives the vast Ocean Bounds,
And circumscribes the floating Worlds their Rounds!
My Soul should overflow in Songs of Praise,
And my Creator's Name inspire my Lays.

Now *Ceres* pours out Plenty from her Horn,
And cloaths the Fields with golden Ears of Corn;

Let the keen Hunter from the Chase refrain,
Nor render all the Plowman's Labour vain,
The Reapers to their sweating Task repair,
To save the Product of the bounteous Year:
To the wide-gathering Hook long Furrows yield,
And rising Sheaves extend through all the Field.

Oh happy Plains! remote from War's Alarms,
And all the Ravages of Hostile Arms;
And happy Shepherds who secure from Fear
On open Downs preserve your fleecy Care!
Where no rude Soldier, bent on cruel Spoil,
Spreads Desolation o'er the fertile Soil;
No trampling Steed lays waste the rip'ning Grain,
Nor crackling Flames devour the promis'd Gain;
No flaming Beacons cast their Blaze afar,
The dreadful Signal of invasive War;
No Trumpet's Clangor wounds the Mother's Ear,
Nor calls the Lover from his swooning Fair;
But the fill'd Barns groan with th' encreasing Store,
And whirling Flails disjoint the cracking Floor:
Let *Anna* then adorn your Rural Lays,
And ev'ry Wood resound with grateful Praise;
Anna, who binds the Tyrant War in Chains,
And Peace diffuses o'er the chearful Plains;
In whom again the bright *Astrea* Reigns.

As in successive Toil the Seasons roll,
So various Pleasures recreate the Soul;
The setting Dog, instructed to betray,
Rewards the Fowler with the Feather'd Prey.

Soon as the lab'ring Horse with swelling Veins
Hath safely hous'd the Farmer's doubtful Gains,
To sweet Repast th' unwary Partridge flies,
At Ease amidst the scatter'd Harvest lies,
Wandring in Plenty, Danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the Slav'ry of entangling Nets.
The subtle Dog now with sagacious Nose
Scowres through the Field, and snuffs each Breeze that blows,
Against the Wind he takes his prudent way,
While the strong Gale directs him to the Prey;
Now the warm Scent assures the Covey near,
He treads with Caution, and he points with Fear;
Then least some Sentry Fowl his Fraud descry
And bid his Fellows from the Danger fly,
Close to the Ground in Expectation lies,
Till in the Snare the flutt'ring Covey rise.
Thus the sly Sharper sets the thoughtless 'Squire,
Who to the Town does aukwardly aspire:
Trick'd of his Gold, he Mortgages his Land,
And falls a Captive to the Bailiff's Hand.
Soon as the blushing Light begins to spread,
And rising *Phœbus* gilds the Mountain's Head,
His early Flight th' ill-fated Partridge takes,
And quits the friendly Shelter of the Brakes:
Or when the Sun casts a declining Ray,
And drives his Chariot down the Western way,
Let your obsequious Ranger search around,
Where the dry Stubble withers on the Ground:
Nor will the roving Spy direct in vain,
But num'rous Coveys gratifie thy Pain.

When the Meridian Sun contracts the Shade,
And frisking Heifers seek the cooling Glade;
Or when the Country floats with sudden Rains,
Or driving Mists deface the moist'ned Plains;
In vain his Toils th' unskillful Fowler tries,
Whilst in thick Woods the feeding Partridge lies.

Nor must the sporting Verse the Gun forbear,
But what 's the Fowler's be the Muse's Care;
The Birds that in the Thicket seek their Food,
Who love the Covert, and frequent the Wood,
Despise the Net: But still can never shun
The momentary Lightning of the Gun.
The Spaniel ranges all the Forrest round,
And with discerning Nostril snuffs the Ground;
Now rushing on, with barking Noise alarms,
And bids his watchful Lord prepare to Arms;
The dreadful Sound the springing Pheasant hears,
Leaves his close Haunt, and to some Tree repairs:
The Dog, aloft the painted Fowl, surveys,
Observes his Motions, and at distance Bays.
His noisie Foe the stooping Pheasant eyes,
Fear binds his Feet, and useless Pinions ties,
Till the sure Fowler, with a sudden Aim,
From the tall bough precipitates the Game.
So the pale Coward from the Battel flies,
Soon as a Rout the Victor Army cries;
With clashing Weapons Fancy fills his Ear,
And Bullets whistle round his bristled Hair;
Now from all Sides th' imagin'd Foe draws nigh,
He trembling stands, nor knows which Way to fly;

Till Fate behind aims a disgraceful Wound,
And throws his gasping Carcass to the Ground
But if the Bird, to shun the dreadful Snare,
With quiv'ring Pinions cuts the liquid Air;
The scatt'ring Lead pursues th' unerring Sight,
And Death in Thunder overtakes his flight.

The tow'ring Hawk, let future Poets sing,
Who Terror bears upon his soaring Wing:
Let him on high the frighted Hern survey,
And lofty Numbers paint their Airy Fray.
Nor shall the mounting Lark the Muse detain,
That greets the Morning with his early Strain;
How, 'midst his Song, by the false Glass betray'd,
(That fatal Snare to the fantastick Maid,)
Pride lures the little Warbler from the Skies,
Where folding Nets the Captive Bird surprize.

The Greyhound now pursues the tim'rous Hare,
And shoots along the Plain with swift Career;
While the sly Game escapes beneath his Paws,
He snaps deceitful Air with empty Jaws;
Enrag'd, upon his Foe he quickly gains,
And with wide Stretches measures o'er the Plains;
Again the cunning Creature winds around,
While the fleet Dog o'ershoots, and loses ground;
Now Speed he doubles to regain the Way,
And crushes in his Jaws the screaming Prey.
Thus does the Country various Sports afford,
And unbought Dainties heap the wholesome Board.

But still the Chase, a pleasing Task, remains;
The Hound must open in these rural Strains.
Soon as *Aurora* drives away the Night,
And edges Eastern Clouds with rosie Light,
The wakeful Huntsman, with the chearful Horn,
Summons the Dogs, and greets the rising Morn:
Th' enliven'd Hounds the welcome Accent hear,
Start from their Sleep, and for the Chase prepare.
Now o'er the Field a diff'rent Route they take,
Search ev'ry Bush, and force the thorny Brake;
No bounding Hedge obstructs their eager Way,
While their sure Nostril leads them to the Prey;
Now they with Joy th' encreasing Scent pursue,
And trace the Game along the tainted Dew;
A sudden Clamour rings throughout the Plain,
And calls the Straglers from their fruitless Pain,
All swiftly to the welcome Sound repair,
And join their Force against the skulking Hare.
Thus when the Drum an idle Camp alarms,
And summons all the scatt'ring Troops to Arms;
The Soldiers the commanding Thunder know,
And in one Body meet th' approaching Foe.
The tuneful Noise the sprightly Courser hears,
He paws the Turf, and pricks his rising Ears:
The list'ning Hare, unsafe in longer Stay,
With wary Caution steals unseen away;
But soon his treach'rous Feet his Flight betray.
The distant Mountains eccho from afar,
And neighb'ring Woods resound the flying War;
The slackned Rein admits the Horse's Speed,
And the swift Ground flies back beneath the Steed.

Now at a Fault the Dogs confus'dly stray,
And strive t' unravel his perplexing Way;
They trace his artful Doubles o'er and o'er,
Smell ev'ry Shrub, and all the Plain explore,
'Till some stanch Hound summons the baffled Crew,
And strikes away his wily Steps anew.
Along the Fields they scow'r with jocund Voice,
The frighted Hare starts at the distant Noise;
New Stratagems and various Shifts he tries,
Oft' he looks back, and dreads a close Surprise;
Th' advancing Dogs still haunt his list'ning Ear,
And ev'ry Breeze augments his growing Fear:
'Till tir'd at last, he pants, and heaves for Breath;
Then lays him down, and waits approaching Death.
Nor should the Fox shun the pursuing Hound,
Nor the tall Stag with branching Antlers crown'd;
But each revolving Sport the Year employ,
And fortifie the Mind with healthful Joy.

Oh happy Fields, unknown to Noise and Strife,
The kind Rewarders of industrious Life;
Ye shady Woods, where once I us'd to rove,
Alike indulgent to the Muse and Love;
Ye murm'ring Streams that in *Mœanders* roll,
The sweet Composers of the peaceful Soul,
Farewel.——Now Business calls me from the Plains,
Confines my Fancy, and my Song restrains.

NOTES

NOTES

'WINE' (P. 3).

Ennius, first fam'd in Latin song, in vain Drew Heliconian streams, etc. (lines 93-104). Compare Horace (*Epist.* i. 19):

> Ennius ipse pater nunquam nisi potus ad arma
> Prosiluit dicenda.

Had the Oxonian bard thy praise rehears'd, etc. (lines 114-120). The 'Oxonian bard' is John Philips, who was born at Bampton, in Oxfordshire, on the 30th December 1676. He wrote *The Splendid Shilling*, and, in 1705, celebrated Marlborough's victory in a poem entitled *Blenheim*. In 1708, he published *Cider*—a piece which no doubt suggested 'Wine' as a subject to Gay. He died on February 15, 1709.

Where the white poplar, and the lofty pine Join neighb'ring boughs, etc. (lines 124-126). This is translated, almost literally, from Horace (*Odes*, ii. 3.):—

> Qua pinus ingens albaque populus
> Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
> Ramis.

Swiftly we hie to Devil, young or old (line 145). The Devil tavern was in Fleet Street, very near the spot where Messrs. Childs' bank now stands. 'I was resolved to entertain the company with a dinner suitable to the occasion,' writes Steele in the 79th *Tatler*, 'and pitched upon the Apollo at the Old Devil at Temple Bar, as a place sacred to mirth tempered with discretion, where Ben Jonson and his sons used to make their liberal meetings.' There was, at the time Gay wrote *Wine*,

a 'Young Devil' on the opposite side of the street. Hence, of course, the reference in the poem to 'Devil young or old.'

Gasparini's hand (line 182). Francesco Gasparini (1685?-1725) was a celebrated Italian musical composer. A violinist of the same name is probably the person referred to by Gay.

Warbling Tofts (line 184). Mrs. Catherine Tofts was the first lady of English birth who sang Italian Opera in England. It is not possible to ascertain the exact dates of her birth and her death; but she sang at a subscription concert at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1703, and she was living in 1735. Her career, though brief, was eminently successful. She quitted the stage in 1709, having lost her reason. The following epigram upon her is attributed to Pope:

> So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
> As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along;
> But such is thy avarice, and such is thy pride,
> That the beasts must have starved, and Orpheus have died.

The royal Dane, blest consort of the Queen (line 217). Queen Anne married, in 1683, Prince George, brother to the King of Denmark. He was, on the 21st May 1702, appointed to the office of Lord High Admiral, with a Council to conduct the administration of the navy in his name. He died on the 28th October 1708—five months after the publication of *Wine*.

Höchstädt's field (line 228). Höchstädt is another name for Blenheim where the famous battle was fought on the 13th August 1704

Next Devonshire illustrious, etc. (lines 229-234). William Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire (1640-1707), was Lord Steward to the combined Whig and Tory ministry which the poet is celebrating.

Prudent Godolphin, etc. (lines 235-237). Sydney George, Earl of Godolphin (1640-1712), was at this time Lord Treasurer.

And Halifax, the Muse's darling son (lines 238-241). Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, was born April 16, 1661. In 1687, he joined with Prior in writing the *City Mouse and the Country Mouse*, a burlesque of Dryden's *Hind and Panther*. His political advancement was rapid, and he received the highest honours from William, from Anne, and

from George I. He was created Baron Halifax in 1700, and Earl of Halifax upon the accession of George I. He died on the 19th May 1715. He was, according to Pope, 'fed with dedications,' and it has been further said that no dedication ever went unrewarded.

Thus we the wingèd hours in harmless mirth, etc. (lines 256-272). 'The concluding lines, which describe the breaking up of a "midnight modern conversation" at the Devil Tavern, already disclose the minute touch of "Trivia."'—AUSTIN DOBSON (*Dict. Nat. Biog.* xxi. 84).

'RURAL SPORTS' (P. 15).

In Windsor groves your easy hours employ (lines 3-8). Pope, to whom this poem is inscribed, lived with his parents at Binfield, on the skirts of Windsor forest, from 1700 to 1716. In the latter year, he removed to Chiswick.

Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines, etc. (lines 59-61). An echo of the passage from Horace (*Odes*, ii. 3), already quoted on page 275.

'THE FAN' (P. 33).

BOOK I.

Nor shall Bermudas long the Muse detain Whose fragrant forests bloom in Waller's strain (lines 17, 18). Gay refers to *The Battle of the Summer Islands*, in which Waller celebrates 'Bermudas walled with rocks' as:

> That happy island where huge lemons grow,
> And orange trees which golden fruit do bear,
> The Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair.

Marvell, curiously enough, also wrote a poem on 'Bermudas.' (See Aitken's *Marvell* 'Muse's Library,' i. 39).

Ev'n while Cydippe to Diana bows, etc. (lines 73-78). This story of the conquest of Cydippe by Acontius is closely imitated from Ovid. (See the *Heroïdes*, Epist. xxi., 'Cydippe Acontio').

When crowds of suitors Atalanta tried, etc. (lines 79-88). This episode will be found described in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book x. lines 637-680. The story is placed by the Roman poet in the mouth of Venus, who relates it to Adonis.

BOOK II.

Here let the wretched Ariadne stand, etc. (lines 87-98). See Ovid's *Heroïdes*, Epist. x. ('Ariadne Theseo') lines 15-42.

Paint Dido there amidst her last distress, etc. (lines 99-106). Cf. Ovid, *Heroïdes* (Epist. vii., 'Dido Æneæ').

Here draw Œnone in the lonely grove, etc. (lines 109-130). See Ovid's *Heroïdes* (Epist. v., 'Œnone Paridi') for the original of the story.

Let Daphne there fly lightly o'er the plains, etc. (lines 131-134). Cf. Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, i. 547-552.

Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown (line 164). Cf. Ovid (*Amores*, iii. 14):

> Non peccat quæcumque potest peccasse negare
> Solaque deformem culpa professa facit.

There let all-conqu'ring gold exert its power, And soften Danae in a glitt'ring shower (lines 181, 182). Perseus, the offspring of Jupiter, was conceived by Danäe in a shower of gold (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, iv. 609):

> Persea quem pluvis Danäe conceperat auro.

Cf. also the sixteenth ode of Horace's third book (*Inclusam Danäen*), lines 1-8.

On the machine the sage Minerva place, etc. (lines 185-196). Cf. Ovid (*Fasti*, vi. 697-702):

> Prima terebrato per rara foramina buxo
> Ut daret, effeci, tibia longa sonos.
> Vox placuit, etc.

Here on a couch extend the Cyprian dame, etc. (lines 199-210). For the original of this story, consult the second fable of the fourth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

BOOK III.

The fate of pride in Niobe she drew, etc. (lines 25-76). See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book vi. fable 2.

Here lively colours Procris' passion tell, etc. (lines 85-104). Consult the eighth fable of the seventh book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses.*

There on the piece the Volscian Queen expired, etc. (lines 111-130). The story of Camilla is abridged by Gay from the *Æneid.* (See Book xi. 486-915.)

Here young Narcissus o'er the fountain stood, etc. (lines 137-148). Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book iii. fable 7.

'THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK' (P. 63).

'Ωἰπόλος ὄκκ' ἐσορῇ κ.τ.λ. (P. 66). These untranslateable lines come from the first—and not, as Gay would seem to indicate, from the fifth—Idyll of Theocritus. They have been rendered into the decent obscurity of another dead language by Kiessling, whose Latin version runs as follows:

> Caprarius quando videt capras, ut inscenduntur,
> Tabescit oculis, quod non hircus ipse natus est.

My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our own fields . . . nor doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, because there are none (p. 67). This, as Mr. Dobson has observed (*Dict. Nat. Biog.*, xxi. 85), was a palpable hit at Ambrose Philips, who, we are told, 'with great judgment described wolves in England in his first pastoral,' and who, moreover, 'by a poetical creation raised up finer beds of flowers than the most industrious gardener; his roses, lilies, and daffodils blow in the same season.' (See Pope's paper on Pastoral in *Guardian*, No. 40, April 27, 1713.)

Our Clerk came posting o'er the green With doleful tidings of the Queen (Prologue, lines 9, 10). On Christmas Eve, 1713, Queen Anne was seized by a violent attack of fever, which left her for several hours unconscious: it was, in fact, once reported that she was dead. She owed her recovery to the skill

and attention of Dr. Arbuthnot. See lines 27-38 of this 'Prologue.'

> . . . *Lansdown*[a] *fresh as flower of May,*
> *And Berkely*[b] *lady, blithe and gay,*
> *And Anglesey*[c] *whose speech exceeds*
> *The voice of pipe or oaten reeds;*
> *And blooming Hyde*[d] *with eyes so rare,*
> *And Montague*[e] *beyond compare* (lines 55-60).

[a] Lady Mary Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Jersey, first married Mr. Thynne, who died in 1710, a few months after the ceremony. Their son became in later years the second Viscount Weymouth. She was married a second time in 1711, and to Lord Lansdowne, the poet.

[b] Probably the wife of James, third Earl of Berkeley. Previous to her marriage in 1714, she was known as Lady Louisa Lennox, being a daughter of the first Duke of Richmond.

[c] This lady was Mary, the daughter of John Thompson, Lord Haversham, and the wife of Arthur, Earl of Anglesey. She died in 1719.

[d] Lady Jane Hyde, daughter of the Earl of Rochester, and elder sister of Prior's Kitty beautiful and young,' afterwards Duchess of Queensberry.

[e] Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was a daughter of the Earl of Kingston. She married Edward Wortley Montagu in 1712. She was for some years on terms of affectionate friendship with Pope, and would, therefore, feel kindly disposed towards his friend Gay.

As Oxford, who a wand doth bear (line 65). Robert Harley (1661-1724) was in 1711 made Earl of Oxford, and Tory Lord High Treasurer. The 'wand' referred to is the white staff of office.

There saw I St. John, sweet of mien (line 75). Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke (1678-1751), was, at the time *The Shepherd's Week* was dedicated to him, Secretary of State, and joint leader, with Oxford, of the Tory administration then in power. Gay advantaged little by the dedication: it was, indeed, according to Swift, an 'original sin'—a sin which the first two Georges and their Whig advisers could neither forget nor forgive.

. . . *Whitepot thick is my Buxoma's jare* ('Monday' line

92). Whitepot is a kind of porridge, made by boiling together milk, flour, and rice. It is well known in Devonshire, where it generally precedes the meat taken at the midday or evening meal. The school bell rung at the conclusion of the morning's lessons is sometimes called 'Whitepot.'

Awhile, O D'Urfey, lend an ear or twain, etc. ('Wednesday,' lines 9-18). 'The town may da-da-damn me as a poet,' stammering Tom D'Urfey once remarked, 'but they sing my songs for all that.' So also, if Gay may be regarded as an authority, did the country. Draghi composed the music for the opera, or burlesque, of *Wonders in the Sun*, and actors dressed as parrots, crows, etc., were introduced upon the stage. The song 'To horse, brave boys, to Newmarket, to horse' was first printed in D'Urfey's *Choice New Songs*, 1684.

Ray, F.R.S. (p. 89, Note). John Ray, an eminent seventeenth-century naturalist, compiled *A Collection of English Words not generally used, with their Significations and Original.* The first edition of this work appeared in 1674.

Cowell's *Interpreter* (p. 97, Note). Gay's note is quoted verbatim from *The Interpreter of words and terms, used either in the common or statute laws of this Realm, and in Tenures and Jocular Customs . . . first published by the learned Dr. Cowel, in the year* 1607, *and continued by Tho. Manley of the Middle Temple, Esq., to the year* 1684 . . . *Now further extended and improv'd, etc.* (1701). The title is too long to give in full.

'Gillian of Croydon' well thy pipe can play, Thou sing'st most sweet 'O'er hills and far away,' Of 'Patient Grissel' I devise to sing ('Friday,' lines 17-19). The air to which 'Gillian of Croydon' was sung, dates from the seventeenth century, or it may be older. It was commonly known as 'Mall Peatly.' D'Urfey supplied the words, which begin as follows :—

> One holiday last summer,
> From four to seven by Croydon chimes ;
> Three lasses toping rummers
> Were set a-prating of the times.
> A wife called Joan of the Mill
> And a maid they called brown Nell ;
> Take off your glass, said Gillian of Croydon,
> A health to our master Will.

He sung of 'Taffy Welsh' and 'Sawney Scot,' etc. ('Saturday,' lines 115-120). By 'Taffy Welsh,' Gay no doubt meant the nursery rhyme commencing :

> Taffy was a Welshman,
> Taffy was a thief,
> Taffy came to my house
> And stole a leg of beef.

'Sawney Scot' is one of Tom D'Urfey's songs, the music for which was composed by Farmer. It runs as follows :

> Sawney was tall and of noble race
> And loved me better than any yen,
> But now he loves another lass,
> And Sawney 'll ne'er be my love agen.
> I gave him a fine Scotch sark and band,
> I put them on with mine own hand ;
> I gave him house, I gave him land,
> Yet Sawney 'll ne'er be my love agen.

Trivia (P. 118).

BOOK I.

Now in thy trunk thy D'oily habit fold (line 43). The material 'D'oily' was called after the haberdasher who brought it into vogue—'Thomas Doyley, at the Nun in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.'

Nor late invented chairs perplex'd the way (line 104). The sedan chair first came into general use in Queen Anne's reign. In 1711—that is to say, five years before the publication of *Trivia*—an Act of Parliament was passed, licensing two hundred public sedan chairs at 10s. each yearly, and their fare was, at the same time, settled at 1s. per mile. Next year, a further Act was passed, licensing a hundred more chairs.

Or underneath the umbrella's oily shed, Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread (lines 211, 212). In Gay's time umbrellas were used only by women. Men regarded them as effeminate, and put their trust in good broadcloth coats or cloaks.

BOOK II.

These grave physicians with their milky cheer (line 15). Asses' milk was in great request in the early eighteenth century. It sold for three and sixpence the quart.

Lactant, I., 20 (p. 132, Note). Firmianus Lactantius, an ecclesiastical writer, died in Africa somewhere about the year 325. His principal work is entitled *Divinarum Institutionum Libri VII.*

Minut. Fel. Oct., p. 232 (p. 132, Note). Minutius Felix was a Latin author of the third century after Christ. His *Octavius*, cited by Gay, is a defence of Christianity in the shape of a dialogue between a Pagan and a Christian. The former is in the end converted.

If, as the Samian taught, the soul revives, And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives (lines 237, 238). The Greek philosopher Pythagoras, whose doctrine is referred to in this couplet, was born at Samos, B.C. 569.

Where Covent Garden's famous temple stands, That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands (lines 343, 344). The church of St. Paul's in Covent Garden was designed by Inigo Jones. It was, when first erected, greatly admired for its classic simplicity of form and outline, and in particular for its 'noble Tuscan portico,' exactly in accordance, as was said, with one described by Vitruvius. Horace Walpole, however, could see no beauty in it, and called the building a 'barn,' and the portico a 'sham' (*Anecdotes of Painting*, ed. 1786, ii. 274 and Note).

O roving Muse recall that wondrous year, When Winter reigned in bleak Britannia's air, etc. (lines 357-374). Gay refers to the great frost of 1683-1684. 'The people kept trades on the Thames as in a fair till 4th February 1684,' says a contemporary account. 'About forty coaches daily plied on the Thames as on drye land. Bought this book at a shop upon the ice in the middle of the Thames.' The river, strange to say, was again completely frozen over at the time that *Trivia* was published.

When through the town with slow and solemn air, Led by the nostril walks the muzzled bear, Behind him moves majestically dull, The pride of Hockley-hole, the surly bull (lines

407-410). Hockley-in-the-Hole was situated in Clerkenwell, and was famous for the bear and bull baiting which took place there. Witness the following advertisement: 'At the *Bear Garden* in Hockley in the Hole, 1710. This is to give notice to all Gentlemen, Gamesters, and Others, That on this present *Monday* is a Match to be fought by two Dogs, one from *Newgate* Market against one of *Honey Lane* Market, at a Bull, for a Guinea to be spent. Five Let goes out offhand, which goes fairest and farthest in Wins all; likewise a *Green Bull* to be baited, which was never baited before, and a Bull to be turned loose with Fire works all over him; also a Mad Ass to be baited; with variety of Bull baiting and Bear baiting; and a Dog to be drawn up with Fire works'—(*Harl. MSS.* 5931, 46—quoted in Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, i. 299).

Come F.—— sincere, experienced friend (line 475). William Fortescue (1687-1749) was born at Buckland in Devonshire. He dwelt for several years as a country squire upon an estate which he inherited when only four years old. The death of his wife caused him to long for a more active life, and he came to London to pursue the study of the law. Walpole appointed him his private secretary in 1715. In 1730 he was made king's counsel and Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales; in 1736 a Baron of the Exchequer, and in 1741 Master of the Rolls. He was on terms of intimate friendship with Gay and Pope, the latter of whom consulted him on all pecuniary matters, and on all the business in which Martha Blount was concerned, and 'without a fee.' Jervas has spoken of him as 'ridens Fortescuvius.'

Here Arundel's famed structure rear'd its frame (p. 145, line 483). Arundel House was taken down towards the close of the seventeenth century. It was at one time the repository of a very valuable collection of works of art, which comprised, when entire, thirty-seven statues, one hundred and twenty-eight busts, and two hundred and fifty inscribed marbles, exclusive of sarcophagi, altars, gems, fragments, and what the owner had paid for, but could never obtain permission to remove from Rome. Pepys mentions the house in his *Diary* (16th July 1668.)

. . . *Pasted here The coloured prints of Overton appear* (lines 487-488). Overton's prints were much used in the early eighteenth century, as decorations in the poorer class of houses.

Yet Burlington's fair palace still remains (p. 145, line 493). The first Burlington House was built for Richard Boyle, second Earl of Cork and first Earl of Burlington, who, when asked why he built his house so far out of town, replied that it was because he was determined to have no building beyond him. It was designed and erected by Sir John Denham. Lord Burlington, the architect, and great-grandson of the first Earl, made it into a mansion by a new front taken from the palace of Chiericati at Vicenza, by Palladio, and by the addition of a grand colonnade behind. This colonnade has been described by Sir William Chambers as 'one of the finest pieces of architecture in England.' The stones which composed it now lie neglected on the embankment at Battersea.

*O'er Congreve smile, or over D * * sleep* (line 562). D * * stands, of course, for John Dennis, the critic.

BOOK III.

Be sure observe where brown Ostrea stands, etc. (lines 185-194). In Gay's time oysters were sold in the street by the wheelbarrow men at 'Twelvepence a Peck.' The 'choicest of oysters, called Colchester oysters,' fetched prices ranging from 1s. 8d. to 3s. per barrel; while pickled oysters from Jersey could be bought for 1s. 8d. per hundred.

His scattered pence the flying Nicker flings, And with the copper shower the casement rings (lines 323, 324). The 'nicker' was well known in the early eighteenth century, as Gay's reference and the following question which appeared in *The British Apollo* for April 1st, 1709, show:—'Gentlemen, I desire your Opinion and Advice in the following Affair. I am a Gentleman that keeps Company with some Lords, and others of my own Rank, we find out a great many unaccountable Diversions. But one amongst the rest has given me some uneasiness, viz., we take a Hackny-Coach, and make the Coach-man drive up and down the Town, always providing ourselves with good store of Copper Half-

pence, which we throw at Sash-windows as we drive along. I have often thought it an unmanly as well as unchristian Practice, but yet am hurry'd on to it by my ungovernable Companions. So hope your Reasons may have that force which may not only Confirm me in the remorse I have, but may also make an Impression upon my Comrades.'—(*British Apollo*, vol. ii. No. 1.)

When W—— and G——, mighty names, are dead (line 411). Probably Ward and Gildon. Ned Ward is best known as the author of *The London Spy*. He was born in 1667, and died in 1731. Charles Gildon was a hack author, whose name is familiar to readers of Pope:

> Yet then did Gildon draw his venal Quill,
> I wish'd the man a dinner and sat still,

Pope writes in the *Epistle to Arbuthnot*. Gildon is mentioned again in the *Dunciad*, Book iii. lines 173-178.

'On a Miscellany of Poems' (P. 175).

Where Buckingham will condescend to give, etc. (lines 45, 46). John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham (1649-1721), was the author of some miscellaneous pieces and of 'Essays' in verse on Satire and on Poetry. He was, according to Pope, 'superficial in everything; even in poetry, which was his *forte*.'

Let Congreve teach the list'ning groves to mourn, As when he wept o'er fair Pastora's urn (lines 58, 59). Congreve sorrowed for the demise of Queen Mary (1694) in a piece entitled 'The Mourning Muse of Alexis. A Pastoral lamenting the death of Queen Mary.' Her late Majesty is throughout referred to as 'Pastora.'

Let Prior's muse with soft'ning accents move it, etc. (lines 60-65). Matthew Prior was born in 1664, and died in 1721. Among his writings are *Henry and Emma*, a poem, and *Hans Carvel*, a tale. The latter is described by Dr. Johnson as 'not over-decent.'

Waller in Granville lives, etc. (lines 66-69). Waller himself was the first to note Granville's imitation of his style, and, in commending some of the younger poet's early productions,

spoke of 'numbers such as Waller's self might use.' Granville wrote several plays, and addressed numerous verses to 'Mira.' He was born early in Charles the Second's reign, and he died seventy years later.

Pirate Hills' brown sheets and scurvy letter (line 92). 'Henry Hills, a notorious printer in Black Fryars, who regularly pirated every good Poem or Sermon that was published; a circumstance which led to the direction in the Act of 8 Anne, that *fine paper copies* should be presented to the Public Libraries. His son, Gilham Hills, Printer, died October 18, 1737.'—Nichols' *Literary Anecdotes*, viii. 168.

'A LETTER TO A LADY' (P. 179).

Such pure religion in her bosom reign'd, For that, Imperial Crowns she once disdained (lines 65, 66). 'When this excellent Princess was yet in her father's court . . . he who is now the chief of the crowned heads of Europe, and was then king of Spain and heir to all the dominions of the house of Austria, sought her in marriage. Could her mind have been captivated with the glories of this world, she had them all laid before her; but she generously declined them, because the acceptance of them was inconsistent with what she esteems more than all the glories of this world, the enjoyment of her religion.'—Addison, *The Freeholder*, No. 21. The prince referred to was the Archduke Charles, titular king of Spain, and emperor under the designation of Charles II.

But I, alas! am to Argyle unknown (page 184, line 130). John Campbell, second Duke of Argyle and Duke of Greenwich (1678-1743), was, at the time that Gay wrote, groom of the stole, and general and commander-in-chief of the king's forces in Scotland.

EPISTLE TO THE EARL OF BURLINGTON (P. 186).

Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington and fourth Earl of Cork (1695-1753), before he attained his majority, spent several years in Italy, where he became an enthusiastic admirer of the

architectural genius of Palladio. On his return to England, he not only continued his architectural studies, but spent large sums of money to gratify his tastes in this branch of art. The famous colonnade which once adorned Burlington House (see *ante*, page 285) was the work of Burlington himself. He was the friend and patron of Handel, Kent, Inigo Jones, and Gay.

Of all our race of Mayors shall Snow alone Be by Sir Richard's dedication known? (lines 47-56). Steele published on the 22d September 1713, a quarto pamphlet entitled *The importance of Dunkirk considered . . . in a letter to the Bailiff of Stockbriage.* This bailiff was named John Snow.

The number of voters in Stockbridge at this time was about seventy, and the population consisted chiefly of cobblers. 'It's a very wet town,' wrote a contemporary chronicler, 'and the voters are wet too. The ordinary price of a vote is £60, but better times may come.'

Epistle to Pulteney (P. 192).

Let Cambray's name be sung above the rest, etc. (p. 200, lines 237-240). Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai, was born in 1651, and died in 1715. His *Télémaque* is the piece referred to by Gay.

Epistle to Methuen (P. 201).

Why didst thou, Kent, forego thy native land, To emulate in picture Raphael's hand, etc. (lines 51-56). William Kent (1684-1748) was a painter, sculptor, architect, and landscape gardener. Some gentlemen took an interest in him, and sent him, while still a young man, to Rome. He was brought back to this country by the Earl of Burlington, who gave him apartments at Burlington House. It is only as an architect that his artistic reputation now survives.

Poor slander-selling Curll would be undone (line 78). Edmund Curll (1675-1747) is one of the best known of eighteenth-century booksellers. His numerous quarrels with Pope are matters of literary history. 'He had,' says Mr. Tedder (*Dict.*

Nat. Biog. xiii. 329), 'knowledge and a ready pen, plenty of courage, and more impudence. He had no scruples either in business or in private life, but he published and sold many good books.'

To my Ingenious and Worthy Friend, W—— L——, Esq. (P. 204).

William Lowndes (1652-1724) was for many years Secretary to the Treasury; and when, in 1717, the land tax-was renewed, he framed the Bill which forms the subject of Gay's poem. 'I am only sorry you have no greater quarrel to Mr. Lowndes,' wrote Pope to his friend on November 8, 1717, 'and wish you paid some hundreds a year to the land-tax. That gentleman is lately become an inoffensive person to me too [by the sale of his father's estate in the preceding year], so that we may join heartily in our addresses to him, and, like true patriots, rejoice in all that good done to the nation and government, to which we contribute nothing ourselves.'—(Elwin's *Works of Pope*, vii. 420). Lowndes, it may be added, is thought to have originated the phrase 'Ways and Means.' (See, for further facts concerning him, an article by Mr. R. C. Cramb, in the xxxivth volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography*.)

Ah, why did C—— thy works defame! (line 22.) Thomas, Earl Coningsby (1656?-1729), was a member of the select committee of twenty-four appointed to inquire into the negotiations for the Treaty of Utrecht, the result of whose deliberations was the impeachment of Bolingbroke—a step with which Coningsby fully concurred. He would not be *persona grata* to Gay and his friends.

Some [works] may perhaps to a whole week extend, Like S—— (when unassisted by a friend) (lines 42, 43). Steele's collaboration with Addison is here referred to.

Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece (P. 207).

Stanza ii. *And wish thy bark had never left the strand* (p. 207, line 12). 'What terrible moments does one feel after one has

engaged for a large work! In the beginning of my translating the *Iliad*, I wished anybody would hang me, a hundred times.' (Pope in Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 132.)

Stanza iii.—*Hark how the guns salute from either shore, etc.* (lines 19-24). Mr. Courthope sees in these lines an imitation of the following stanza by Ariosto (*Orlando Furioso*, Canto 46):

> Sento venir per allegrezza un tuono
> Che fremer l'aria e rimbombar fa l'onde
> Odo di squille, odo di trombo un suono
> Che l'alto popolar grido confonde,
> Or comincio a discernere chi sono
> Questi ch' empion del porto ambe le sponde
> Par che tutti s'allegrino ch' io sia
> Venuto a fin di cosi lunga via.

This stanza is translated by Rose as follows:—

> A burst of joy, like thunder to my ear,
> Rumbles along the sea and rends the sky.
> I chiming bells, I shrilling trumpets hear,
> Confounded with the people's cheerful cry;
> And note their forms that swarm on either pier,
> Of the thick crowded harbour, I descry.
> All seem rejoiced my task is smoothly done,
> And I so long a course have safely run.

Stanza iv.—*Withers the good, and (with him ever join'd) Facetious Disney greet thee first of all, etc.* (p. 208, lines 29-32.) Major-General Withers and Colonel Disney are buried in the same grave in the Cloisters at Westminster Abbey. The latter was familiarly known as 'Duke' Disney, on account of an exclamation of his. Gay causes him use it in line 32 of this Epistle.

Stanza vii. (p. 209.)—Sir Paul Methuen was Secretary of State in 1716-17. Gay's 'Epistle' to him will be found on pp. 201-204 of this volume. 'Arthur' is thought by Mr. Courthope (*Life of Pope*, p. 172) to be Arthur Moore, Commissioner of Plantations, and father of James Moore Smyth.

Stanza vii. (p. 209).—*Wortley:* Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—her place in the poem was originally filled by Mrs. Howard—see the MS. Draft at the British Museum; *Sweet-tongued Murray*: Mrs. Murray, afterwards Lady Murray,

wife of Sir Alexander Murray of Stanhope; *Howard*: Henrietta, wife of Charles Howard, maid of honour to Queen Caroline, and mistress of George II.—afterwards (1731) Countess of Suffolk; *Hervey, fair of face*: The Hon. John afterwards Lord Hervey (1693-1743); *Sweet Lepell*: Mary Lepell, maid of honour to Queen Caroline—married to Hervey in 1720.

Stanza ix. (p. 210).—*The fair-haired Martha and Teresa brown*: the sisters Blount; *Madge Bellenden . . . and smiling Mary*: daughters of John, second Lord Bellenden, and maids of honour to the Princess of Wales; *the cheerful Duchess*: the Duchess of Hamilton, widow of Lord Mohun's victim.

Stanza x. (p. 210).—*The decent Scudamore*: Frances, only daughter of Simon, fourth Lord Digby, and wife of James, Viscount Scudamore; *Winchilsea*: Anne Kingsmill, wife of the fourth Earl of Winchilsea; *Miss Howe*: Sophia, daughter of General Emanuel Howe by Ruperta, a natural daughter of Prince Rupert—she died in 1726, with a blemished reputation and a broken heart; *Santlow famed for dance*: Mrs. Santlow, 'a pleasing actress and a most admirable dancer,' who married Booth the actor (Sep. 19, 1720); *frolic Bicknell and her sister young*: Mrs. Bicknell and Miss Younger, actresses.

Stanza xi. (p. 210).—*Famed Buckingham*: Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham (*ante*, p. 286); *Bathurst impetuous*: Alien, Lord Bathurst, to whom Pope's third Moral Essay was subsequently addressed.

Stanza xii. (p. 211).—*Generous Burlington*: see *ante*, p. 287; *goodly Bruce*: Charles, Lord Bruce, had, early in 1720, married the Lady Juliana Boyle, Burlington's sister; *Oxford by Cunningham hath sent excuse*: Alexander Cunningham was at this time Member of Parliament for Renfrewshire; *hearty Watkins*: Henry Watkins, secretary to the Dutch Embassy, under Lord Raby, afterwards Earl of Strafford; *Lewis*: Erasmus Lewis, Lord Oxford's secretary, and Bathurst's 'proseman'; *Laughton*: perhaps John *Lawton*, brother-in-law to the Earl of Halifax.

Stanza xiii. (p. 211).—*Earl Warwick*: Addison's stepson, who died in 1721; *bold generous Craggs*: James Craggs, Secretary of State, born 1686, died 1721; *Ah, why, swect St. John, cannot I thee find?* Lord Bolingbroke was at this time

an exile in France; *Thou, too, my Swift, dost breathe Bœotian air*: Swift was, in 1720, living in Ireland.

Stanza xiv. (p. 211).—*Harcourt, I see*: Simon, Lord Harcourt, with whom Gay stayed at Cockthorpe, in Oxfordshire, in 1718; *Another Simon is beside him found*: The Hon. Simon Harcourt, his son, who died in 1720; *How Lansdown smiles, etc.*; George Granville, *ante*, p. 286; *See Rochester . . . ranks one modern with the mighty dead*: Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, was on the side of the Ancients in the 'Battle of the Books' celebrated by Swift.

Stanza xv. (p. 212).—*Carlton and Chandos thy arrival grace*: Henry Boyle, Lord Carleton, died in 1725—James Brydges, Duke of Chandos (1673-1744); *Hanmer, whose eloquence the unbiassed sways*: Sir Thomas Hanmer, Speaker in Queen Anne's last parliament, made a speech in favour of the Protestant Succession, which, according to Tindal, had a great influence on the unbiassed and impartial members; *Harley*: Edward, afterwards second Earl of Oxford; *Ned Blount*: Edward Blount of Blagdon, Devonshire, a correspondent of Pope's; *I see the friendly Carylls come by dozens*: Caryll's relatives subscribed largely to Pope's translation of the *Iliad*.

Stanza xvi. (p. 212).—*Arbuthnot there I see*: Dr. Arbuthnot, the friend of Pope, Swift, and Gay; *Kneller*: Sir Godfrey Kneller (1648-1723), Court painter in the reigns of James II., William III., Anne, and George I.; *Who could (were mankind lost) anew create*: Pope once flattered Kneller's vanity by telling him that if the Almighty had to 'create mankind anew,' he believed he would follow the image which stood upon Kneller's easel. 'Vous avez raison, Mons. Pope,' replied the delighted painter; 'par dieu, je le crois aussi' (Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 60); *Thee Jervas hails*: Charles Jervas was a portrait painter, who instructed Pope in the art; *Dartneuf*: Charles Darteneuf, or Dartiguenave, a noted epicure, in office as Paymaster of the Works—Robert Dodsley, the poet, was his footman; *joyous Ford*: Charles Ford, Swift's frequent correspondent, and appointed gazetter by his influence in 1712; *Cheney, huge of size*: Dr. George Cheyne of Bath, a man of vast weight (corporeally).

Stanza xviii. (p. 213).—*O Wanley, whence com'st thou*

with shortened hair: Humphrey Wanley, Lord Harley's librarian.

Stanza xix. (p. 213).—*Evans with laugh jocose*: Dr. Abel Evans of St. John's College, Oxford, an epigrammatist; *tragic Young*: Dr. Edward Young, the author of *Night Thoughts* —his tragedy *Busiris* was acted at Drury Lane in 1719; *high buskined Booth*: Barton Booth the tragic actor; *grave Mawbert*: James Francis Mawbert, the portrait painter, who died in 1746; *wandering Frowde*: Philip Frowde, son of Ashburham Frowde, Comptroller of the Foreign Office in the Post Office, and a dabbler in literature; *Titcombe's belly*: Tidcombe was a Papist of independent means whose 'beastly laughable life' was, according to Henry Cromwell, 'at once nasty and diverting'; *Digby faints at Southern talking loud*: the Hon. Robert Digby was so delicate that he had to take asses' milk—the Southern mentioned is, of course, Thomas Southern, the dramatist (1659-1746); *Tickell, whose skiff (in partnership they say), etc.*: Pope at one time thought that Addison had assisted Tickell in his rival translation of the first book of Homer's *Iliad*.

Stanza xx. (p. 213).—*the two Doncastles*: members of an old Catholic family at Binfield; *Bickford, Fortescue of Devon land*: Bickford appears to have been a country gentleman with a taste for natural philosophy—for William Fortescue, see *ante*, p. 284; *Tooker, Eckershall, Sykes, Rawlinson*: a Martin *Tucker* subscribed for Pope's translation of the *Iliad*—James Eckershall was Clerk of the Kitchen and Gentleman Usher to Queen Anne—it is impossible to identify the other persons mentioned; *hearty Morley*: John Morley, a land-jobber, brother-in-law of Sir George Brown (the 'Sir Plume' of the *Rape of the Lock*)—he died in 1732; *Lo Stonor, Fenton, Caldwell, Ward, and Broome*: Thomas Stonor of Oxfordshire was a subscriber to the translation—Fenton and Broome are well known as Pope's coadjutors in the translation of the *Odyssey* —Ward is probably Ned Ward of the *London Spy*, or he may be John Ward, the philologist.

'Panegyrical Epistle to Mr. Thomas Snow' (P. 214).

Occasioned by his buying and selling of the third subscriptions, taken in by the Directors of the South Sea Company at a thousand per cent. (p. 214). In the year 1720, the South Sea Company, under pretence of paying the public debt, obtained an Act of parliament for enlarging their capital, by taking into it all the debts of the nation, incurred before the year 1716, amounting to £31,664,551. Part of this sum was subscribed into their capital at three subscriptions; the first at £300 per cent.; the second at £400, and a third at £1000. Such was the infatuation of the time, that these subscriptions were bought and sold at exorbitant premiums: so that £100 South Sea stock, subscribed at £1000, was sold for £1200 in Exchange Alley.

When not a guinea chink'd on Martin's boards, And Atwill's self was drained of all his hoards (lines 13, 14). Thomas and James Martin were in business in Lombard Street at the time of the panic. Atwell & Co. came into existence as a banking firm somewhere about the year 1715. It should seem from Gay's reference that they were compelled in 1720 temporarily to suspend payment.

Vulture H—ns (line 30). Hopkins, a goldsmith, is here indicated.

'Epistle to the Duchess of Marlborough' (P. 217).

The Duke of Marlborough died on the 16th June 1722, and the poem appeared on the 11th of the following July. The advertisement of it in the *Daily Courant* ran as follows: 'This day is publish'd, An Epistle to Her Grace Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough. By Mr. Gay. Printed for J. Tonson, against Catherine Street in the Strand.'

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